

Movie CLASSIC

DECEMBER

MOVIE
CLASSIC

10¢

JAN - 8 1936
PERIODICAL DIVISION

BINNIE BARNES
Natural Color Photo

ELEANOR POWELL GIVES A DANCING LESSON
Hollywood's White Hopes for 1937

BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



YOU picture the Irresistible woman before you see her. She appears in a halo of exquisite fragrance. Men are instinctively drawn to her. The power to attract, to fascinate is the secret of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Let it be yours, too.

On your next adventure apply a touch of Irresistible Perfume to your hair, on your lips, your throat and behind your ears. A drop, too, on your lingerie is so feminine and so exciting.

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YOUR LIPS INVITE ROMANCE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

No wonder...
we can make this amazing offer

IF YOU DO NOT **Reduce** AT LEAST
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
...it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of attractive women owe lovely, slender figures to Perfolastic!

BECAUSE we receive enthusiastic letters from women all over the country in every mail... because we find that most Perfolastic wearers reduce their waist and hips *more* than 3 inches in ten days... we know we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. We are upheld by the experience of not one but thousands of women. The letters below are but a few examples chosen at random.

Massage-like action reduces quickly!

You need not diet or deny yourself the good things of life. You need take no dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. You *appear* inches smaller the minute you step into your Perfolastic, and then comfortably, quickly... without effort on your part... the massage-like action *actually* reduces you at just those spots where excess fat first accumulates.

Read these amazing unsolicited letters!



"LOST 60 POUNDS"
"I have reduced my waist 9 inches, my hips 8 inches and lost 60 pounds! I can't thank Perfolastic enough."

Mrs. W. P. Derr,
Omaha, Neb.

"A GIRDLE I LIKE"
"I never owned a girdle I liked so much. And I reduced 26 pounds."

Miss Esther Marshall,
Vallejo, Calif.

"6 INCHES FROM HIPS"
"I lost 6 inches from my hips, 4 inches from my waist and 20 lbs."

Mrs. J. J. Thomas,
New Castle, Pa.

"HIPS 12 INCHES SMALLER"

"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."

Miss Zella Richardson, Scottdale, Pa.

"LOST 49 POUNDS"

"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear size 36."

Miss Mildred DuBois, Newark, N. J.

"REDUCED FROM SIZE 42 TO SIZE 18"

"I used to wear a size 42 dress and now I wear an 18! I eat everything."

Mrs. Essie Faust,
Minneapolis, Minn.

"REDUCED 6½ INCHES"
"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6½ inches and waist 5 inches. I should be lost without Perfolastic!"

Mrs. I. C. Thompson,
Denver, Colo.

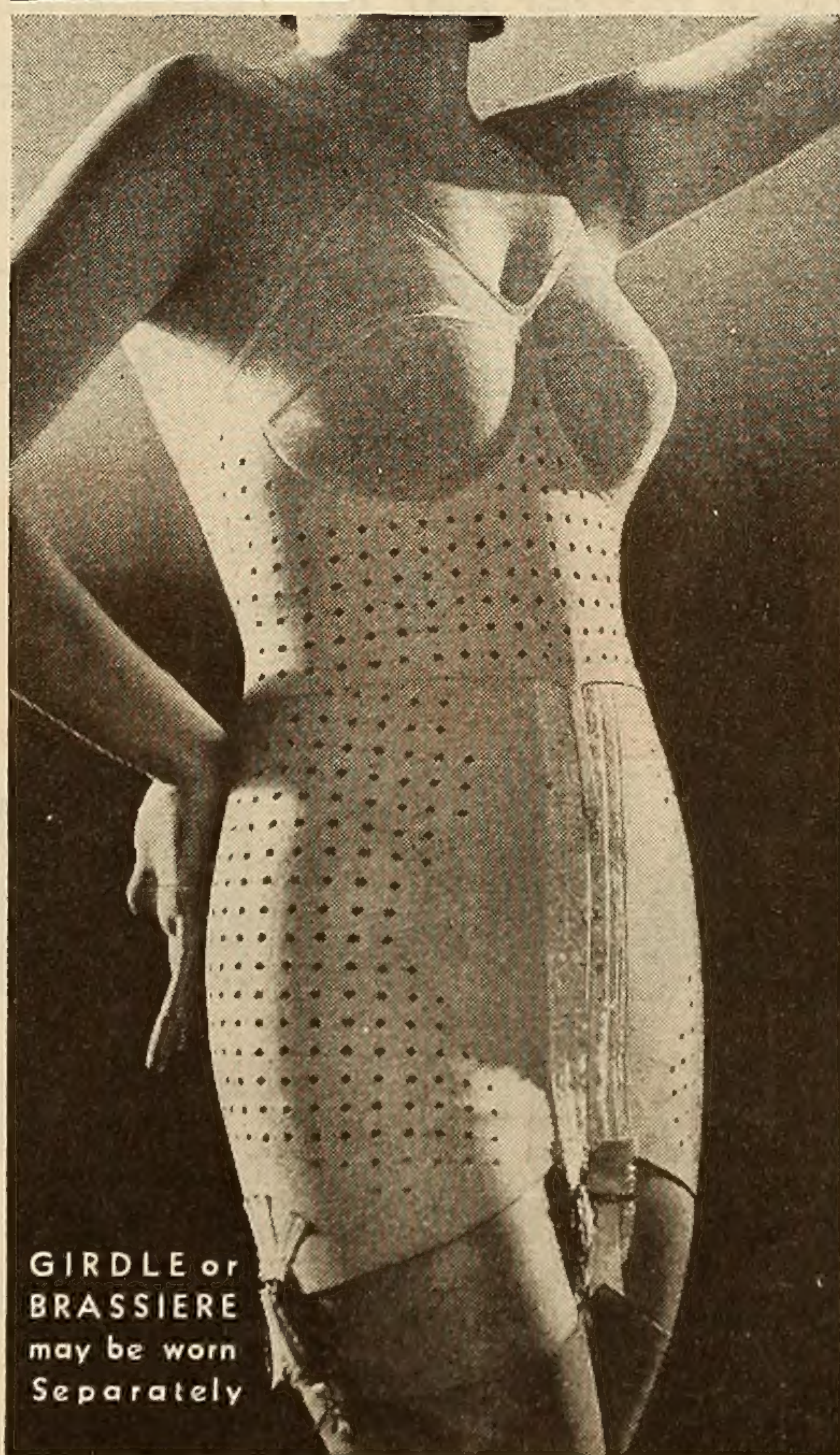
"SMALLER AT ONCE"
"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."

Miss Ouida Browne,
Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.



The excerpts from unsolicited letters herewith are genuine and are quoted with full permission of the writers.

Delbert A. Jones
Notary Public



GIRDLE or
BRASSIERE
may be worn
Separately



"Reduced My Hips 9 Inches" Says Miss Healy

● "I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results from my Perfolastic Girdle. It seems almost impossible that my hips have been reduced 9 inches without the slightest diet".
—Miss Jean Healy, 299 Park Ave., New York



"REDUCED FROM 43 TO 34½ INCHES!"

"My hips measured 43 inches. I was advised to wear Perfolastic after a serious operation and now my hips are only 34½ inches!"

Miss Billie Brian, La Grange, Ky.

"LOST 47 POUNDS"

"When I first got your girdle my hips measured 51 inches and I weighed 215 pounds. Now I measure 42 inches and weigh 168 pounds."

Mrs. E. M. Riggins, Memphis, Tenn.

**Surely you would like to test the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE
... for 10 days without cost!**

You cannot afford to miss this chance to prove to yourself the quick reducing qualities of Perfolastic! Because we are so sure you will be thrilled with the results, we want you to test it for 10 days at our expense. Note how delightful the soft, silky lining feels next to the body... hear the admiring comments of friends.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET!
Let us send you a sample of material and FREE illustrated booklet, giving description of garments, details of our 10-day trial offer and many amazing letters from Perfolastic wearers. Mail coupon today!



PERFOLASTIC, INC.

Dept. 712, 41 E. 42nd St., New York City
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your
10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



She's back (and will you ever forget her in "Broadway Melody of 1936") in the Biggest Musical Show of this Year...M-G-M's dazzling successor to "Great Ziegfeld" ...brim-full of brilliant scenes, thrilling dances, gorgeous girls, and stars—stars—STARS! The Cole Porter songs are swell ("Easy to Love", "I've Got You Under My Skin", "Swingin' The Jinx Away", "Hey, Babe, Hey", and lots more).

BORN TO DANCE

Starring

ELEANOR POWELL

with

JAMES STEWART • VIRGINIA BRUCE

UNA MERKEL • SID SILVERS • FRANCES LANGFORD

RAYMOND WALBURN • ALAN DINEHART • BUDDY EBSen

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by Roy Del Ruth

On the Cover

Hollywood's master of natural color photography presents this beautiful study of Binnie Barnes, the fifth of a series posed exclusively for MOVIE CLASSIC.

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD
HARRY HAMMOND BEALL, Managing Editor

DECEMBER, 1936

VOL. 11 No. 4

E. J. SMITHSON
Executive Editor

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W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

Go to your favorite newsstand for January MOVIE CLASSIC. You will find it on sale on November 30th.

W. M. MESSENGER
General Manager

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Another Dizzy Spell!

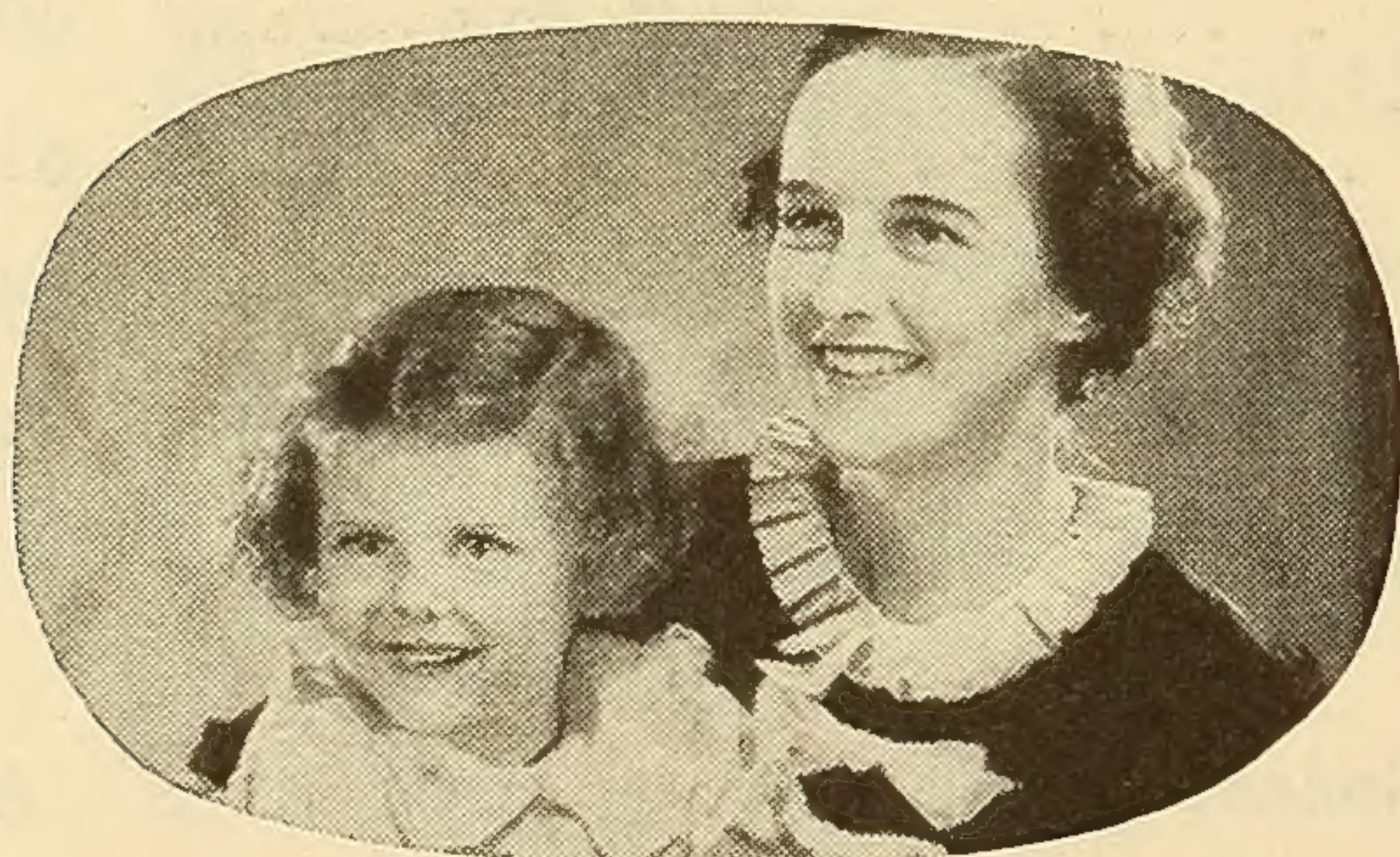


● I had one of those dizzy spells that made me feel sick all over. Felt bilious, nervous. My complexion was a sight. The trouble? Constipation! Then I remembered FEEN-A-MINT. I didn't think it could be as good as my friends all said it was but I decided to try it. I chewed one tablet. Now I wouldn't *think* of using any other laxative.



THE 3 MINUTE WAY!
Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● When you feel "all clogged up" chew a dainty tablet of FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes—or longer if you wish. It's this 3 minutes of chewing, medical science has proved, that helps make FEEN-A-MINT different, so thoroughly dependable, such a blessing to constipation sufferers. You'll like the cool mint flavor of FEEN-A-MINT. It's convenient and so economical too!



● Next day—happy, full of vim and pep! Bowels regular. FEEN-A-MINT brings blessed relief. It's so gentle. There's no griping, nausea, nor disturbance of sleep. Non-habit-forming. Don't tolerate constipation another day. Use FEEN-A-MINT—the delicious chewing gum laxative. More than 16 million people do



Hollywood Highlights

Our inquisitive sleuth goes a-snooping for inside facts and foibles about the famous ones of Filmdom

by The Boulevardier

WILL the death of Irving Thalberg prove to be the decisive factor that will mean, at last, fulfilment of Garbo's threat to quit the screen forever?

Well, I'll give you the inside dope—and you can draw your own conclusions. Here they are:

1—Not long ago, in a private huddle at MGM, Garbo told a certain department executive there that "the nex' time I go home to Sweden, I will not coom bek."

2—Garbo's health, never throughout her long Hollywood career any too good, is worse today than at any time in the past. Even as I write this, production on "Camille" is being held up because she's too ill to work.

3—Bidding high against land speculators, Garbo's agents in Sweden have just bought for her a secluded thousand-acre estate, about an hour's drive from Stockholm.

4—And now, the Thalberg angle: how many of you know that in Garbo's contract, there is the significant clause that she shall not be required to work in any picture except under the "personal supervision" of Thalberg? Add to that that of all the people on the MGM lot, the only one who ever called her "Greta" was Thalberg! Today, with Thalberg gone, there is no one at the studio who is "close" to her.

5—As for Garbo herself, she has by now amassed a personal fortune that is huge. With it, she can go home to Sweden, live in luxury for the rest of her life, and still have enough to undertake any of the things toward which, in rare confidential moments, she has expressed interest—such as, perhaps, a stage appearance in her homeland.

So there you are. Draw your own conclusions. But to me, it looks pretty much as though, after "Camille," Garbo will be just a screen memory.

Back to Blondism

WISE in the ways of publicity is Joan Crawford. Neatest trick is the one I've just learned about—*Joan Is Going Blonde!*

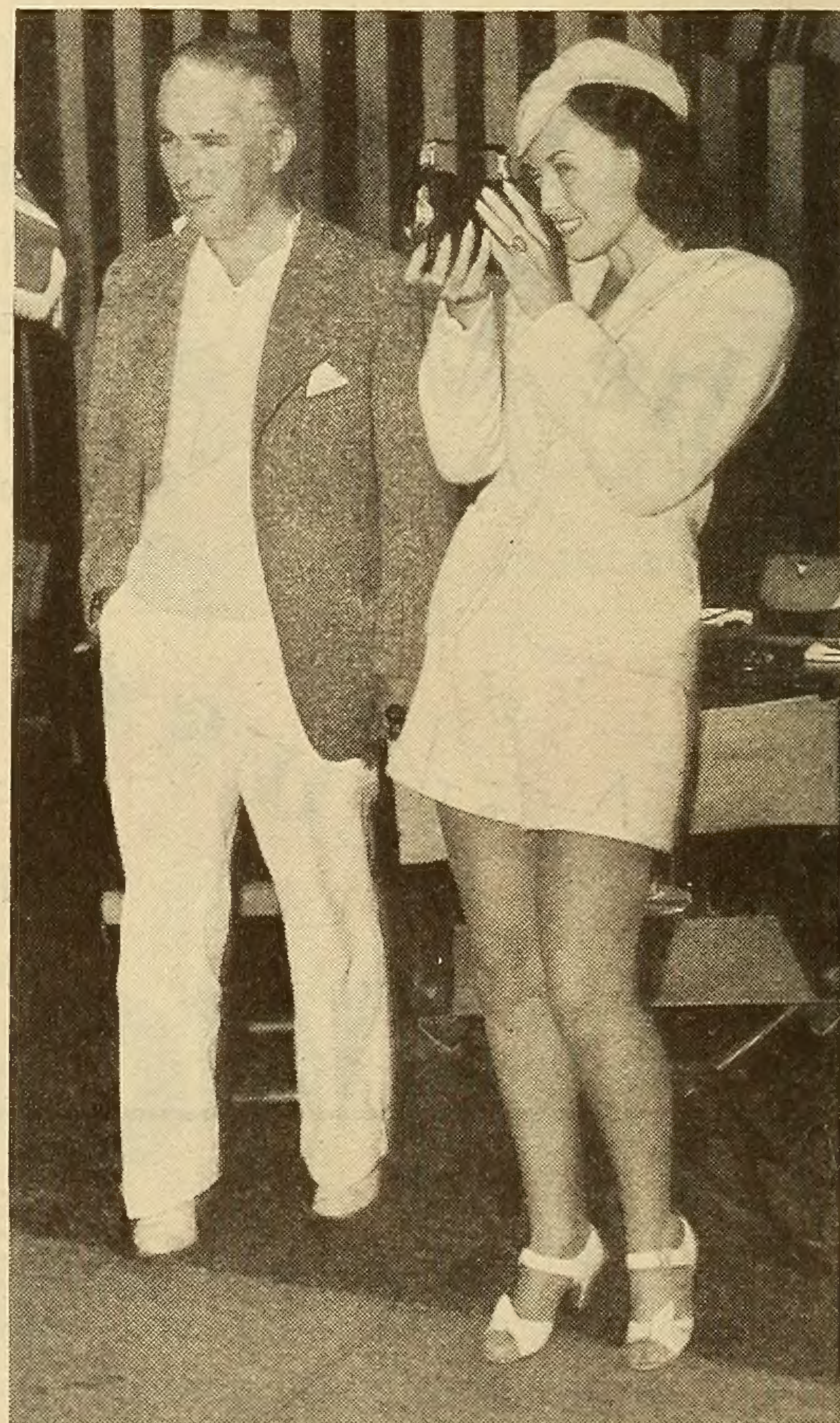
What with the back-to-brownette parade, started by Jean Harlow, and followed by a whole brigade of the screen's flax-heads, sweeping the land, there's no longer any excitement when another blonde goes dark.

But into the middle of the parade, striding explosively in the opposite direction, suddenly bounds La Crawford with the announcement that she's doing her hair in a very light shade, with a glint of red in it. She's been conferring with MGM's makeup trickster, Jack Dawn, about the shade, and

[Continued on page 8]



Jean Harlow in the garden of her home with her three pet dogs—"Nudger", the Newfoundland, "Flying Dutchman", the Dachshund, and "Oscar", the Pom.



Paulette Goddard and Charley Chaplin were interested visitors at the recent West Side Tennis Club matches.



Frank Lloyd reads an amusing page in the script to the two stars, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray

With Frank (Mutiny on the Bounty) Lloyd as producer-director, with your favorites, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, in the lead roles, Paramount's "Maid of Salem" sweeps before the cameras. Here are the first glimpses of this mighty picture of a love which braved the blazing fury of Colonial New England's witchcraft persecutions.



Claudette Colbert as Barbara Clarke, the little "Maid of Salem"

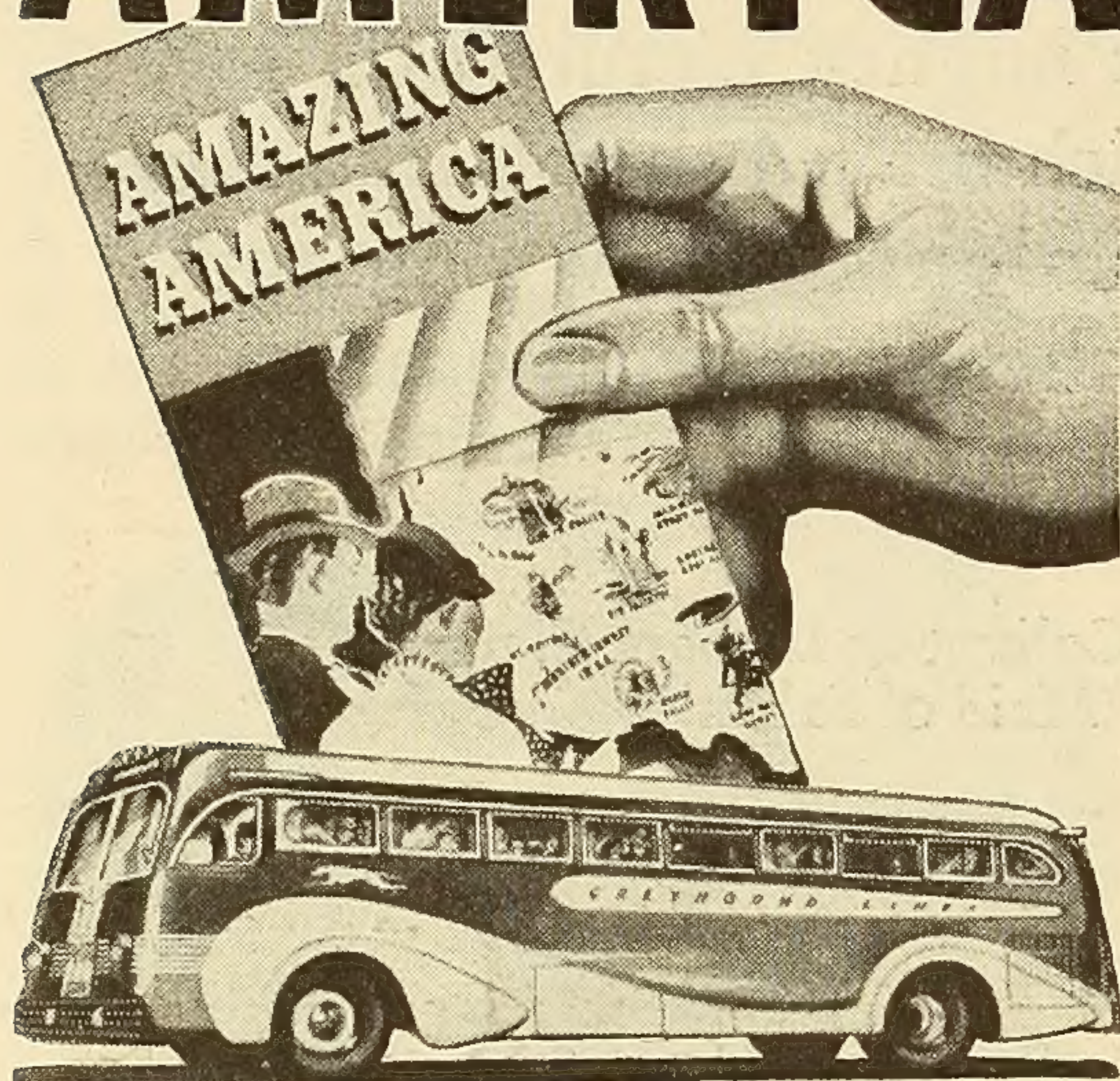


A group of Salem lads doing a little tippling, Colonial style

One of the Salem gentry who has talked back to the law gets a day in the stocks

Claudette Colbert
and **Fred MacMurray** in
"MAID OF SALEM"
A Paramount Picture with Harvey
Stephens and Edward Ellis. Produced
and Directed by **FRANK LLOYD**

Learn more about this AMAZING AMERICA



with the compliments of
GREYHOUND

**FREE—a fascinating booklet of
strange and unusual places**

THIS is a land of striking contrasts, strange natural phenomena, man-made wonders. Greyhound, serving 50,000 miles of America's great highways, is the swift and pleasant way to see and enjoy these amazing places.

So Greyhound has gathered together in one colorful booklet nearly 150 of the strangest and most interesting curiosities to be found on this continent—has pictured and described each for your enjoyment. This booklet is free just for sending the coupon below.

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Name _____

Address _____

FW-12

Hollywood Highlights

[Continued from page 6]

has selected the golden-red effect, and, adds Dawn: "She'll be a knockout and it won't surprise me if Joan starts the parade back to blondism!"

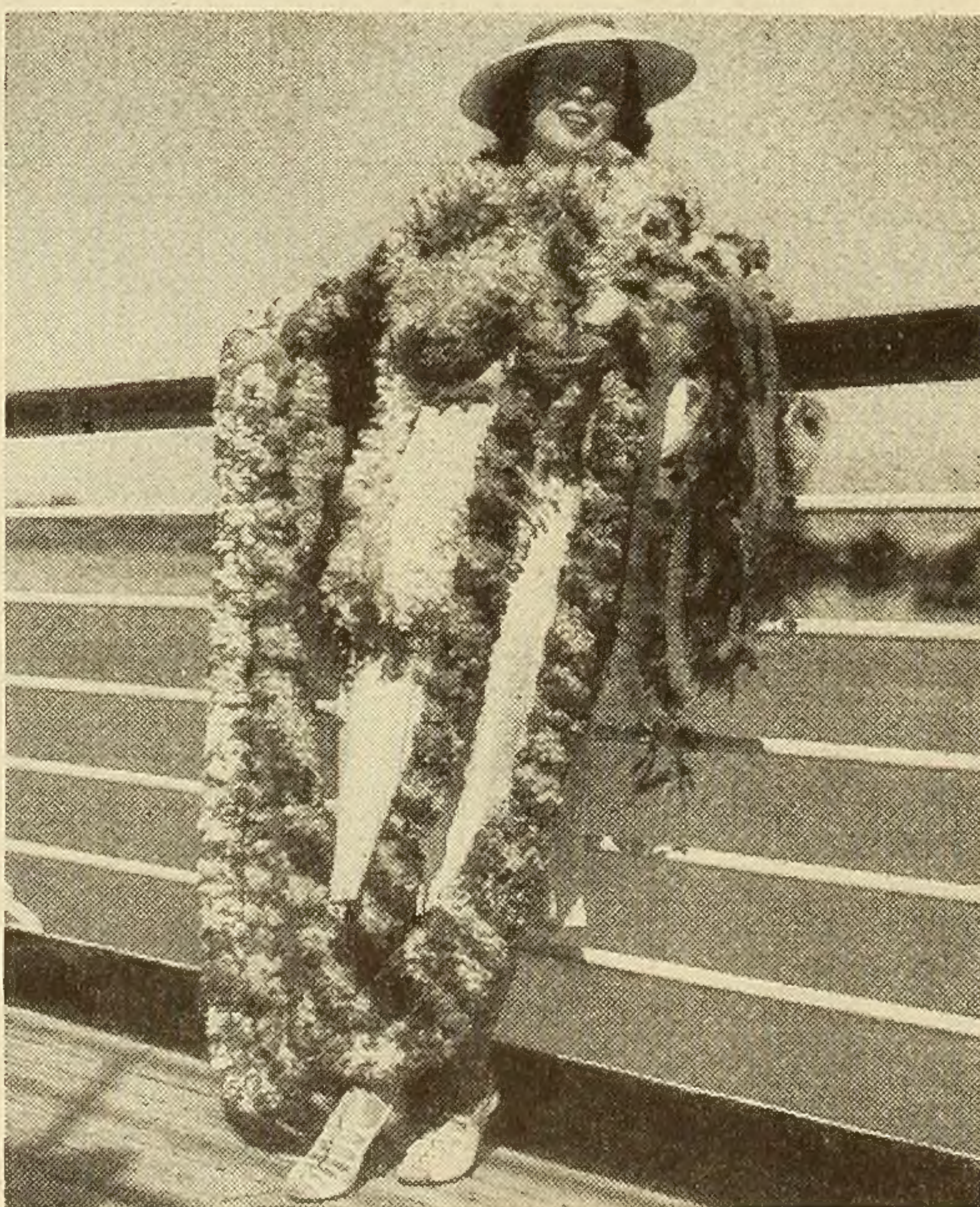
One, however, who will NOT follow Joan's lead, will be 20th-Fox's little bundle of French box-office dynamite, Simone Simon. Simone tried going blonde—for just 24 hours—and proved a 100 percent FLOP! This comes to me straight from the inside—and I'd lose somebody a studio job if I told who told me—but here's the story:

Determined to make their Si-money bet even hotter, the Fox bigshots ordered her to go blonde for *Ladies in Love*, wherein she matches histrionics with such scene-stealers as Connie Bennett, Loretta Young, and Janet Gaynor. Simone, who is willing to do anything they tell her to, promptly bleached her dark locks to a near-platinum hue. And they shot a day's rushes of her. Then, when the rushes were shown in the production room, it was discovered that the blonde hair robbed Simone completely and utterly of any trace of that charm, that naivete, that personality which is her big bet for stardom. Blonde, Simone was just another blonde.

The studio execs tore their hair, screamed to Simone to darken her hair again, and hurry up! They held up further Simone shots until her hair was back to its regular hue again. Then they retook all the scenes already made in blonde, carefully sent the blonde shots to the incinerator. And, so they say, even though her part has less footage than Connie's, Loretta's or Janet's, little Simone just about steals *Ladies in Love*.

Imagine Her Embarrassment!

Suppose, dear lady, you were standing all dressed up and regal and important, in the midst of scores of people, with batteries of lights bright on you, and you aware of your perfect appearance. And then suppose that suddenly and without warning, your skirt slipped its single fastening and dropped to the floor, leaving you there in just your scanties and what Nature gave you?



Loretta Young gets a flowery welcome to mid-ocean America when Honolulu admirers smothered her with leis woven from island blossoms.
(Photo from Pan-Pacific Press Bureau.)



Newly-weds Joan Blondell and Dick Powell ready to cut a slice of their wedding cake for Captain E. Nielson, skipper of the S.S. Santa Paula.

Well, that's what happened to Dolores Del Rio, of all people, right on the Columbia stage where she's working in *The Depths Below*. Dolores, flaming crimson, fled for her dressing room, flashing the perfect Dolores legs in a speed-record exit, leaving her skirt behind. The accident revealed, besides Del Rio's perfect proportions, the fact that she has lost five pounds in three weeks. The skirt was fitted (and how!) to her original weight and figure. The five-pound loss between fitting and shooting did the trick that embarrassed Dolores, delighted Richard Dix, Chester Morris, hordes of electricians, grips, and your own Boulevardier who sat on the sidelines watching.

No Questions, Please

"TOUCHY" is an inadequate word to describe the way Carole Lombard has suddenly gotten about her—uh—friendship with Clark Gable. Heretofore quite unconcerned about who saw them out together, or what was commented about herself and Clark, Carole has suddenly gone very shush-shush about the affair, and carried

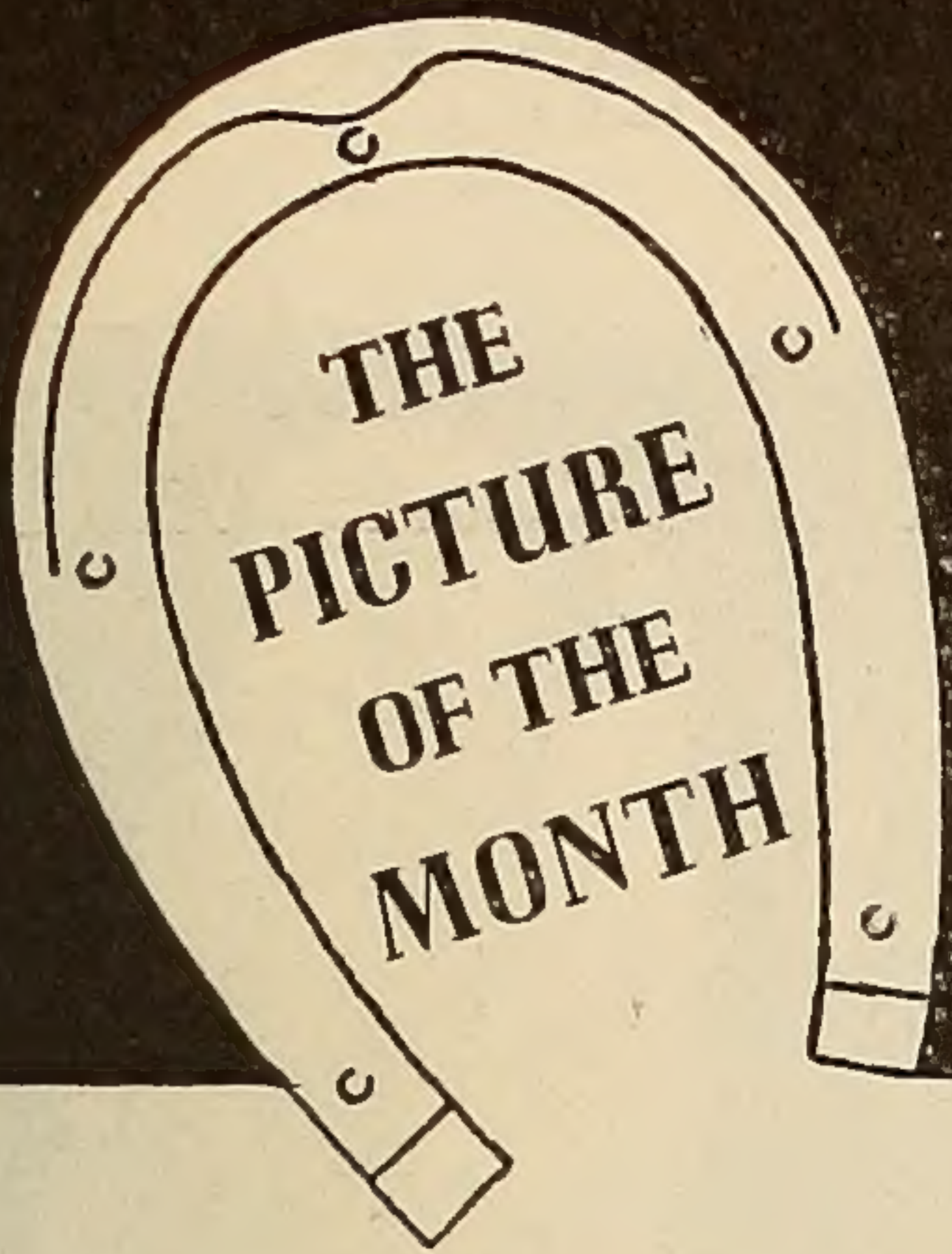
[Continued on page 10]



Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor were a smiling and happy couple as they signed a license to wed.

WINNER OF THE LAUGH SWEEPSTAKES!

Thanks to the inspired "Oiwin" of that bewildered young man, Frank McHugh, "THREE MEN ON A HORSE" is both the picture of the month and the farce of the year! Take our tip and be in the grandstand when it romps into town!



'Oiwin' had two great passions—poems and ponies. But when his tearful bride faced him with a notebook filled with strange feminine names and numbers 'Oiwin' became an "also ran!"

The "mob" discovered 'Oiwin' and found a walking gold mine. His penchant for picking ponies made paupers out of bookies but millions for the mob!

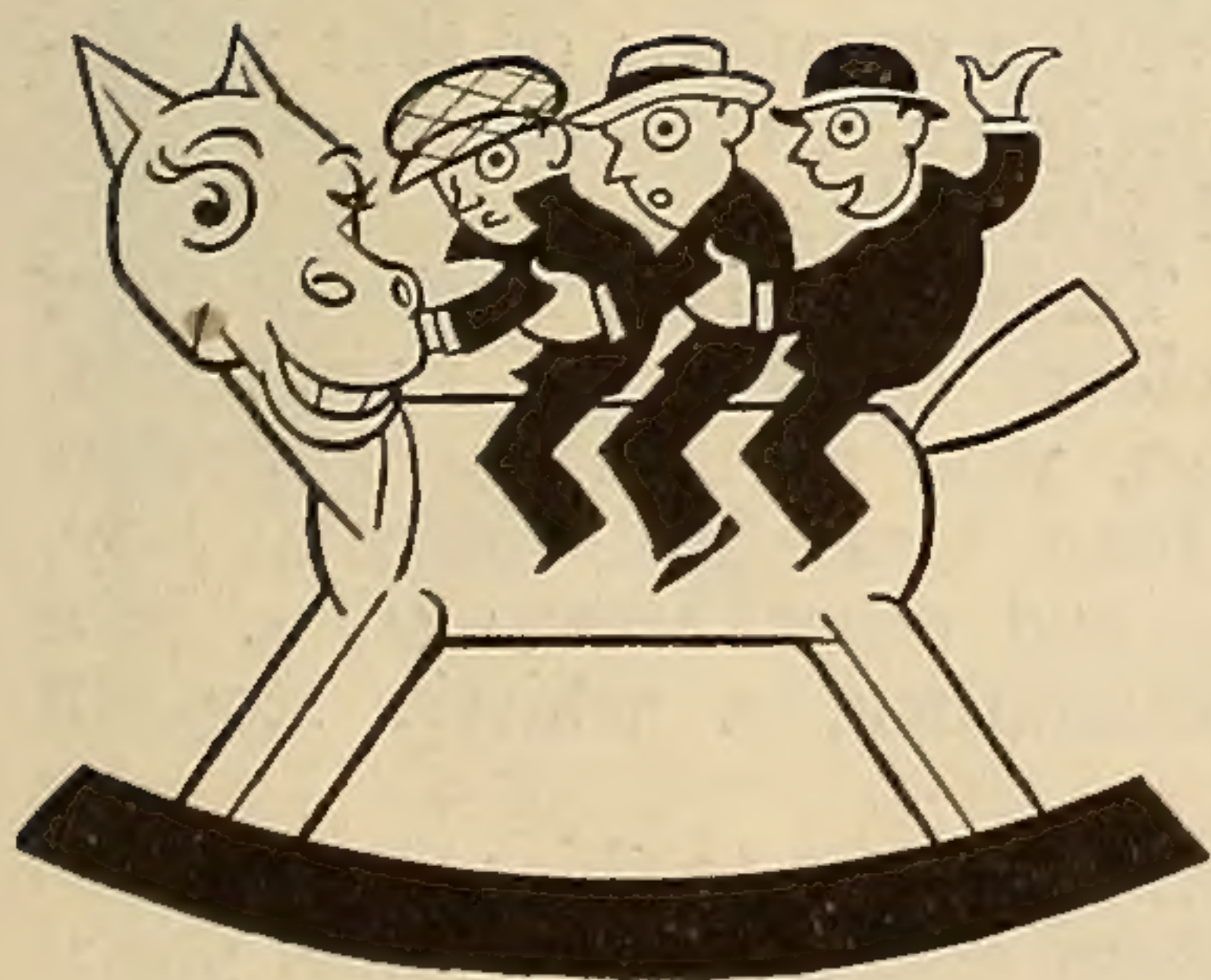


"Oiwin, you're the first guy to really prove that man's best friend is the horse."

"It's the horse that deserves the credit—all I did was pick him—he had to go to the trouble of running."



When his bride found out that the names in the notebook weren't pretties but ponies—all was forgiven—and 'Oiwin' forgot about races and went back to rhymes. It's the big cheek-to-cheek finish of the Laugh Sweepstakes of the year!



"3

MEN ON A HORSE"

"Three Men On a Horse," the sensational stage success is in its second big year on Broadway and still going strong! The greatest comedy hit in 10 years played by 6 companies in 4 countries to capacity crowds!

Warner Bros.

A MERVYN LEROY
Production with
FRANK MCHUGH
as "OIWIN"
JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE • CAROL
HUGHES • ALLEN JENKINS
SAM LEVINE • TEDDY HART

Hollywood Highlights

[Continued from page 8]



HINTS for the EYES OF WIVES!

by Jane Heath

● **UNLESS** you have one of the rare husbands who is amused to watch mysterious beauty rites, it's up to you to join the secret association of KURLASH enthusiasts. These wise ladies keep a little private *cache* of KURLASH products and slip away for a few minutes' beauty conference with them daily. Husbands are entranced with the results—and never know why wives look prettier.

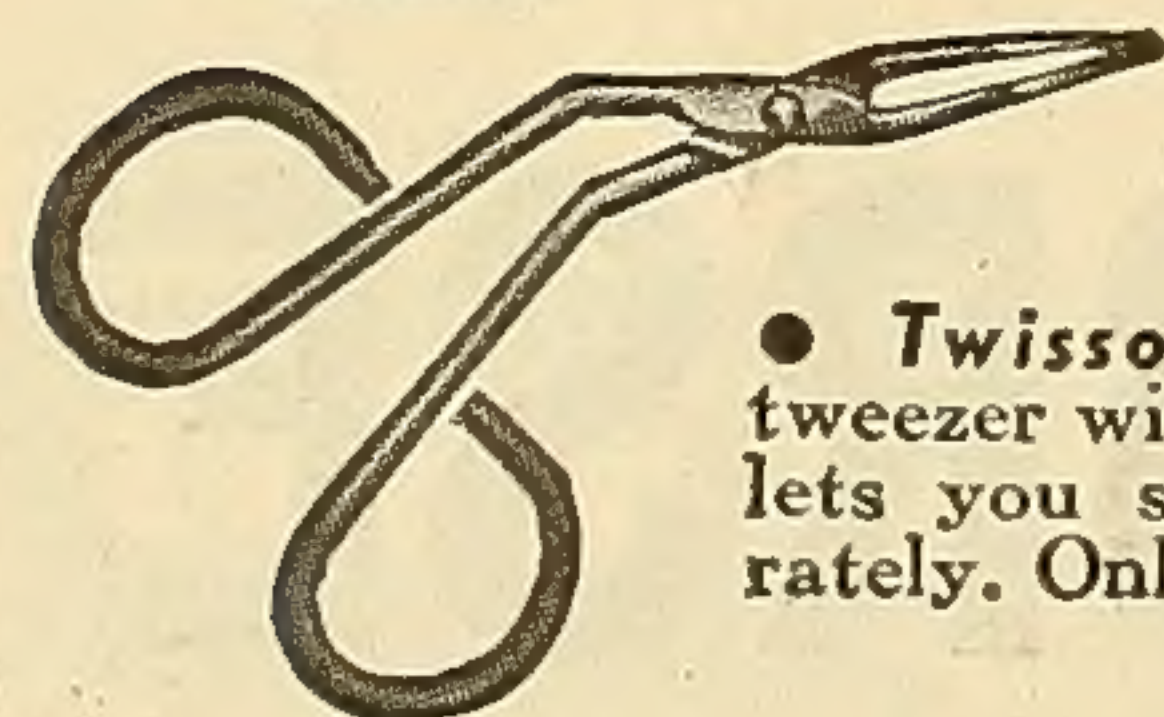
You can whisk your lashes into KURLASH (\$1 at good stores) in a split second. When they emerge, they'll be curled back soulfully—looking longer and darker, making your eyes larger. No heat; no cosmetics—nothing to arouse husbandly suspicions. Do not hesitate to use these other *absolutely undetectable* KURLASH products also. Try them in private . . . and give your husband a BEAUTIFUL surprise today.



● **Lashtint Compact.** A patented mascara case with a little sponge, ensuring just the right consistency to darken the lashes naturally without stiffening or caking them. Waterproof. In black, brown or blue. \$1.



● **Kurlene.** Dresses the lashes, keeps them soft and silky, darkens them, tends to make them grow longer and thicker—and, either alone or mixed with a little Shadette (not illustrated, \$1) in a shade to match your eyes, gives the youthful shiny-lidded look that is so flattering. 50c and \$1 sizes.



● **Twissors.** The little miracle tweezer with curved scissor-handles lets you see to trim brows accurately. Only 25c.

Kurlash

Write JANE HEATH for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. SB-12. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

it, just the other day, to the point where she abruptly terminated an interview when the writer asked her a few questions about how she felt toward Clark. Since then, Carole has flatly refused to see *any* interviewers, fearing they'd ask her more Gable-queries.

For his own end, Gable remains mum, too. However, is it significant that Clark has just instructed his lawyer to go into court to ask the Superior Judge to definitely ratify and make court order of his off-the-record settlement with his estranged wife, Rhea? You know, up to now, Clark and Rhea have been just living apart under an off-stage property agreement—with no move toward divorce. But Clark's recent move *may* be the opening of actual divorce proceedings.

And I wonder what that possibility, together with Carole's sudden touchiness, indicates—if anything.

For Our Lifted Eyebrows Dept.

EVEN blasé Hollywood, which doesn't crane its neck very often, or get excited about ex's and currents, worked itself into a lather at the Assistance League luncheon the other day.

It seems that one of the waitresses-for-the-day (screen stars and Hollywood matrons take turns at serving, you know) was Grace Tibbett, divorced wife of Larry, who still (so Hollywood rumors) carries the torch. And, apparently unaware of the fact that his *ex*-wife was waiting on table there, in strode Larry Tibbett himself for lunch—with his current wife!

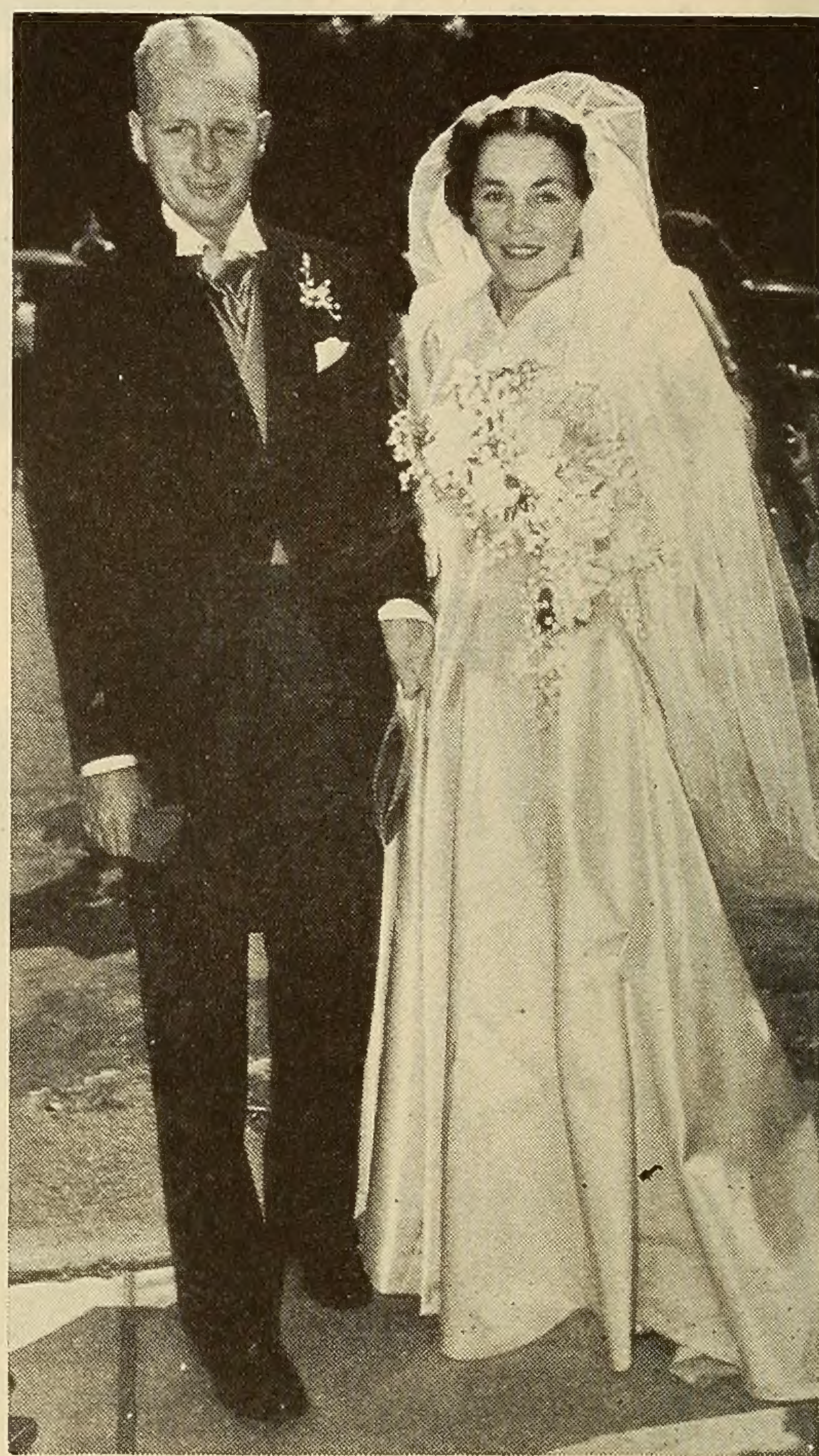
Well, as I said, there was a terrific straining of eyes and craning of necks to see what would happen. Everybody was wondering whether fate would lead Mr. and Mrs. Tibbett to the table where the former Mrs. Tibbett was serving—in the preferred upstairs dining room. But, instead, someone connected with the League was seen to hurry to Larry's side and whisper something to him. Nobody knows what the whisper was—but everybody knows that Larry suddenly turned—and he and Mrs. Tibbett had their lunch in the *downstairs* patio.

Goodness Gracious, Gracie!

Gracie Allen wants something said about



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Warner and Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg were among the film notables who attended the Stowkowski concert at the Hollywood Bowl.



Maureen O'Sullivan and Husband John Farrow as they appeared after their wedding ceremony.

the dumbness of Hollywood traffic cops.

Gracie has just learned to drive and a few days ago she was moving slowly along Wilshire Boulevard when she came to an intersection. A cop held up his hand.

"Hey," he said, "you can't make a left turn!"

"I sure can," retorted Gracie. "And don't insult my driving."

"He was so pleased," Gracie said later, "that he chased me and gave me his autograph; but Georgie Porgie, my husband, thinks it's a traffic ticket."

Designing Men of Hollywood

WHEN you see the gorgeous gowns worn by Ruth Chatterton, Mary Astor, and other ladies in *Dodsworth*, you know they are the creations of that youthful fashion designer, Omar Kiam.

Kiam, and that's his real name, too, is a native of Texas, as is Travis Banton, the equally clever designer at Paramount.

And Adrian, who designs the gorgeous gowns for Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow and other Metro stars, is a native of Naugatuck, a whistle stop in Connecticut.

All of which sums up to this:

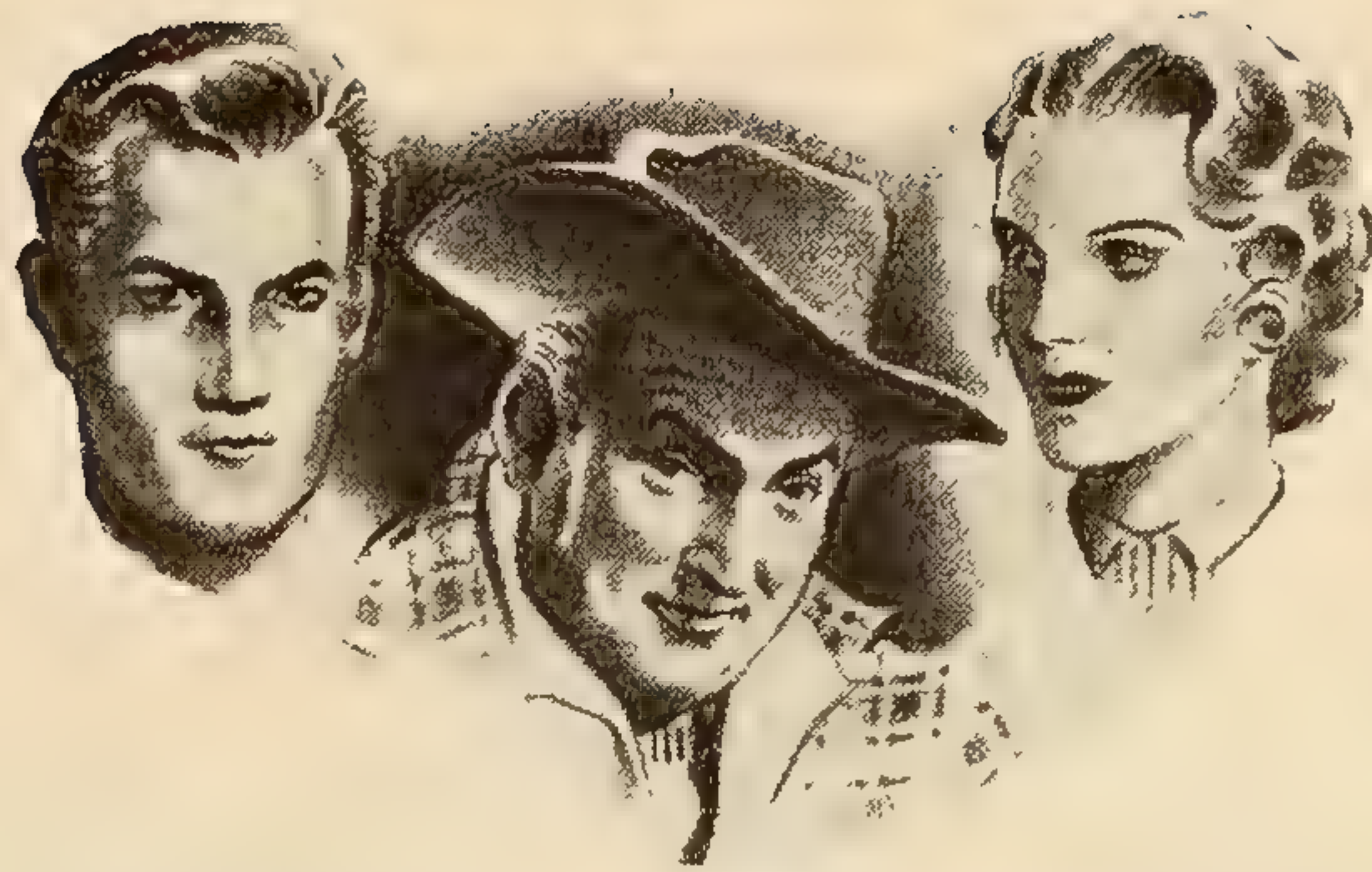
"How are you going to keep them down on the farm when Hollywood needs them to out-fashion Gay Paree?"

In the Money

AN executive of the banking corporation for which Shirley Temple's father acts as branch manager is authority for the statement that Shirley has reached her first million—and we mean dollars.

And not a penny of that is studio money.

[Continued on page 12]



SAMUEL GOLDWYN

PRESENTS

Edna Ferber's

"COME AND GET IT"

with

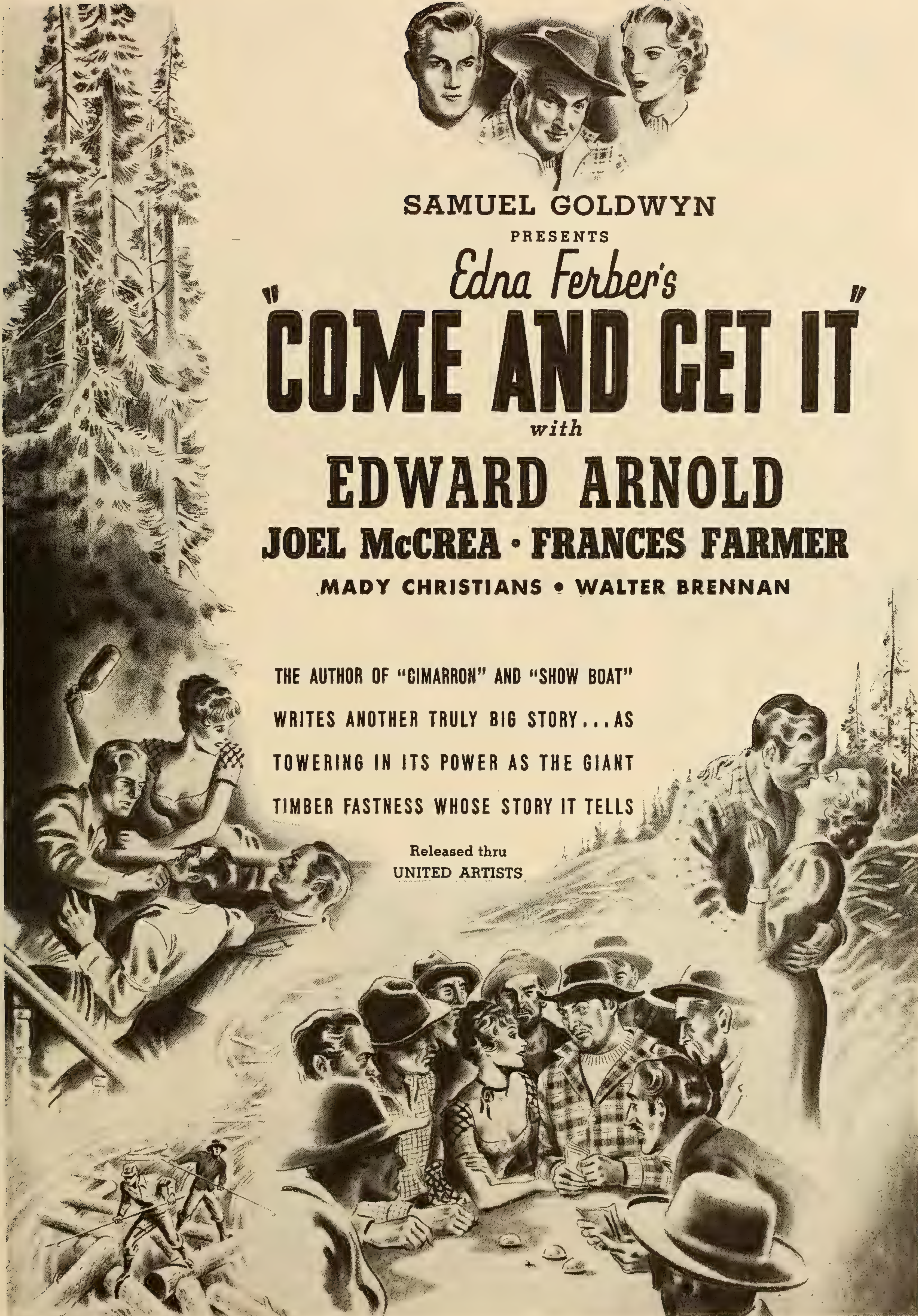
EDWARD ARNOLD

JOEL MCCREA • FRANCES FARMER

MADY CHRISTIANS • WALTER BRENNAN

THE AUTHOR OF "CIMARRON" AND "SHOW BOAT"
WRITES ANOTHER TRULY BIG STORY...AS
TOWERING IN ITS POWER AS THE GIANT
TIMBER FASTNESS WHOSE STORY IT TELLS

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS



HOW TO AVOID THAT "Made-up" LOOK

Be colorful...but not painted. The Color Change Principle available in Tangee lipstick, powder and rouge intensifies your own natural coloring.

Today it is quite simple to make the most of your own natural skin tones. The Tangee cosmetic principle brings out a liveliness and sparkle in your lips, cheeks and skin that is yours alone, because it is *your* coloring. Exactly how the Tangee Color Change Principle accomplishes this is explained in the pictures below. It will take you 22 seconds to read how to be lovelier...in your own way.

Tangee your lips...don't paint them. On your lips Tangee changes to the blush rose Nature has hidden there.

In the new Tangee Face Powder, the Color Change Principle ends that "powdery look". Reveals a new warm underglow.

Your cheeks when rouged with Tangee are radiant with a delicate ruddiness that is natural only to you. In Creme or Compact.

Insist upon Tangee for all your make-up essentials. Only in Tangee can you obtain the Color Change Principle. Powder is 55¢ and \$1.10. Rouge, compact or creme, each 83¢. Lipstick is 39¢ and \$1.10.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!** There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Always ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY F126
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of Miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Hollywood Highlights

[Continued from page 10]

The fortune that has been put aside for her came entirely from commercial tieups of every character, mostly from the Shirley Temple dolls.

As Simple as That!

GEORGIE RAFT tells of meeting a "bit" player on Hollywood Boulevard. The actor, who has had but little work of late, was carrying a cigar box under his arm.

"Buying special smokes?" queried George. "No," replied the actor, "I'm moving!"

Our Best Wishes to Both

ARLINE JUDGE and Wesley Ruggles have had the film colony puzzled for months by reason of their separations, reconciliations, and the like.

Arline is going to Europe shortly, with her son, and close friends say there will be no divorce.

Arline and Wesley have an agreement to actually try living apart sans divorce for a few months and then get together or else.

Those who love them both hope the trial separation will be only that.

They're mighty nice people and, really, very fond of each other.

And So to Bed!

THAT gorgeous bed of the late John Gilbert has finally been sold and for \$1,250, whereas, at the public auction of Gilbert's effects the auctioneer could not get one bid.

The person who finally bought the bed is the owner of a mountain resort hotel in Pennsylvania.

He plans to install it in a large room and let it be known it is the "Honeymoon Bed."

Wedding Bells

HENRY FONDA'S wedding to that New York socialite, Mrs. George T. Brokaw, glittered like the height of De-Mille-ism. High hats that gleamed, diamonds that scintillated, backgrounded the fashionable wedding in a snooty New York Church. Amusing though that not a movie big shot attended the ceremony—only New York society figures, and outside, a flock of Fonda's fans. In Hollywood, little attention was paid to Fonda's marriage—Henry's more of a Broadway stage-ite than a Hollywood filmster, it seems. Only Jimmy Stewart, whose house Henry shared out here, lamented the defection of his pal from the bachelor ranks.

Meanwhile, Henry's ex-wife, Margaret Sullavan (for a while, there was talk that Henry might remarry her) has been stepping out with Leland Hayward, in Hollywood. Turning her back, even, on her other ex-hubby, Willie Wyler, with whom she had been nite-clubbing. But Wyler, undaunted, is now casting sheeps-eyes at pretty Andrea Leeds, the new Sam Goldwyn starlet.

Unselfish Gesture

ALWAYS, Hollywood has fun with trick insurance.

Consider, for instance, young Bobby Breen, that golden-voiced tear-jerker. He's

only 8 years old now, and usually a boy's voice doesn't change until the teens. BUT the producer who has him under contract has already taken out insurance against voice-changing!

And 20th-Fox, preparing to film *Lloyds of London*, took out production insurance for the feature through Lloyds of London.

Meantime, a new form of insurance has hit Hollywood pet owners. Terrified by a recent outbreak of dog-poisoning, they've succeeded in getting Lloyds to issue \$1,000 policies on their favorite pedigreed canines. Jean Harlow and Joan Crawford have taken out the policies on their pets. It provides that in the event one of the dogs is killed by poison, Lloyds will spend up to \$1,000 to apprehend, prosecute, and convict the poisoner, but not a cent of the indemnity is to go to the personal uses of the dog's owner.

On the Up-Grade

GRANT WITHERS, once at the top among stars, more recently down in the has-been dumps, is making a gallant comeback.

Grant's career was hectic. There are those, close to him, who say he couldn't stand prosperity, let it go to his head. In Hollywood, that's usually the best way out. Anyway, Grant faded from the screen, was reduced to taking minor roles of extra calibre at times. He and his wife moved from stardom surroundings into a dinky apartment of three rooms, and took the raps.

Now Lady Luck has smiled on Grant. He's got a new Paramount contract. And knocks of adversity have knocked off the cranial bumps, for Grant is working hard, and he's just been cast in a lead role at Universal, on loan from Par. His income's rapidly shooting skyward again—BUT, having learned his lesson, Grant, it's significant to note, is still living in the dinky three-room apartment!

Headed for the Altar?

DON'T be surprised if Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers finally get married within a few weeks of the time you read this—if not sooner! After the recent long period in which Hollywood imagined their romance had cooled, Mary and Buddy are suddenly hitting the high spots again, together. Buddy has been squiring her all over Hollywood, and they don't even bother now, to deny that wedding bells are near. It will probably be just before Mary's soon-to-start trip to Europe—and they'll probably make it a honeymoon.

However, Mary isn't letting Buddy have a complete monopoly on her time yet. The other night, she suddenly appeared at a Hollywood night club with three—count 'em, three!—escorts and not one of them was Buddy Rogers!! They were Phillips Holmes, Ivan (I-kiss-your-hand-madame) Lebedeff, and Otto Klement.

Mary, by the way, has just made it definite by public announcement that she has at last quit the films for good—as an actress, that is. Never again will she appear before the camera, she told a few friends. However, she will continue to produce movies.

[Continued on page 14]

RUSSELL PATTERSON'S MONTHLY HIT PARADE



3 GREAT

Contributions TO GREATER ENTERTAINMENT

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

its place among the ten finest pictures ever produced. The story was adapted by Robert Riskin from James Hilton's world-famous novel, with Ronald Colman in the star rôle...a combination that is nothing short of inspired. Obviously Columbia has expended a fortune on this film, but to my mind it's money well spent. The picture is spell-binding, with its strange story of five people kidnapped and whisked far beyond



civilization, imprisoned in a paradise where people never age. Capra has definitely topped his "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds" in this one.

"Lost Horizon" won't actually reach the screen for some time yet. But when it does, you'll agree that this grand picture alone would have made good Hollywood's boast about its "greatest movie season".

FOR months Hollywood has been predicting that this would be the greatest movie season in history. Well, I've just been looking over some of the screen capital's coming product, and all I can say is—Hollywood wasn't fooling!

Don't misunderstand me. I'm not a movie expert—but I know what I like. And I want

grand new songs. And how Bing sings them, with plenty of inspiration from Madge Evans, who grows lovelier with every film. Their love affair literally starts on a dime—and almost ends in jail, when Bing takes under his wing an irrepressible little gamin (Edith Fellows, the 10-year-old who scored so heavily in "She Married Her Boss").

And don't miss Irene Dunne in "Theodora Goes Wild"! This mad, merry Columbia film is one of the biggest comedy surprises the screen has sprung in years. This story of a girl who starts half-a-dozen near-divorces trying to get her man, will have you howling from the very first foot. Melvyn Douglas is splendid as a New York artist who brings out the worst in small-town Theodora—more, in fact, than he bargains for!

But the *greatest* treat that screendom has in store for you is Frank Capra's magnificent production of "Lost Horizon", a film that, without question, will take



Bing swings into his biggest laugh show, with 5 new song hits, in "Pennies From Heaven"



Columbia is rumored to have spent two millions on its production of "Lost Horizon". Here are Ronald Colman and Margo in a tense scene, with producer Frank Capra in inset.



to tell you, in a few well-chosen words—and pictures—about the three approaching attractions that I like best.

The first one you'll see will be the new Bing Crosby show—"Pennies From Heaven". Here's the *funniest* picture Bing's ever made. It's his first for Columbia—an engagingly human romance with five

A Lovely STAR AND Lovely SILVERWARE



IN THE HOLLYWOOD HOME OF

Merle Oberon

APPEARING IN THE

SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTION

"LOVE UNDER FIRE"

RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS

What Silverware could be more appropriate on this charming table! Now, by taking advantage of the new Quantity Saving Plan (saving you \$2.50 or more) you can own a 26-Piece Service of this lovely Silverware at a really trivial cost.

1881

ROGERS

MADE BY ONEIDA LTD.

The tarnish-proof HOLLYWOOD CHEST with Merle Oberon's framed photograph—containing

a Service for Six with Hollow Handle Knives, \$13.50



Hollywood Highlights

[Continued from page 12]

Big Property Man

IF YOU ARE looking to find something serious in any of Eleanor Powell's dancing dates, I'm afraid you'll just have to wait and wait. For Mrs. Powell tells us that while Eleanor has crushes and loves a good dancer, she will undoubtedly marry an older man. Stepping out to night clubs and the gay spots mean nothing to her—she worked in them for so long. She wants to marry a man who has really accomplished something—an artist, writer, producer—some one who can guide and take care of her. Mrs. Powell also believes that the fact that Eleanor was brought up without the wisdom and guidance that only a father can give has made her look for those qualities in a husband rather than for just the gay hilarity of youth.

Still it doesn't look like Jimmy Stewart's heart will be broken for he is escorting Virginia Bruce now as much as he did Eleanor. As a matter of fact you can't walk with him through the publicity department at Metro without him stopping at every picture of Virginia and exclaiming at her beauty. We were admiring several photographs taken at a birthday party that she gave for her small daughter, Susan, and raving about how pretty the child was. "The mother is sorta pretty too, don't you think?" commented Jimmy drily, smiling.

Restrictions

THIS ITEM IS for little boys whose cherished dream is, not to be a traffic cop or fireman, but to be a Clark Gable or a Bob Taylor. The studios take great precautions that nothing happens to their children while they are at work on a picture to ruin them for the Great God Box Office. It's long been known that Spencer Tracy, who dotes on polo and is one of the film colony's best, has to sit in a chair for months on end during picture periods. Ditto Robert Montgomery, Paul Kelly and John Boles. Then there's Jimmy Stewart and Clark Gable and Wallace Beery, who, during pictures, are forbidden their favorite excitement of flying. Buddy Ebsen can only have his hair trimmed once every six months. And William Powell who had to face guffawing friends and snickering fans with a bum's beard of his own growing for

My Man Godfrey. But the final annoyance was reached when Bob Taylor was told to keep out of the sun while working on *Camille*. A healthy color wasn't known of in those days. "That's the only part I don't like about picture-making," said Bob. "This business of having to take womanish care of myself." So if little boys think their mothers are cruel in insisting that they wash behind the ears, just think for a moment of the poor movie stars who sometimes can't have no fun 't'all!

On Your Marx

THE MARX BROTHERS have a very disquieting effect on everyone, it seems. Writers George Seaton and Robert Pirosh have been working with them for seven months, yet didn't realize how worn they were until they went to send a few days in a sanitarium to gather material for the new Marx picture *A Day At the Races* which has a sanitarium background, as the title doesn't tell. They got all their material, came back to Hollywood and then suddenly disappeared. Three days later they showed up again, explaining that they had found the sanitarium life so peaceful that they went back for three days more of rest and quiet.

The Marx Brothers do their best to upset everybody who works with them. Groucho persists in making ad-lib comments to throw his brothers off their lines. This little quip upset the rehearsal and Director Sam Woods' disposition for about twenty minutes. "My foot's asleep," said Chico in the scene they were rehearsing.

"Could it be the dialogue?" asked nasty Groucho.

MOVIE CLASSIC is entirely written and edited in Hollywood where its writers are in constant personal contact with your favorite stars. MOVIE CLASSIC each month brings you the intimate gossip that is being talked about in drawing rooms and the swanky Hollywood night spots by the stars themselves. Watch each month for *Hollywood Highlights* in MOVIE CLASSIC.



Harry Hammond Beall, new managing editor of Fawcett Publications, Inc., was honored with a dinner by publicity chiefs of leading studios on his appointment, and presented with a colossal autographed dictionary by the scribes. At Beall's left, with his hand on Beall's shoulder, is Harry Brand of 20th Century Fox and right, Howard Strickling of MGM

Likes 'Em Exotic

FRANCIS LEDERER seems to lean toward the exotic in his taste in women. First there was Steffi Duna, a Hungarian dancer, whom he encouraged to come to America and whom he requested to play with him in his picture, *Man of Two Worlds*. Then there was Mary Anita Loos, who parts her sleek black hair in the center and wears it low on her neck, and who prates of Egyptology. And now, Mr. Lederer is escorting Margo, the stormy Mexican actress, to the various night spots. And Margo is perfectly willing, for once, to put her duenna on the shelf and go out with him alone.

Here is a goofy thing. Recently Francis, who is a teetotaler, gave away bottles of fine old Scotch after he finished *My American Wife* at Paramount. But with the spoken wish, "I hope you won't drink it."

Blames His Stooges

TED HEALY has hit the rocks and is soon to appear in the divorce court to be freed from his bride of less than a year.

Mrs. Ted claims Ted's stooges ruined their domestic life.

Ted insisted on bringing the "stooges" home with him and they were always doing their acts with resultant damage to the furniture and the peace of mind of Mrs. Ted.

"The stooges made me what I am today," insists Ted.

And Mrs. Ted agrees that they made him what he is going to be—an ex-husband.

New Heartthrob

CARY GRANT, who is considered quite something of a nice young man by most of the gals in Hollywood, has been keeping a lot of company with Roberta Cooper who it must be said isn't at all hard to look at.



Photo by Charles Rhodes

Nelson Eddy and his mother as they appeared at the premiere of *Romeo and Juliet*



Now...
a lovelier way to
avoid offending!



KEEP *Fragrantly* DAINTY ...BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP!

YOU are so much more than just sweet and clean, when you bathe with Cashmere Bouquet!

For while its rich, deep-cleansing lather guards you completely from any chance of body odor... its exquisite, flower-like perfume keeps you alluringly fragrant.

Hours after you step from your bath Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like scent still clings glamorously about you... because it has the *lingering* quality found only in rare and costly perfumes!

No wonder fastidious women all over America now bathe only with Cashmere Bouquet... the perfumed soap that brings you a *lovelier way* to avoid offending!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

And now Cashmere Bouquet Soap costs only 10¢ a cake! The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. Exactly the same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 exquisite perfumes.

You will find this lovely Cashmere Bouquet at all drug, department and ten-cent stores. Why not get three cakes today?



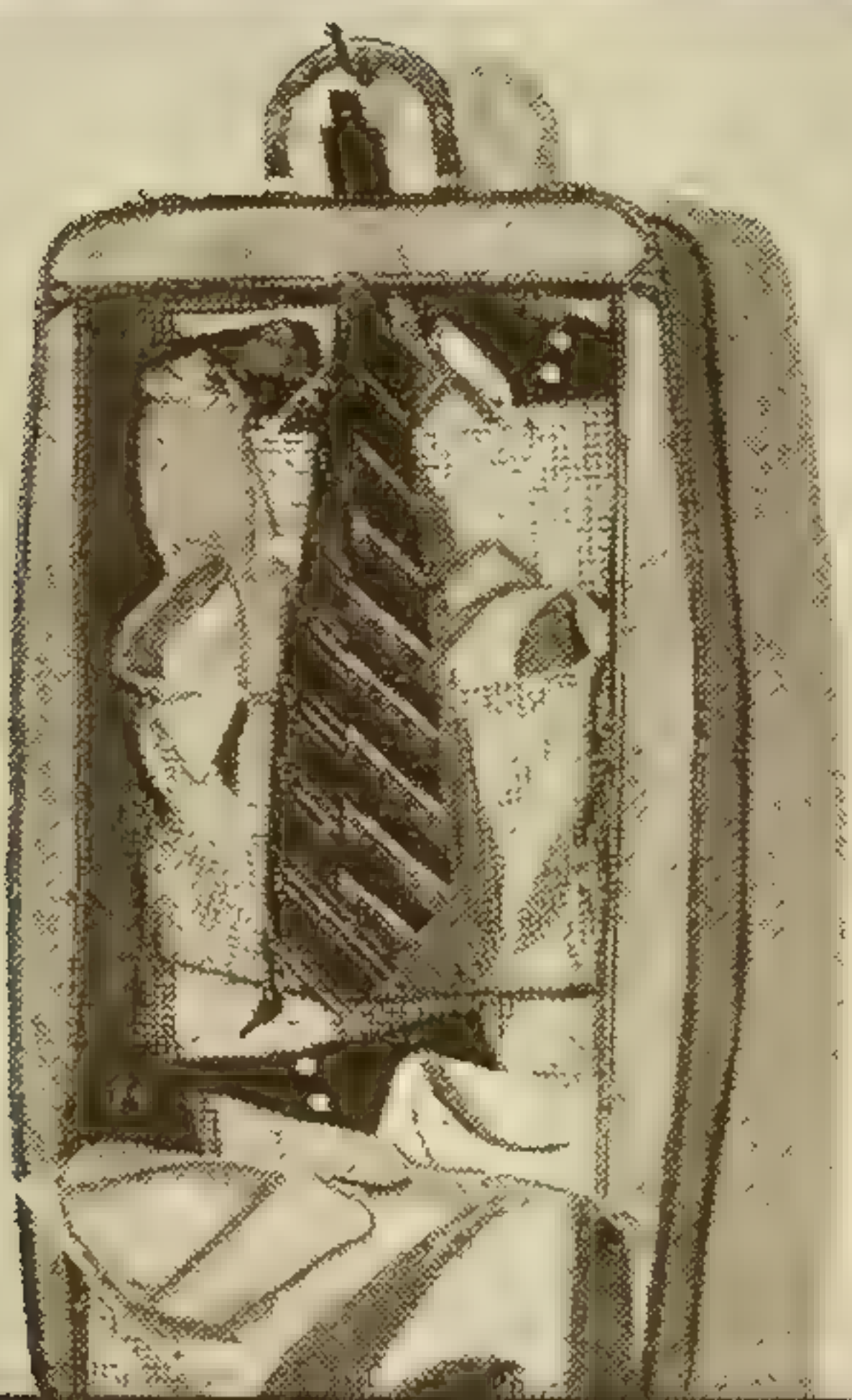
Cashmere Bouquet
NOW ONLY 10¢ - THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE

TAKE A GIFT TIP FROM GEORGE RAFT

Paramount's famous star travels with VAL-A-PAK, the only piece of luggage that will deliver a suit en route as freshly pressed as when it's packed.



VAL-A-PAK is literally a portable clothes closet. Separate compartments for shirts, underwear, etc. Everything orderly and easily accessible.



VAL-A-PAK saves pressing bills. Suits (there is room for two) hang on regulation hangers, air cushioned against wrinkling or mussing.



VAL-A-PAK comes in fabric and leather models ranging in price from \$8.95 to \$50.00. At leading luggage and men's wear shops. Atlantic Products Corporation, Trenton, New Jersey.

Prices West of The Mississippi 10% Higher
Patented

THE *Styled*

W A R D R O B E

Fans and Fan Clubs

by Harmony Haynes

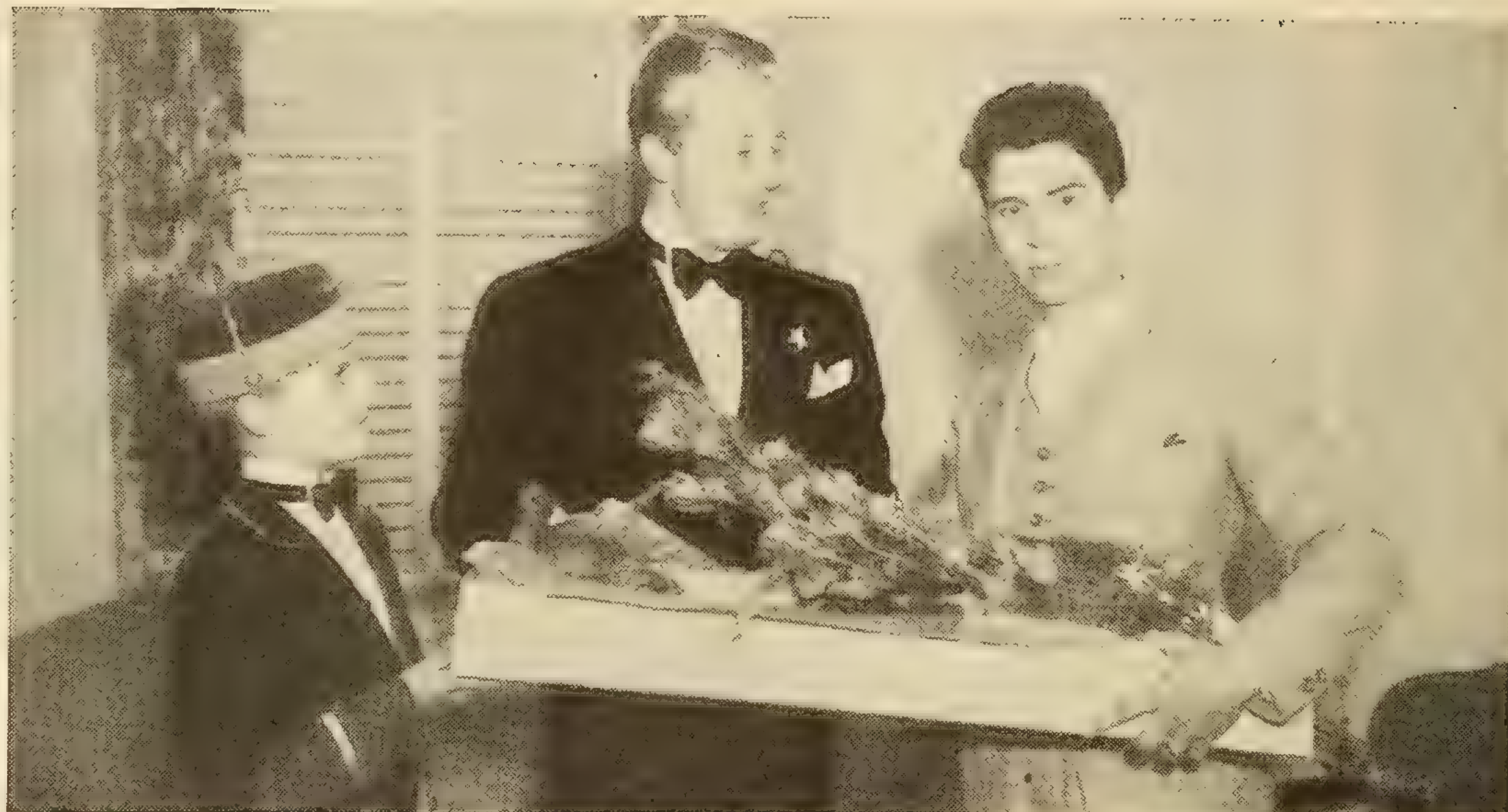


Photo by Charles Rhodes

On his birthday, August 13th, Gene Raymond was presented with flowers by Richard Carroll, President of Raymond's fan club. Richard came from Chicago to make the presentation on behalf of thousands of the R.K.O. star's fans.

THE purpose of this department is to shorten the distance between Hollywood and the rest of the world. Particularly that part of the world wherein real movie fans reside. We aim to bring fans and stars closer together by acquainting each with the other through the medium of an outspoken department.

We expect to say what we think, without fear of offending, and we expect the same privilege to be exercised by our readers.

The world is full of loyal fans whose acts of loyalty should be given due credit. Some are individuals, others are banded together in the form of movie clubs. Many have gone a step farther and united their clubs to form two large organizations—*The Fan Club Federation* and *The Movie Club Guild*.

Fan Clubs are not new. They have been in existence for a quarter of a century but it is only in the last few years that they realized that *in unity there is strength*, and united to request recognition from producers and the press. In other words, Fan Clubs have come into their own.

And just what is a Fan Club?

That question may sound a bit unnecessary to some of you but, believe it or not, I am answering it via the personal letter route almost daily.

A Fan Club, briefly, is a number of persons whose admiration for one particular star, have united them in a common cause—to further the popularity of that star.

How to start a Fan Club!

I also receive many letters asking that question, and some of the letters amaze me. Many of them are from persons totally ignorant of the work and purpose of fan clubs.

A Fan Club is hard work and lots of it and it is expensive. But dues, you say, are charged to cover the expense. That is true, but it is also untrue, for never yet have we had a club where the dues covered the entire expense of the club. And because the members have paid in their dues, they must receive something for their money.

You might wonder what expense a club

could have. Let us list a few. To begin with there are membership cards, application blanks, stationery, postage. Quite an item, eh?

Then there is the club paper, for all good clubs do issue a club paper of some sort. Some are typed, some are mimeographed, some are printed, but they all cost money—from five dollars an issue, on up. Did you happen to see *Blue Velvet Notes*? It is the paper for Dottie Mae Hulse's Vera Van Club. That issue cost \$64.15. The *Reynolds Rumpus*, the paper for John Garrison's Craig Reynolds club, cost \$75.00 for the first issue.

Of course, the star helps with the expenses. They always send photos to new members, they furnish prizes for contests, they send news for the club paper. Some of them go to the expense of paying all or part of the printing of the paper.

However, all this should be taken up with the star at the time you ask for the star's permission to start a club. I mention this because in checking clubs, I find that in the majority of cases, a fan writes a star asking permission to start a club, without outlining what is expected of the star. Then begin the hinting or begging letters—first it is pictures, then postage, then prizes and usually winding up with a request to buy a mimeograph, or pay for the printing of a paper.

This annoys a star. Why shouldn't it? And it could all be avoided if you would sit down with a pencil and paper and figure the cost of such a club, and decide definitely and for all time, what you expect the star to do for your club. Then present your findings and figures to the star and give that star an opportunity to refuse or accept your proposition.

If you will do that, then we won't have, as we do have now, stars who are secretly disappointed in their clubs. We won't have clubs starting off with a bang and ending up with a battle.

In order to strengthen your clubs it would be wise to affiliate with either *The Fan Club Federation* or *The Movie Club Guild*—or both.

These organizations have been in ex-

istence several years and their purpose is to promote the welfare of fan clubs and fan club members and through them to advance motion picture entertainment. They make it their business to weed out undesirable, or so called "racket" clubs.

They have regular meetings at which time they delve deeply in the work of clubs and of motion pictures, publicity, and anything and everything that has to do with the betterment of theatre and motion picture entertainment.

Questions to be voted upon can be presented either in person or by proxy.

A paper is issued at regular intervals by both organizations—*Fan Club Fare*, for the Federation, and *Guldegrams* for the Guild.

Miss Irene Brettmann, 895 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., is president of the Federation.

Miss Lillian Conrad, 4822 N. Meade Ave., Chicago, is president of the Guild.

FRANCES FEATHER—yes, that's her real name, has charge of one of the many Dick Powell Clubs and tells us that they have branches in California, Washington, D. C., Sioux City, Montreal, Rochester and many other places.

She has a letter from Dick Powell saying that she is president of one of his three pet clubs. Now just who could the other two be?

Lucile Carlson, prexy of the Alice White Club, together with Evelyn Krause, a club member, is in Hollywood and are guests of none other than Alice White herself. Lucile is so busy seeing stars right now that we couldn't make her sit down long enough to tell us about the trip. We'll have her write it for us later.

Irene Brettmann, president of The Fan Federation, is also in Hollywood on a prolonged vacation. Ditto for Lillian Conrad, president of the Movie Club Guild. There seems to be something brewing as to the future of fan clubs and maybe, just maybe, we'll get the outcome of their conferences in time for the next issue.

Richard Carroll, secretary of the Gene Raymond Club, came to town and was the guest of Gene on the set. Mrs. Kipling, Gene's mother, took him to lunch and for a tour of Hollywood.

Dottie Mae Hulse, prexy of the Vera Van Club, spent the summer in Hollywood and is now touring the United States with her father. But she tells us that she will be back to spend the winter with us.

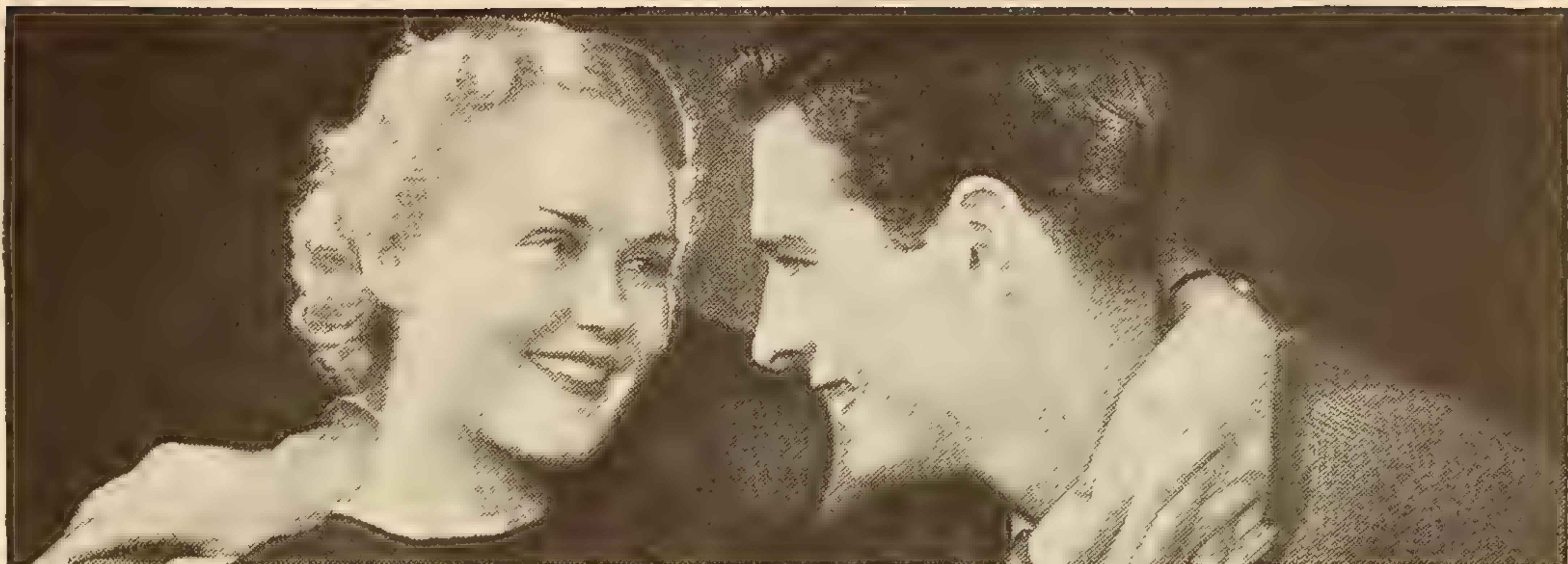
Helen Moltz, head of the Joel McCrea Club, came to town to spend a couple of days, one of them with Joel and his lovely wife, Frances Dee.

A letter from Marilyn Bonnell, president of the Buddy Rogers Club, says, "I went down to Chicago and spent the day with Buddy while he was appearing there with his stage unit and had a grand time. I had to make a 92 mile trip but it was worth it. I met his mother for the first time and I was thrilled stiff. I also had a chance to see his father again."

Little Mary Scales, who is a member of the Robert Taylor Club, is a very tiny, very charming, very interesting young lady. Her home is in Texas but she is star reporter for the Logan County Banner, at Logan, North Carolina. One day little Mary (she weighs 80 pounds) hitch-hikes to Charlestown, a hundred miles away to interview Madame Schumann-Heinck, and the next day she treks twenty miles back into the Hill-billy country to run down a murder story.

Tired of the old grind, she hopped a plane and came to Hollywood for a week end. She had luncheon with Robert Taylor and his mother, then spent the after-

[Continued on page 58]

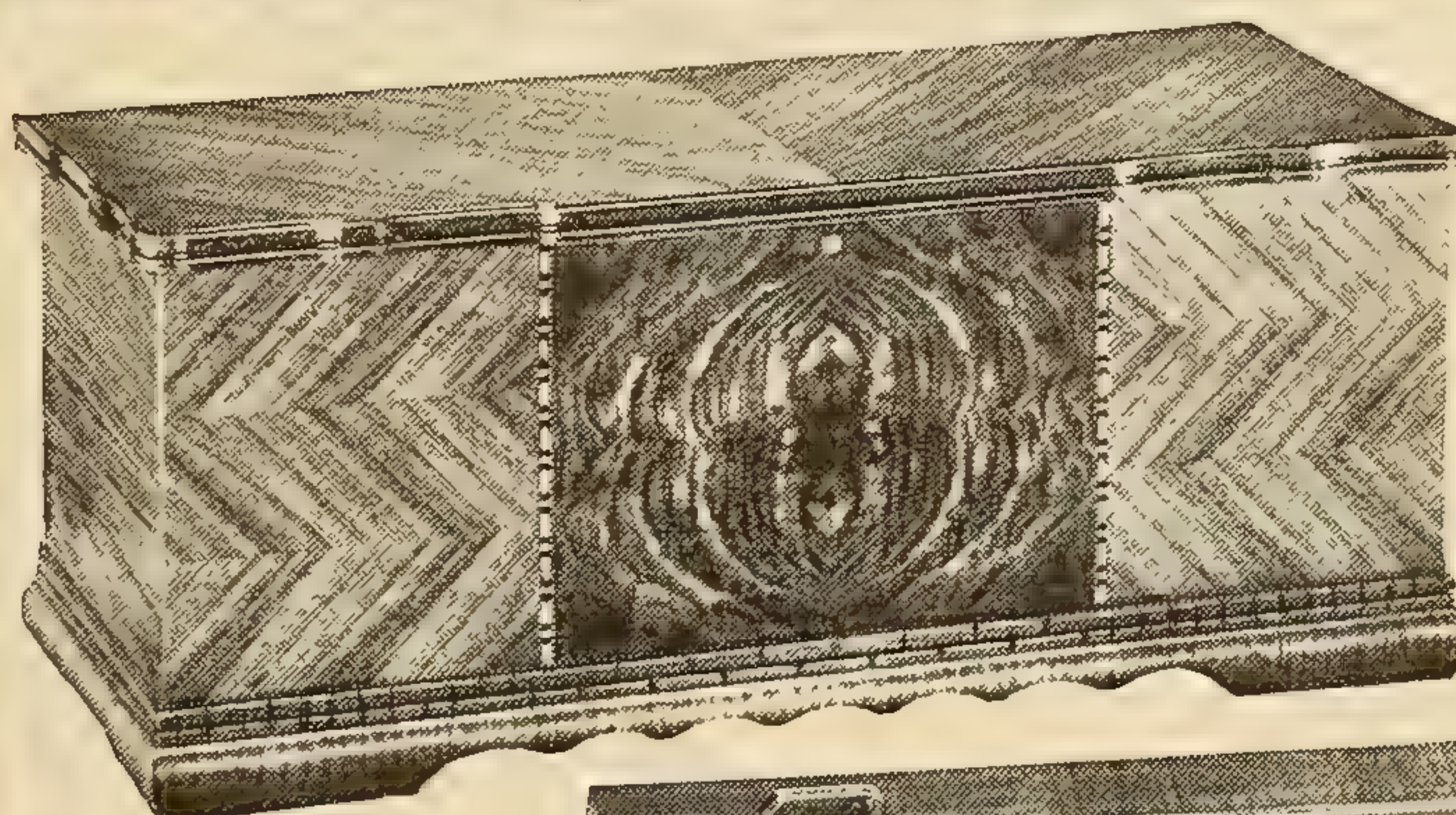


"It's the true Love Gift"

...Says ROSALIND RUSSELL
enchancing M-G-M screen star

HOMES begin in hope chests. So, be sure you choose one that gives absolute moth protection. Lane is the only cedar chest that is factory-tested for aroma-tightness. It has a special patented inside finish that evens aroma flow and prevents the interior from becoming oily or sticky. As proof of positive moth protection, you get with this modern chest a moth insurance policy, free. See the glorious new Lane models with superbly finished hardwood exteriors now at your Lane dealer's store.

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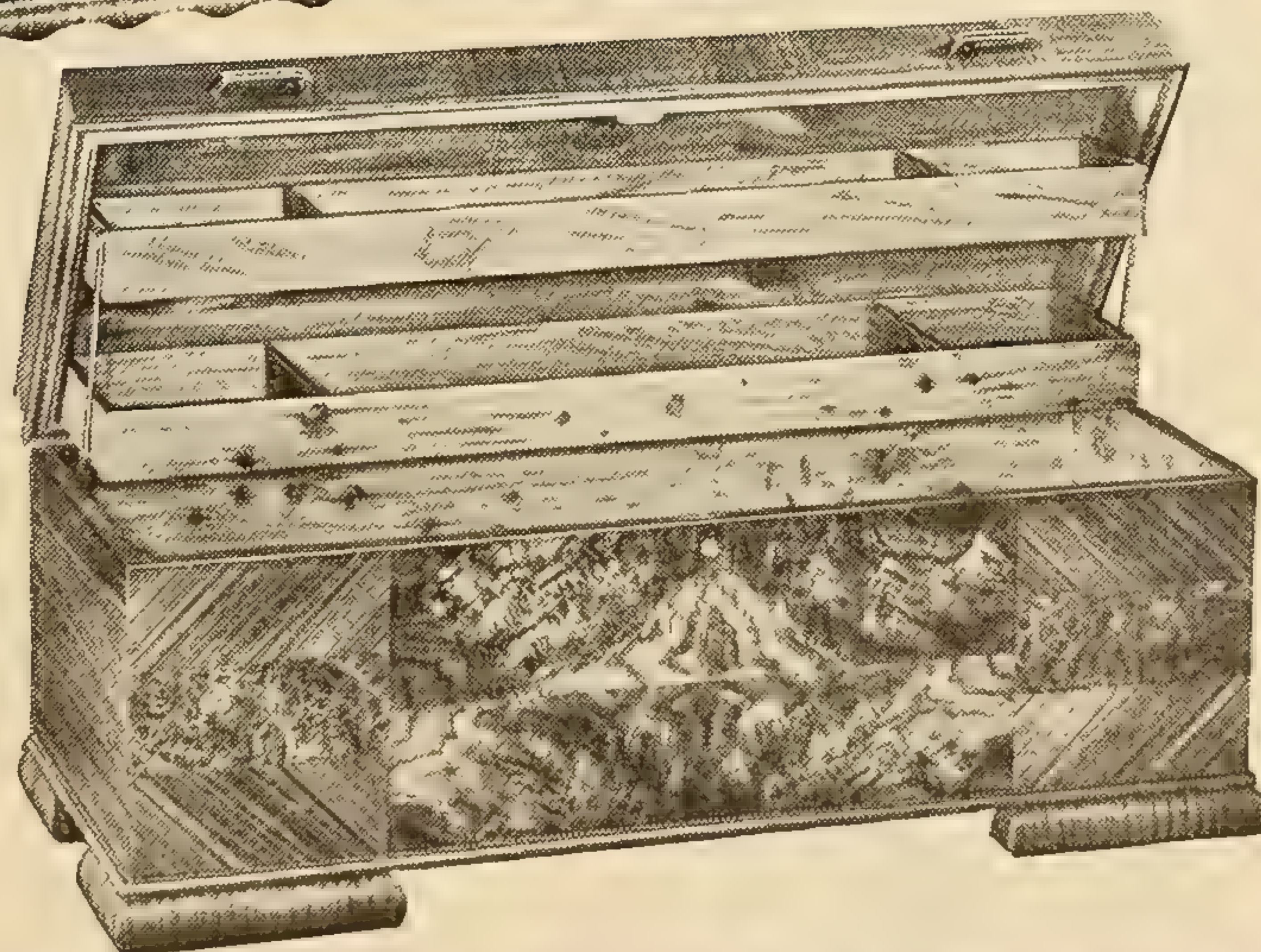
4-piece matched walnut stump center panel and matched, quartered walnut on either side, divided by marquetry. Automatic rising top...

Special
\$29⁷⁵

Slightly Higher in
West and in Canada

The Rosalind Russell Chest—smartly modern in design with center panel of walnut stump and end panels of walnut separated by elm burl. New patented automatic double tray.

Free Moth
Insurance Policy
with each
Lane Chest



LANE HOPE CHESTS

THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME

**READ HOW
SKINNY GIRLS
GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS.
NEW QUICK WAY**



*Posed by
professional
models*

**Thousands
gaining
normal
attractive
curves
—in just a
few weeks!**

SKINNY, friendless girls who never could gain an ounce can take new hope from the experience of thousands of others with this new scientific treatment that is sweeping the country. These others have gained 10 to 25 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh this new easy way —in just a few weeks!

What is more, this new discovery has given them naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

**Why it builds up
so quickly**

Scientists recently discovered that great numbers of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-enriching iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're a new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't build you up in a few weeks, as they have thousands. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2812, Atlanta, Ga.

The Show Window

*Frank reviews of the
latest screen offerings*

by

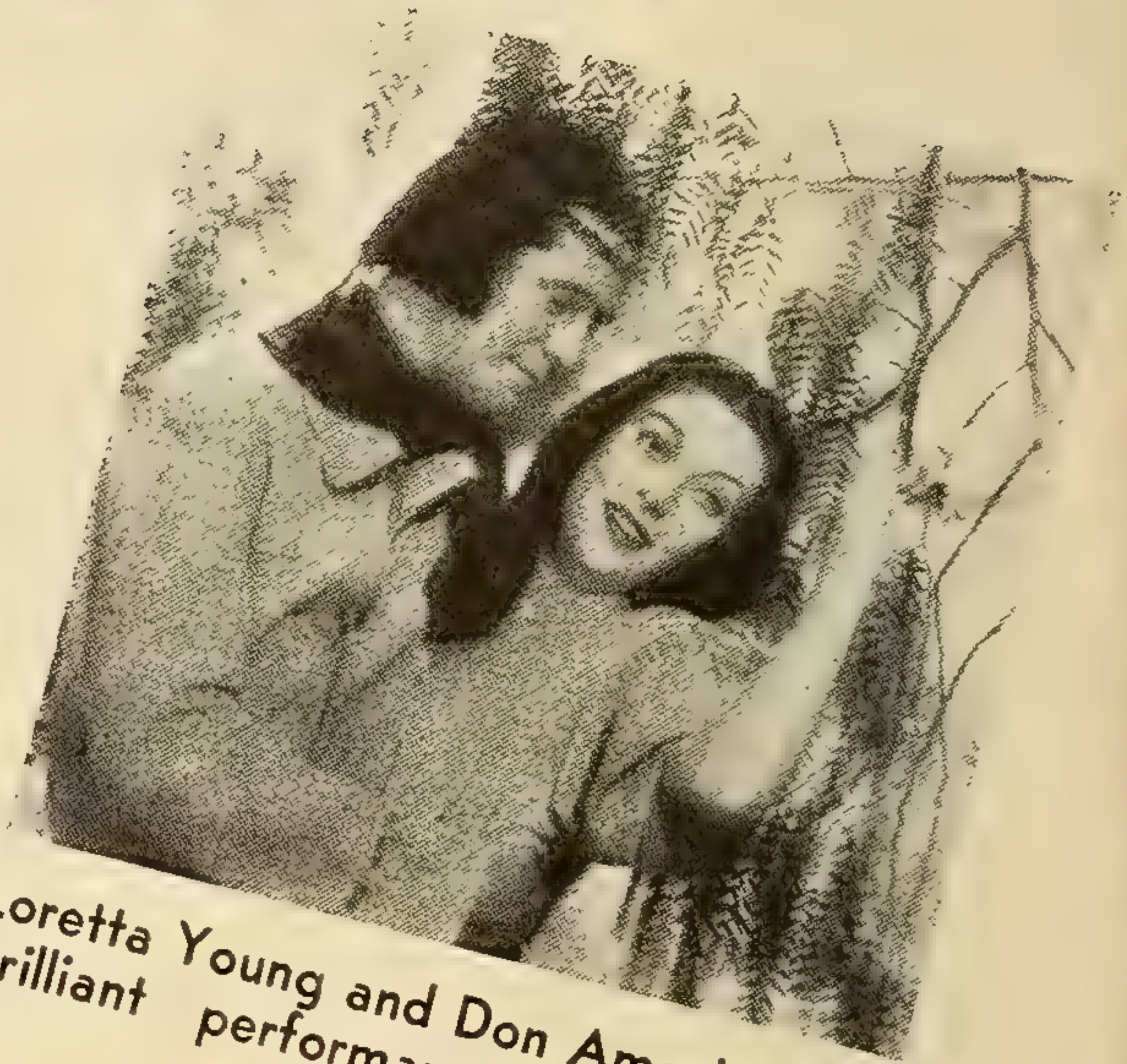
E. J. Smithson

EXCEPTIONAL

RAMONA—This screen version of Helen Hunt Jackson's love story is breath-taking in its beauty. Its dramatic appeal and haunting charm is increased by the use of technicolor. Loretta Young's performance is, beyond question, the best of her career and she plays the rôle of Ramona with quiet restraint and exquisite romantic appeal. She is even more beautiful as the raven-haired heroine than she is in her natural blonde loveliness. Don Ameche, of radio fame, is most convincing as Allesandro, her Indian lover. Pauline Frederick is excellent as the domineering Spanish mother of Kent Taylor, who is also in love with Ramona. The entire cast, featuring Katherine deMille, John Carradine, Jane Darwell, Pedro deCordoba and Victor Kilian, unite in producing a picture of exceptional interest.—20th Century-Fox.

DODSWORTH—This powerful and emotional stage play comes to life on the screen with the story of a woman's futile effort against growing old. This is a triumph for Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton and Mary Astor. Walter Huston, as Dodsworth, a retired automobile salesman who is terribly in love with his romance-seeking wife, carries the rôle with a completeness which leaves one with the feeling that only he could play it. The story carries them to Europe where Fran Dodsworth has one amorous adventure after another in her futile attempt to regain her youth until finally Huston is driven to a lonely tour of the continent. He finds rest and contentment in the Italian villa of Edith Cortright (Mary Astor). Miss Chatterton's portrayal of the defeated woman is the finest she has ever done. Mary Astor shows a strength and power never before revealed to her screen audiences. Paul Lukas, David Niven, Gregory Gaye and many others add to this excellent cast. Dodsworth is a picture that will linger long in the memory of those who see it.—Samuel Goldwyn.

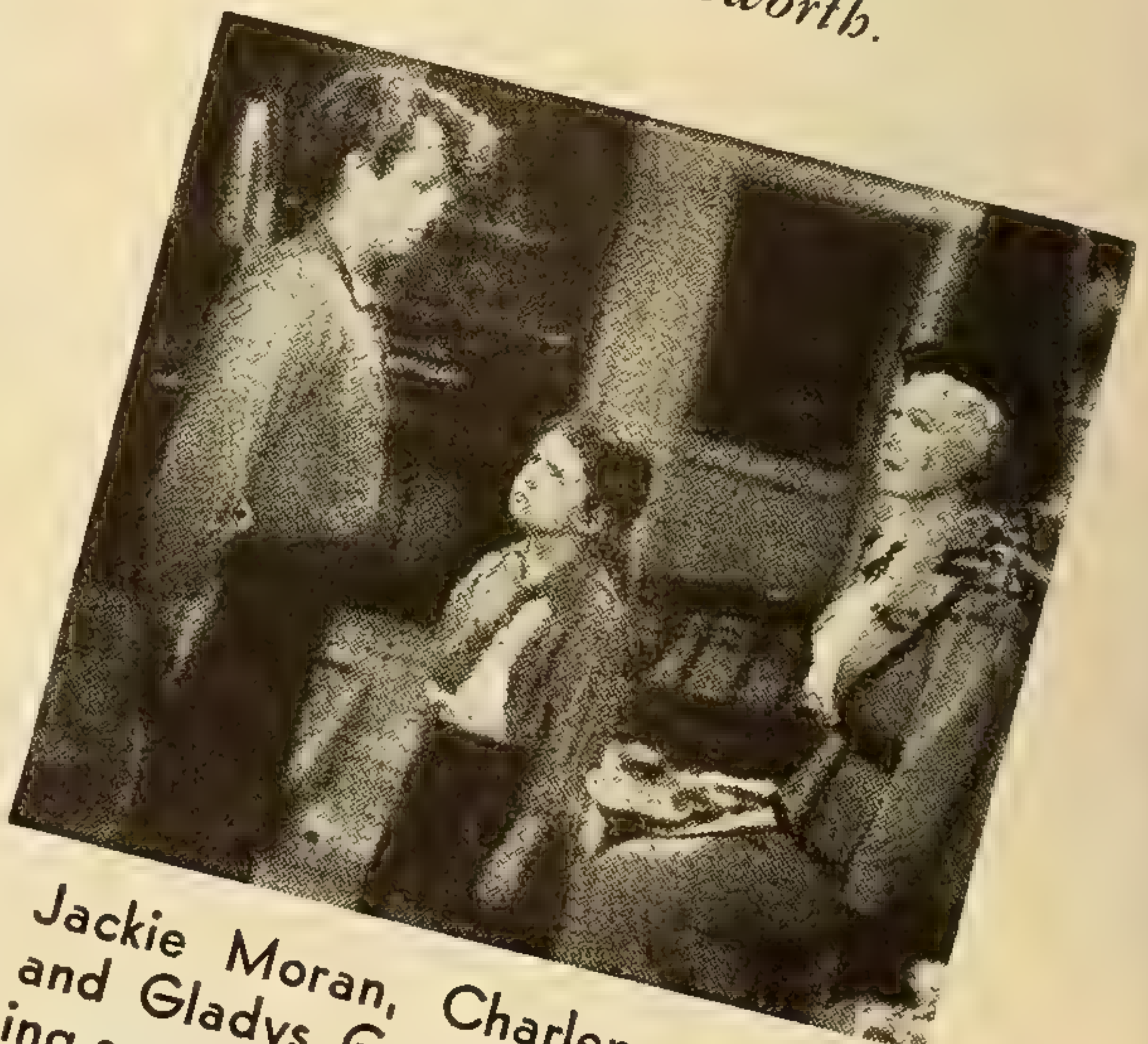
VALIANT IS THE WORD FOR CARRIE is everything fine that a picture can or should be. It is the story of a scarlet woman who finds happiness in bringing up a small boy and girl that have been practically thrown into her lap. The story begins in a small town in Louisiana, then moves to the big city. Over a period of years the children grow into manhood and womanhood. Carrie devotes her life to mak-



Loretta Young and Don Ameche give brilliant performances in Ramona.



Ruth Chatterton and Walter Huston in a scene from Samuel Goldwyn's lavish production Dodsworth.



Jackie Moran, Charlene Wyatt and Gladys George in a touching scene from the superb drama, Valiant Is The Word For Carrie.

ing them happy. There are tears and laughter but the laughs are sincere and real. There is none of the slapstick attempts so often used to get laughs. Carrie Snyder, played by Gladys George, deserves the highest praise for a grand job of acting. The rest of the cast has Arline Judge, John Howard, Dudley Digges, Harry Cary, Isabel Jewell, Jackie Moran, Charlene Wyatt, John Wray, William Collier Sr., Hattie McDaniels and others. For those who enjoy a good story, top acting, tears and laughs, see it by all means.—*Paramount*.

EXCELLENT

THE GORGEOUS HUSSY—A superbly directed story enacted by a group of artists who, by their work in this picture, once again prove to fans that they are capable of superb acting. The plot goes back to those times in American history when the country was still suffering from "growing pains" . . . Most of the action takes place in Washington, D.C. Parts of the story are fictional and except for historically prominent personages, the characters are also. . . . The story concerns those in high places during the days of Andrew Jackson (Lionel Barrymore) and Peggy Eaton's (Joan Crawford) love for her country as against her love for John Randolph (Melvyn Douglas). Robert Taylor is splendid as a young naval officer who woos and wins the hand of Joan Crawford only to lose his life in the tropics. Franchot Tone, as Secretary of War under Jackson, whom Crawford later marries, carries his part to perfection. . . . "Rowdy Dow" (James Stewart) adds to the picture entertainment. . . . When you see *The Gorgeous Hussy*, you will see a noteworthy picture. Beulah Bondi shares acting honors with Lionel Barrymore and Joan Crawford.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

THE DEVIL IS A SISSY—Toughness is having the nerve to do what is right. The devil was once an angel, but the job was too tough for him, so he scrambled.—Hence, "the devil was a sissy." A trio of troupers, Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Cooper and Mickey Rooney unite in bringing to the screen a tender but two-fisted story that is rich in humanity and humor and loaded with audience appeal for the entire family. Transplanted from England to the tenements of New York, Freddie is every inch the gentleman, and Mickie and Jackie (as two East Side toughies) learn how to take it like men, from him. Pathos, comedy, excitement and stark drama flash by in rapid succession before the story reaches the final climax.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN—American resourcefulness pitted against oriental cunning and devilry is the theme of this melodrama. You will find a sombre Gary Cooper (greatly in contrast to "Mr. Deeds" in this, but you will admire his cool daring and enormous vitality. The plot is heavy with the intrigue of Chinese Civil war. Cooper, as the champion of long-suffering Chinese common-people, is selected for the dangerous rôle of gun-runner. He is balked in his attempted raid by the intervention of Madeleine Carroll, beautiful daughter of Porter Hall, rival plotter, who is in the services of Akim Tamiroff, a greedy, relentless Chinese war lord. The story is unrelieved by any touch of humor, but the fine photography and excellent characterizations, plus excitement, suspense and romance, make it well worth seeing.—*Paramount*.

[Continued on page 66]

15¢ - Price Now of Famous Cold Remedy



2. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in $\frac{1}{3}$ glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness almost instantly.

1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.



Genuine Bayer Aspirin—the Thing to Take for Fast Relief



Instead of buying costly medicines for a cold, try the way nearly any doctor you ask will approve as the modern way — BAYER ASPIRIN. It is perhaps the most famous and most widely used of all cold remedies today — yet costs only 15¢ for a dozen tablets or two full dozen for a quarter anywhere in the United States.

The way you use it is this: Two BAYER tablets when you feel a cold coming on. Take with a full glass of water. Then repeat, if necessary, according to directions in each package.

This will act to fight fever, cold pains and the cold itself. And it will

save you from taking strong medicines for a cold. Medicines that often upset the whole system. Relief comes rapidly.

Get the genuine BAYER ASPIRIN by asking for it by its full name: not by the name "aspirin" alone.

15¢ FOR A DOZEN
2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25¢

Virtually 1¢ a tablet



Men and Make-up

Any woman can make her face her fortune, says Max Factor, the man who knows all the beauty answers, if she follows the advice offered in this article



Five famous stars give the male point of view on facial beauty.

by Frances Kellum

IF YOU had a date with Robert Taylor, how would you make up?

If you were dining with Francis Lederer, would you dare use that lavender evening powder?

What do men really *think* about makeup?

Now when I have questions like *that* to ask, there's just one person I hunt up. Max Factor, the man who knows all the beauty answers. Usually I find him in his laboratory working up more formulæ to turn more ugly ducklings into the proverbial swans. And that's where I found him this time. He laid aside his test tube and eyed me speculatively. "I've just come from the 'Camille' set over there at M-G-M. Nice chap, that Robert Taylor. Genuine. Has some good ideas . . ."

"Well," I said, "about fifty million women—including myself—would like to know what his ideas on makeup are!"

"They're distinctly modern!" Max Factor assured me. "Bob is a typically modern young man—typically American. He's all in favor of the *results* of makeup—*when it's natural looking*. For instance, as we stood talking two extra girls came by. One

had gone in strongly for effect—you know, eyebrows plucked too thin, arched too high, and stenciled on. Cheeks a chalky white. Mouth that looked like a freshly painted signboard. Perhaps she thought she looked exotic. As a matter of fact she had ruined all the young charm of her face . . .

"The other one evidently knew the secret of natural makeup. And Bob said, 'Lovely, isn't she?'"

"Just how," I asked quickly, "do you go about learning this secret?"

"By studying your complexion tones and matching them *exactly*," he informed me. "That's why we have experimented so much with shades and textures in rouges, lipstick, powders and eye makeup. Complexions vary so that you can't be too careful. Don't strive for Effect. *Strive to emphasize your own natural coloring*."

"The brunette, for example, goes in for rich carmine or crimson shades in rouge and lipstick."

"The blonde goes in for soft flame tones."

"Redheads have to be careful to use a deep enough powder to bring out the tint of their hair, and to use brown eye shadow instead of blue as they're tempted to."

"Take Myrna Loy. She's a redhead with

green eyes and a fair skin. But instead of using a light, flesh powder she uses *rachelle*. She's found out that a *blondeen* rouge and a *vermilion* lipstick are best suited to her. And besides the brown eye shadow she uses a *brown* eyebrow pencil and eyelash makeup. Not black. For a foundation cream, however, she uses a *flesh* tone under the *rachelle* powder to bring out the natural glow of her skin."

"Rochelle Hudson, on the other hand, has dark brown hair and eyes and an olive skin. For complete naturalness she selects this makeup: *Olive* powder, *carmine* rouge and lipstick. *Brown* eye shadow. *Black* pencil and eyelash makeup. And a *natural* foundation cream."

"One of the loveliest blondes who ever came to Hollywood is Virginia Bruce. She is very fair and her makeup chart is: *Flesh* powder over a *white* foundation. *Flame* rouge and lipstick. *Gray* eye shadow. *Brown* pencil and eyelash makeup."

SO FOR that date with Bob Taylor, evidently it wouldn't be wise to do anything "fancy"! Just go into a huddle with your mirror, make sure your makeup looks as if it had grown on you—and be yourself.

"Men," Max Factor was saying, "are mostly like Bob. They're interested in the *results* of making up. And flattered by the trouble you take. But they are *not* interested in seeing a girl ply her lipstick or powder puff every little while when they take her out."

"Warner Baxter once told me that a lot of powder dabbing in public was the surest means a woman had of destroying her glamour! . . . Glamour depends to a certain extent on mystery. And there's nothing mysterious about a woman who lets the world in on her beauty secrets!"

"Anyway—*constant powdering will not help a shiny nose*. People have the wrong idea of powder. It is not a *cover* for the face. Its purpose is to give a well-groomed finish. It should never show. If you're still dabbing instinctively at your nose, drop the habit! It's as out-dated as last year's newspaper. If you've prepared your skin for makeup with a good freshener or astringent (if it's oily) and a good foundation cream, you won't have to worry about 'getting shiny.' Not if you've powdered correctly. The way to do it is to powder generously from *chin* to *forehead* and from ear to ear. Then take a soft powder brush and *brush off the surplus*. That leaves a soft, flattering finish and you should not have to touch a powder puff again for hours."

Dick Powell, it seems, likes sparkle in a gal's face. Now of course, as Factor pointed out, that depends quite a bit on your health and vitality. There's nothing like fresh air, sufficient sleep and the right food to buoy you up, to put the gleam in your eye! But you can get a little help from Art too—makeup Art!

"Rouge properly and you give brilliancy to the eyes. Rouge too much and you kill it," said Factor. "*Both the time of day and*

the time of season affect the use of rouge. The general rule is to use brighter, lighter tones for night. And deeper, richer tones in winter. Sparkle in the face depends chiefly on the eyes. And a good red in your cheeks accents them. Keep the eyes fresh and rested, too. Bathe them in a lukewarm solution after you've been out in the cold or wind. Make the lashes look longer and more luxurious with an eyelash makeup. And give the eyes more depth and lustre with eye shadow.

"You can change your whole outlook on life by changing your looks! By brightening them . . ."

Fred MacMurray's statement was straightforward and direct—like Fred himself. "Makeup? I think it's *swell!* Especially if that's what gives a girl that smooth look!"

"Just what *does* give you that smooth look?" I challenged Mr. Factor. But he won't stay challenged. He knows too much about this business! He says it is all a matter of the right powder base . . .

There's a new kind that provides all the smoothness in the world without streaking or letting perspiration show through. If you want to be your most glamorous self, use it!

You know how at times rouge seems to sink into your cheeks no matter what you do? And how your complexion goes off-key even if you've been working like mad at it? There's just one solution. Get yourself into the habit of using a good foundation. Your rouge will go on a thousand times more evenly. Your powder will cling for hours. In short, you'll have that *smooth look!*

It remained for Francis Lederer, Continental that he is, to give the Last Word on the subject. He sums it all up beautifully. "*Makeup is a woman's charm insurance!* I do not say that she is not charming without it. Heaven forbid! I merely say that if she knows how to make the best use of it, makeup safeguards her charm and adds to it . . . Just as a lovely skin adds to it."

Have you a lovely skin? Men always notice that. And there's no woman alive, declares Factor, who cannot *make* her skin lovely! Naturally you have to care for it consistently. No cream, used only once a week, can do much good in overcoming that gradual drying of the tissues. But a fine cream, blended in every day, does this: It replenishes the natural oils of the skin; it keeps it soft; and it helps to erase those little creases around the eyes and mouth and the unattractive rings around the neck. There's nothing quite so unflattering as a flaky, rough complexion. Don't permit it!

Only this morning I heard a woman say, "My husband likes makeup on *other* women. But when I try to use it—that's another story!" No wonder. She didn't know how to use it!

Learn how—and you'll have a lasting *charm insurance.*

Christmas Shopping Note

In the January issue of MOVIE CLASSIC, look for Alison Alden's article "A Zest for Giving" in which she offers the solution to last-minute Christmas shopping. Illustrated with the article are the smartest holiday offerings of cosmetic manufacturers and perfumers from which to make your gift selections.

What Every Woman Desires!

A BODY BEAUTIFUL with
the LINIT BEAUTY BATH

Just dissolve some Linit in a tub of warm water and bathe as usual. After drying, feel your skin—it will be delightfully smooth and soft—And the Linit bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath . . . Make it a habit to take a Linit Beauty Bath and join the many thousands of women who daily enjoy its refreshing luxury.



*Linit is also unequalled
for all fine laundering.*





AN AILMENT YOU CAN'T TALK ABOUT!

ARE YOU ONE OF THE MANY VICTIMS?

Do you suffer from Piles? If so, you know what they can take out of you. They wear you down physically and mentally. They make you look drawn and haggard, no matter how you try to conceal the suffering. They handicap your every activity in life.

But the suffering, bad as it is, is not the only thing about Piles. They can turn into something very serious. This is always a possibility because of the delicacy of the trouble. Many people hesitate to seek medical treatment for Piles, when, as a matter of fact, no trouble is more in need of attention.

Three Effects in One

Today, you have medication for Piles that is of extraordinary merit. It consists of Pazo Ointment. Pazo does more than merely "kid" Piles. It actually placates them. Pazo is unusually effective because it is threefold in effect.

First, it is *soothing*, which tends to relieve inflammation, soreness and itching. Second, it is *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and make passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts and check bleeding.

Pazo comes in tubes fitted with a special Pile Pipe which permits application high up in the rectum. It also now comes in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo Suppositories the most satisfactory. All drug stores sell Pazo, but a trial tube (with Pile Pipe) will be sent on request. Mail coupon and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover cost of packing and postage.

GROVE LABORATORIES, INC.
Dept. 73-F, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send trial tube Pazo. I enclose 10c to help cover packing and mailing.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

This offer is good only in U. S. and Canada. Canadian residents may write H. R. Madill & Co., 64 Wellington Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

MAIL!

Mervyn LeRoy

Offers \$500



For A Trademark

Mervyn LeRoy, one of Hollywood's ace directors,
directing a scene from *Oil for the Lamps of China*

HAVE you sent in your trademark idea yet? If not, why not? You know from reading the November issue of *MOVIE CLASSIC*, that Mervyn LeRoy, noted Hollywood director, is in the market for a trademark idea symbolical of the fine pictures he promises to release soon through his own company to be known as "Mervyn LeRoy Productions." Co-operating with *MOVIE CLASSIC* he is offering \$500 in cash prizes to the winners. All you have to do to become an entrant in this contest is to jot down as many original trademark ideas as you can and mail them to Contest Editor, *MOVIE CLASSIC* MAGAZINE, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Remember this: You don't have to be an advertising expert or an artist to stand a chance of winning a cash prize. All you have to do is to submit your idea or ideas in writing—just a brief, clear description of the trademark.

Here's what Mr. LeRoy has to say about it.

"What I want is a trademark that is original and entirely different from those now in use. It must be distinctive and impressive. My plan is to produce only class pictures with mass appeal and I would like very

much to have contestants bear this in mind when submitting ideas. The artiness of the suggestions are in nowise as important as is the effectiveness of the idea itself. No sketch is required, although contestants can, if they wish, submit them."

Mervyn LeRoy stands exceptionally high as a director, having to his credit such outstanding successes as *Goldiggers of 1933*, *Five Star Final*, *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, *Tugboat Annie*, *Oil for the Lamps of China*, *Little Caesar*, and *Anthony Adverse*. He recently completed *Three Men on a Horse* for Warner Bros., who plan to release it as one of the specials of the year.

For his first picture as a producer, LeRoy has purchased *The King and the Chorus Girl*, (formerly titled *The Grand Passion*) by Norman Krasna and Beppo Marx. This splendid story will be used to present Ferdinand Gravet, sensational

French star whom LeRoy discovered abroad and whom he signed to a personal contract. It is LeRoy's sincere belief that Gravet, after his introduction to American audiences through *The King and the Chorus Girl* will score a sensational success.

*Don't pass up this
chance to win a
prize! Remember,
the contest closes
December 20th.*

Following *The King and the Chorus Girl*, LeRoy's second picture under the Mervyn LeRoy Productions trademark, will be *Son of the Gods*.

Now with all this information in mind, get out the pencil and begin jotting down your trademark ideas. You have just as good a chance of winning a prize as the next one. Bear in mind that the winner of the entries submitted to *MOVIE CLASSIC* wins \$50 and a chance to win the grand prize of \$250.

This same offer appears also in the December issues of Fawcett's affiliated film magazines — *HOLLYWOOD*, *SCREEN BOOK*, *SCREEN PLAY* and *MOTION PICTURE*. The winner of ideas submitted to any of these magazines receives a \$50 cash prize and a chance at the \$250 grand prize.

Read the following rules over very carefully and when you have finished, start immediately on the pleasant task of transferring to paper your trademark ideas. But — **BE SURE THEY ARE ORIGINAL!** Here are the rules:

1. Contest closes December 20, 1936. All entries must be in the mail not later than midnight, December 20, 1936.

2. Any reader is entitled to enter except employees and relatives of employees of Fawcett Publications, Inc., *MOTION PICTURE* Publications, Inc., or Mervyn LeRoy Productions.

3. It is not necessary to submit a drawing of the trademark—you can outline your idea in words.

4. Do not submit fanciful or decorated entries.

5. Judges will be Mervyn LeRoy, S. Charles Einfeld, Director of Advertising and Publicity for Warner Bros., and Edward Selzer, Director of Publicity for Warner Bros.

6. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

7. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries will be returned.

8. Prize winners agree to sign over all right and title to winning designs, and to accept the prize money as full compensation for the same.

9. Submit your entries to Contest Editor, *MOVIE CLASSIC MAGAZINE*, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Now put on your thinking caps! Your chance to win a \$50 cash prize and the \$250 Grand Prize is as good as anyone else's.

WANT A THRILL?

Movie fans everywhere find it is thrilling entertainment to read the complete fiction stories of coming films, before the movies are shown anywhere.

You'll like it too. Get *ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES*, now on sale for only 10c. This magazine publishes the exclusive fiction stories of new films, each story illustrated with scenes from the production. Featured in the issue now on sale are: "Reunion," the new picture starring the famous Dionne Quintuplets; "Portrait of a Rebel," with Katharine Hepburn, Herbert Marshall; "Theodora Goes Wild," starring Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas—and seven more stories starring Clark Gable, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell and others.

Remember, *ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES*—10c at all good news-stands.

NOSE PORES

Largest Pores on Your Body— A Test of Your Cleansing Methods!

By *Lady Esther*

The pores on the nose are the largest on your body. For this reason, if allowed to become clogged with waxy excretions, they will become conspicuously large and noticeable.

The pores on your nose, therefore, are a good test of your skin-cleansing methods. If the pores are plugged with waste matter and gaping large, it's a sign your methods are insufficient. By keeping your pores—and this includes the pores of your nose—*thoroughly* clean, you can keep them normal in size, invisibly small.

A Penetrating Cream Required

To get at the dirt and waxy matter that accumulates in your pores, you must use a face cream that penetrates, one that actually works its way into the pores. Such a cream is Lady Esther Face Cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. It actually penetrates the pores, and does it in a gentle and soothing manner.

Penetrating the pores, Lady Esther Face Cream goes to work on the imbedded dirt and waste matter. It dissolves it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable. In a fraction of the usual time, your skin is thoroughly clean.

Cleansed perfectly, your pores can again function freely—open and close as Nature intended. Automatically then, they reduce themselves to their normal small size and you no longer have anything like conspicuous pores.

Lubrication, Also

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It re-supplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Make a test on your face of Lady Esther Face Cream. See for yourself how thoroughly it cleans out the pores. Mark how quickly your pores come down in size when relieved of their choking burden. Note the new life and smoothness your skin takes on. One test will tell you volumes.

See For Yourself!

All first-class drug and department stores sell Lady Esther Face Cream, but a 7-days' supply is free for the asking. Just mail the coupon below or a penny postcard and by return mail you'll receive the cream—PLUS all five shades of my exquisite Lady Esther Face Powder. Write today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.)

(28)

FREE

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name _____

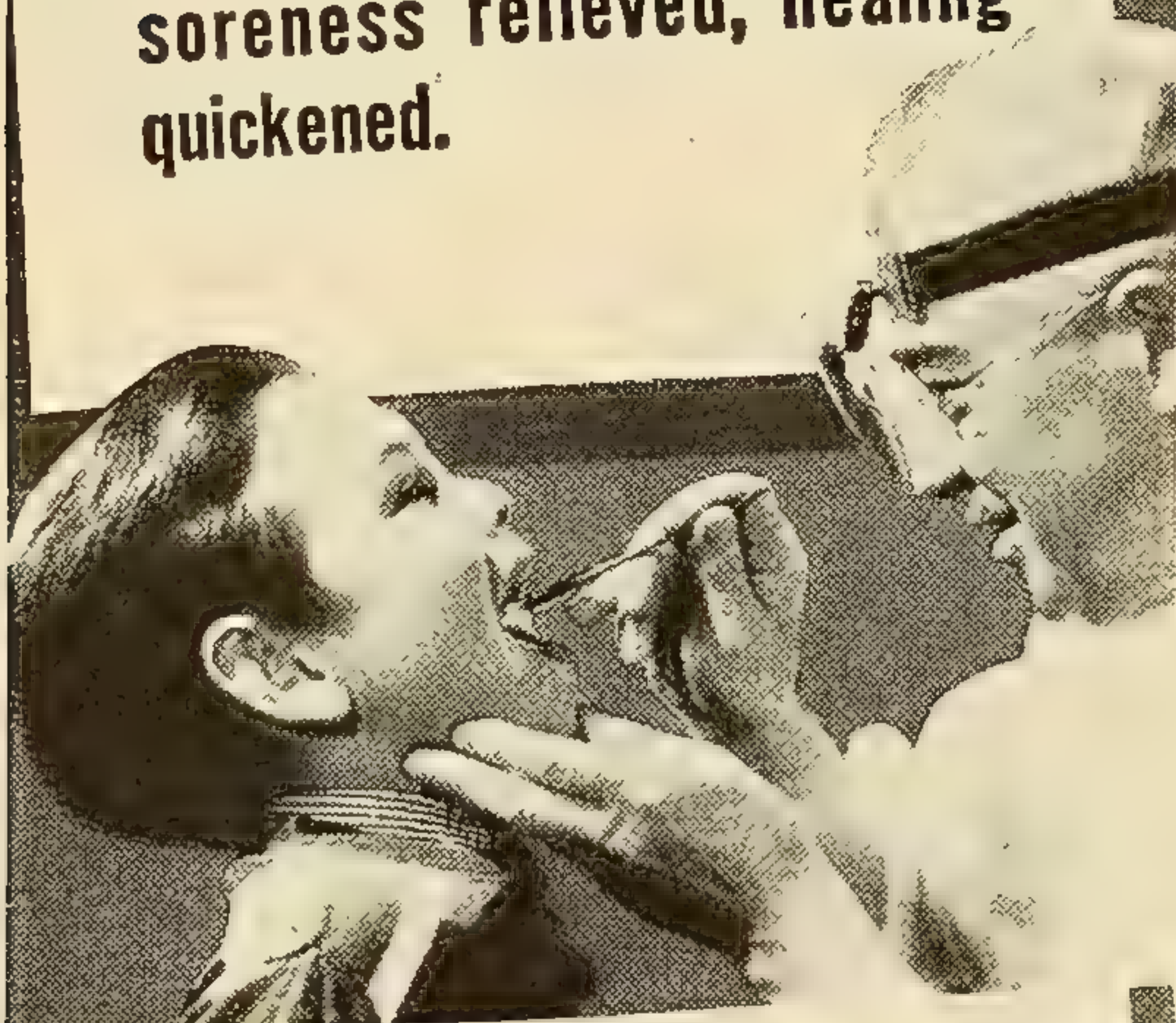
Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

When Doctors Swab SORE THROAT...

surface germs are destroyed,
soreness relieved, healing
quicken.



When you Gargle with PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC...

you continue your doctor's
treatment by destroying
surface germs, relieving the
cold.



USE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC FOR COLDS — TO RELIEVE THROAT SORENESS

• The reason doctors have you gargle is to relieve soreness, kill germs. So remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds! Thus Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—saves you $\frac{2}{3}$ of your money.

So active is Pepsodent that, in recent tests on 500 people in Illinois, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Get either the 25c, 50c, or \$1.00 Pepsodent Antiseptic at any drug counter, and see for yourself how pleasantly effective it is.

**SAVES $\frac{2}{3}$
OF YOUR DOLLAR**

*Goes 3 times
as far!*



Gene Raymond Answers

Gene Raymond *your*
star witness—answers
your queries and se-
lects the winner of this
month's "Win a Tele-
phone Call" Contest.

by
The Inquiring
Reporter



This bemonocled gentleman with the waxed mustachios and continental air is none other than Gene Raymond, all done up for his rôle in RKO Radio's *Walking On Air*.

THIS month's congratulations go to Miss Dorothy Balsley of 502 North Elm Street, Greensboro, North Carolina.

Her question, "Do you think it an advantage or disadvantage for an actor or actress to be 'typed' in their rôles?" was selected by Gene Raymond as the most interesting of the many hundreds of questions submitted by MOVIE CLASSIC's readers—and she therefore is the winner of the long distance telephone call from handsome and debonair Gene Raymond.

By the time you read this, Miss Balsley will have talked with him and had her question personally answered by this popular star, as arrangements are being made with the lucky winner for the day and hour at which the telephone call will be placed.

Your questions were so numerous, and so interesting, that your *Inquiring Reporter* was reluctant to disregard those letters sent in after the deadline date. Because of this delay, it was necessary to conduct the interview with Gene while he was on location for his new picture, (as yet untitled) in which he co-stars with Lily Pons. He had to sneak minutes between "shots" to form his replies but he would become so interested that it was extremely difficult for him to get back "in character" for the next scene. To me, the list of questions seemed unending, but his enthusiasm and genuine eagerness to answer each fully and honestly was a fine demonstration of the many reasons for his popularity.

And so, at last, we have Mr. Raymond on the witness stand—prepared to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth! Your questions will be found in blackface type. His answers, in italics.

Q. Do you have a secret ambition or latent ability which you would like to develop, and if so, what is it?

A. My ultimate ambition is no secret—I want to direct and produce pictures when I stop acting.

Q. Do you intend to write more songs?

A. Yes. As soon as I can find time.

Q. What career would you have chosen if you had not become a star?

A. I would have become a lawyer.

Q. Do you like radio work?

A. Yes, and no. On the radio there is, of course, the ever impressive miracle of the vast audience, and the feeling of isolation which is even more marked than when in front of the camera.

Q. What is your favorite song?

A. "Sylvia."

Q. Do you think the stage is the best place to begin to get experience for screen work?

A. Yes. The training and experience received in stage work is a great help in preparing oneself for work in pictures.

Q. Are all of your pictures chosen for you or do you choose your own?

A. At the present time my studio selects the rôles I am to play.

Q. Do you prefer musicals or dramatic rôles?

A. I have no preference. I like a variety of rôles.

Q. Do you use makeup on the screen?

A. Yes.

Q. What is the one thing which contributed most to your spectacular success?

A. Determination and hard work contributed most to what success I have achieved so far.

Q. What is the greatest goal you wish to achieve in life?

A. Happiness—and achievement—Isn't that what we all set as our goal?

Q. Are you satisfied with your career?

A. No. And I should be worried if I were satisfied.

Q. Is it true that you and Jeanette MacDonald plan to be married?

A. Yes. Our engagement has been announced.

Q. What would you like to do if you ever left the screen?

A. If, and when, I leave my work on the screen, I would like to return to the stage.

Q. What make and color car do you drive?

A. I drive a green Packard phaeton.

Q. Has acting, in the past or present, had any effect on some of your personal desires or ambitions? If so, what?

A. No. I endeavor at all times to keep my screen rôles separate from my personal rôles in life.

Q. Do you sing? If so, why not on the screen?

A. I have sung on the screen—both in Flying Down to Rio, and in my current picture Walking On Air.

Q. Do you enjoy being a movie star?

A. Sure, why not? It's a grand profession.

Q. What is your favorite color?

A. Green.

Q. Do you think marrying an actress will have anything to do with your career?

A. No. Unless it will develop an even greater interest in my work and a stronger determination to succeed.

Q. Do you approve of girls who smoke or drink?

A. I don't care particularly one way or another and I do not think those habits reflect a girl's true personality. However my fiancée, Miss MacDonald, neither smokes nor drinks.

Q. If given the opportunity to choose a screen rôle, what would it be and why?

A. I should like to play Scaramouche. It has always been my favorite character.

Q. What in your opinion is the most frequently asked question to a movie actress or actor, and why?

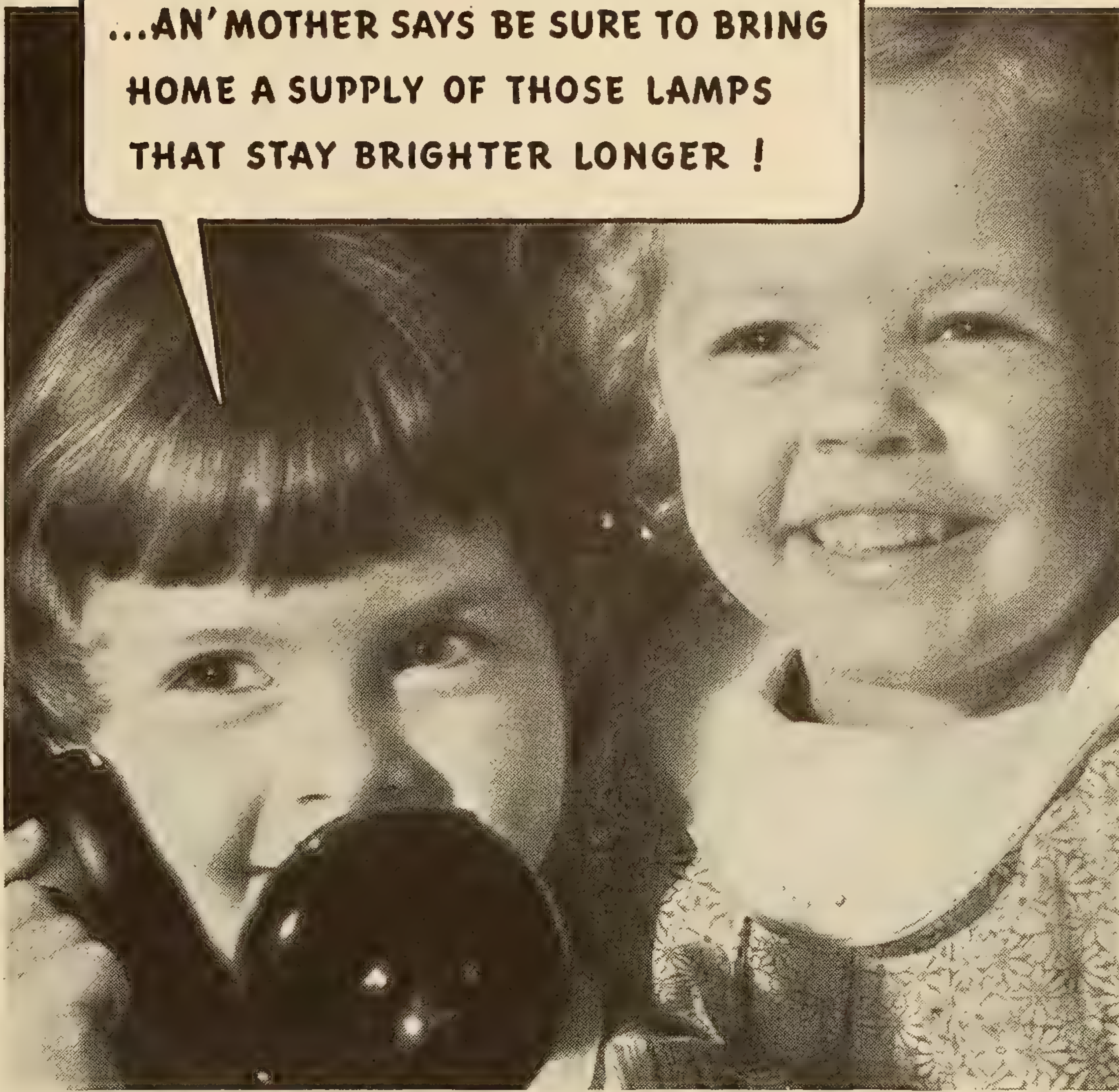
A. This will no doubt amaze you, as it does me, but really the question I am asked most often is, "What is your favorite color?" I have no idea why.

Q. What is your philosophy of life?

A. Never to shirk responsibility.—Never to cheat or lie.—To give the other guy the benefit of the doubt.—To laugh often and


[Continued on page 52]

...AN' MOTHER SAYS BE SURE TO BRING HOME A SUPPLY OF THOSE LAMPS THAT STAY BRIGHTER LONGER !



THE LITTLE GIRLS' mother realizes that it doesn't pay to take chances with inferior lamps that grow dimmer and dimmer as days go by. She keeps her home well lighted with Edison MAZDA lamps. These lamps *Stay Brighter Longer*... use electricity so much more economically. You undoubtedly need many new lamp bulbs right now in your home... nearly everyone does. Especially the sight-saving sizes, 75 and 100 watts, that are so necessary in helping busy young eyes develop normally. Ask for Edison MAZDA lamps by name. It doesn't pay to take chances with lamps of unknown quality. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

LAMPS WITH THIS MARK *stay brighter longer*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL  ELECTRIC

G-E DIME LAMPS... The first real value in a ten cent lamp bulb. Manufactured by General Electric, these Dime lamps are made in 60, 30, 15, and 7½ watt sizes and are marked like this GE

THE DRAMATIC HOME-COMING OF THE COUNTRY DOCTOR'S 3000 GROWN-UP "BABIES"



A society woman nearly stole him from her.



An orphan boy ended the strange heartache in their lives.



The fading movie star tried to recapture fame—and found love.



In this reunion, they almost parted forever.



Inseparable comedy pals . . . the Father of the Quints and the would-be Father of Sextuplets!



THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS

Yvonne Cecile Marie Annette Emelie

in REUNION

with

JEAN HERSHOLT

ROCHELLE HUDSON

HELEN VINSON

SLIM SUMMERVILLE

ROBERT KENT

DOROTHY PETERSON

JOHN QUALEN

ALAN DINEHART

J. EDWARD BROMBERG

SARA HADEN

TOM MOORE

GEORGE ERNEST

MONTAGU LOVE

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production • Directed by Norman Taurog

Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson





HURRELL

★ SIMONE SIMON

BECAUSE of her superlative performance in "Girls' Dormitory," and because this charming maid from Marseilles possesses that rare combination of glamour, naturalness and ability, SIMONE SIMON, 20th Century-Fox find, is destined to become the brightest star in the movie heavens



As movie fans register their approval or disapproval at the box office, these 1937 candidates for stardom will rise or fall

Hollywood's



OUT here in Hollywood are perhaps a dozen or more young actresses and actors who will in this coming season of 1936-1937 reach stardom in pictures.

Out of hundreds, they alone will take their places in Film-dom's Valhalla of Fame. Others may try—but they will try in vain. Because you moving picture fans—you—and you—and you, will reject them.

You see, it is you who have made Hollywood stars in the past. It is you who have sent the Garbos, the Dietrichs, the Gaynors, the Eddys, the Taylors soaring to their pinnacles of glory. It is you who have kept them at the top. You like a moving picture player—or you don't. You register that approval—or disapproval at the box office. Our studios have merely trained them, have put them in a picture, or two, or three. Studios have merely given them the *chance*. You have done the rest.

And so—what are you going to do in this coming moving picture season? Whom will you acclaim? On whom will you turn thumbs down with your indifference?

That remains to be seen. At the present, only one thing is certain, and that is that each and every motion picture studio will present some new "candidates" for your favor. No studio dares to rest on the laurels of its present stars, even though they are tops in all Film-dom. They must look ahead. They must plan for that time when your interest wanes—as it surely will. They must have a new favorite ready.

Whom have they ready for this coming season?

Twentieth Century-Fox answers that question first and with alacrity.

"Simone Simon," they say, "Don Ameche, Robert Kent and Tyrone Power, Jr."

Now none of these names are new—brand new. You've heard of them before and you've seen their owners in pictures. Surely, many of you have liked them. But, have you considered them candidates for your favor as stars? Well, please do so now. Because it is to them that Twentieth Century-Fox has pinned its colors. Many former Twentieth Century-Fox stars have left this studio, by mutual consent—John Boles, Fredric March, Loretta Young, even Janet Gaynor. New names and faces are taking their places. Will they succeed?

The first answer to that is that one of them already has . . . Simone Simon, strange, fascinating little French actress who made her American debut in *Girls' Dormitory*. If you've seen that picture, you'll know she's a white hope materialized. She'll be starred from now on.

And take Don Ameche. Don't you think he has a goodly share of that undefinable yet always recognizable stuff that stars are made of? Good looks of the strong, clean-cut variety; height and splendid physique; the fine, commanding voice of the successful radio star who must rely on that feature alone to put him over; experience as an actor. . . . And more than these attributes, a certain kindness and depth of character of which everyone who knows him is aware and which you must have seen written on that frank, open countenance of his. . . .

So—consider well Candidate Don Ameche (pronounced A-may-chee). For he has a lot to offer pictures.

Robert Kent? You saw him in *The Country Beyond* and *The Crime of Dr. Forbes*. You'll be seeing him in Shirley Temple's new picture, *Dimples*.

Bob used to be under contract to Paramount, under his real name, Douglas Blakley, but he didn't do so much over there.

by MARIAN RHEA





1 Ann Preston
2 Henry Hunter
3 Doris Nolan
4 Jeanne Madden
5 Craig Reynolds
6 James Melton

7 Frances Langford
8 James Stewart
9 Andrea Leeds
10 Robert Kent
11 Don Ameche
12 Tyrone Power, Jr.

13 John Howard
14 Frances Farmer
15 Owen Davis, Jr.
16 Harriet Hilliard

White Hopes

THEN came one of those breaks that happen so often and miraculously in Hollywood. Darryl Zanuck saw him in a subsequent stage play and gave him a contract.

A tall, quiet-spoken lad, is Bob Kent. Everybody over at Twentieth Century likes him. He's a sincere worker. He's modest and has no illusions of grandeur about himself. You'd like him, if you knew him. After Shirley's picture, he's to have the lead in *King of the Royal Mounted*.

That's what Twentieth Century thinks of him!

Tyrone Power, Jr., is the one who played Simone Simon's cousin in *Girls' Dormitory*. It was a small part, but Darryl Zanuck liked the way he handled it and gave him a rôle in *Ladies in Love*, where they say he's going over big. So watch for him.

Now, let's go out to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City.

"Your best bets among the newcomers for the next cinema season?" we ask tentatively.

The answer comes "instantly" . . . James Stewart, Stanley Morner, Frances Langford!

Well, it shouldn't be difficult to see what they mean about James Stewart, that tall, lanky guy you saw in *Rose Marie* (Jeanette's wayward brother, an unsympathetic rôle, of course) and in *Small Town Girl* (he was Janet Gaynor's home town suitor, remember?)

He isn't handsome. He is too tall and too skinny for real manly beauty. His hair won't stay combed. But he's got something, just the same . . . Something which makes M-G-M think he's a logical contender for stardom . . . Something which has prompted them to give him the rôle of leading man opposite Eleanor Powell in her new picture, *Born to Dance*. So—we give you James Stewart, another potential star!

Frances Langford as you undoubtedly know already is from

the radio. She's that raven-haired songstress with the husky, beguiling voice who appeared in *Broadway Melody of 1936* with Jack Benny's orchestra.

Frances' theatrical history is strange—tragic, too. Once upon a time she was a high soprano, working and hoping for a great career. Then she got tonsillitis . . . had an operation. And lost her voice completely. But, heartbroken as she was, she vowed it wouldn't stay lost. She went to work again. Retraced the old arduous hours, days, weeks of breathing, exercises, uninteresting, uninspiring, gruelling work. And finally, she was rewarded. Her voice came back. It was contralto! A husky, beguiling voice . . . A voice that, born as Libby Holman's, of a tonsilectomy, was greater than the famous torch-singing Libby's ever was. Now she's in Hollywood, bidding for stardom in pictures. Watch for her in *Born to Dance*, because she's in it, with Eleanor and Jim Stewart. M-G-M is sure you'll like her. And she's hoping . . .

STANLEY MORNER is the tall, handsome lad with the golden voice who sang: "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody" in *The Great Ziegfeld*. That gorgeous number which presented the stupendous spiral stage that revolved to the Heavens, presenting scene after scene of exquisite artistic perfection. Stanley was once a lumber buyer. Then he became a radio singer; later studied opera; was starred in concerts on tour and then went back to radio. Mary Garden heard him sing and was so enthusiastic over his voice that—then in negotiation with M-G-M herself—she wrote this studio about her find.

You'll see him in *Old Hutch* with Wally Beery and in Robert Montgomery's *Piccadilly Jim*, singing the hit tune, "Night of Nights."

At RKO-Radio, there are a couple of important answers to the white hope question—Harriet [Continued on page 68]



Three O'Briens

Face The World

THE editor said to me: "Talk to Pat O'Brien and get the man, the man himself, down on paper."

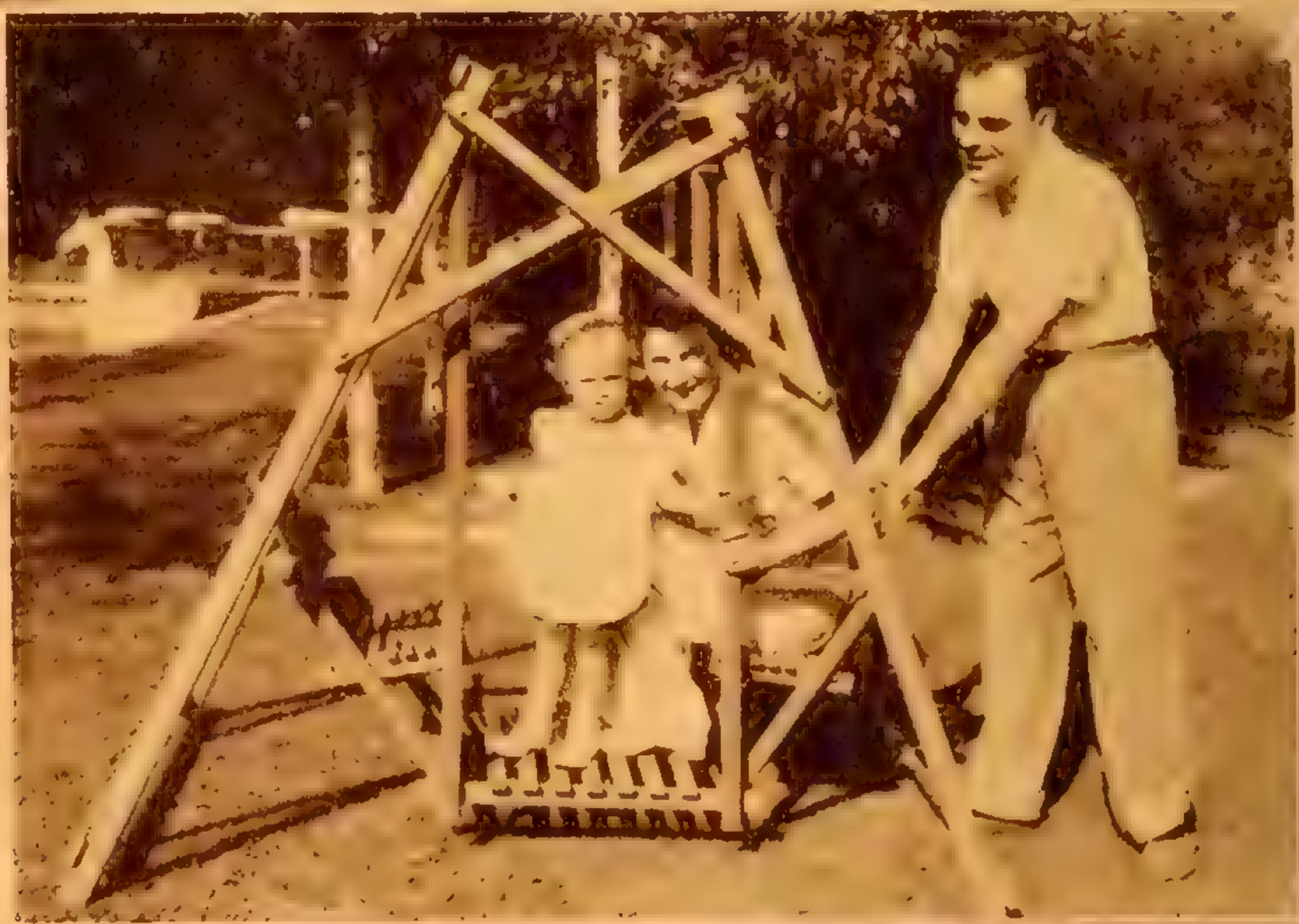
I talked to Pat. I hadn't talked to him, for publication, for five years. But we made up that lost time the other day.

And this, I hope, is the likes o' the man.

I said to him: "These five years haven't changed you, Pat, have they?"

And he said: "No. That's because I have the things that never rust."

"The things that never rust. . . ."



by

Gladys Hall



A Two-Fisted Irishman Fires

That's Pat for you. . . . A two-fisted Irishman from Milwaukee, a regular guy who would give a stuffed shirt innards or know why, an Irishman who can cuss in good round, ringing accents, who pals around with Spencer Tracy and Jimmy Cagney and Allen Jenkins and the likes o' them—and who startles your heart every now and again by such words as these—words that reveal the sensitive beauty living in that Irish heart.

I remembered the first time I ever interviewed him, five years ago, when he had come to Hollywood to play in *Front Page*. He and his dark Eloise were living in a little four-room flat on the wrong side of the tracks. Eloise was doing the cooking and cleaning and taking Pat to work every morning in their little last year's Ford. Not quite Model T—almost. And it was the first Hollywood interview Pat had ever had. But the *first!*

I reminded him of it and he said, "Cripes, will I ever forget it? Eloise and I sat up nights waiting for the thing to appear!"

"Well," I laughed, "Well, Mister *Oil-for-the-Lamps-of*

China, China Clipper and how many others O'Brien, you don't have to sit up nights waiting for interviews to come out anymore, do you?"

"If you think we don't?" grinned Pat, "you're crazy. We sure do. And I keep a scrap-book, too, and woe to the chap who clips and pastes for me if one paragraph is missing!"

"No, I don't think I've changed. I don't feel any different. Not about myself anyway. I do feel different about my job. It is a job now. It was a racket five years ago. Otherwise I'm no different than I was when I was a kid and first told my folks I wanted to be an actor and had to fight the whole O'Brien outfit in order to convince them that an O'Brien was *not* better dead than dishonored!"

"I still think a movie actor is only as good or as bad as his last picture. I know it. This 'luck o' the Irish' legend is okay except that they forget to put in the word 'hard.' I always tell myself I'm a hard luck guy even when the breaks are with me.

"When we first came to Hollywood, Eloise and I—when they phoned me to come to the coast, [Continued on page 74]



Time To Talk!

A real-life love scene on the O'Briens' front lawn, with Pat and Eloise as its stars. . . . In the corner: Pat, Eloise and little Miss Mavourneen, going on three

What Two Stars

A revealing story telling how the famous Quintuplets have proven the showcase for the talents of Jean Hersholt and Dorothy Peterson

THE Dionne Quintuplets have changed two Hollywood lives! The life of Jean Hersholt. The life of Dorothy Peterson!

Both again are in *Reunion*, the second Quint picture now in production. Once more Hersholt is the gentle, benign, compassionate Country Doctor. Again Dorothy Peterson is Nurse Kennedy—crisp, efficient, loyal.

Five babies, who are today the magnets for a world's insatiable curiosity, whose miracle birth in the Canadian bush has written new chapters in medical history, have changed and enlarged the careers, the destinies of these two.

To Jean they have brought authentic stardom for the third time! Stardom long after he sought it, or expected, or even hoped for it!

He had been a star in 1917! Again in 1925 his genius for characterization gave him a place in the top flight of screen luminaries. For four years he held that enviable position.

But sound came in, the screen talked—and Jean, with the old-world flavor in his speech, found himself slowly pushed to the edge of the charmed circle of stars. He became a type—deposed alike from his \$3,000 a week salary and from rôles which gave opportunity to his distinguished talent.

In demand he *was*—he worked consistently, always under contract to a major studio. But his former glories seemed definitely behind him.

Then on May 28th, 1934, the world was electrified by the news that five girls—Quintuplets—were born to French-Canadian parents, in the semi-wilderness of Northern Ontario.

Jean Hersholt in Hollywood read the newspaper accounts, marvelled at the miracle of the birth, and at the miracle of the infants' continued survival. As did everyone!

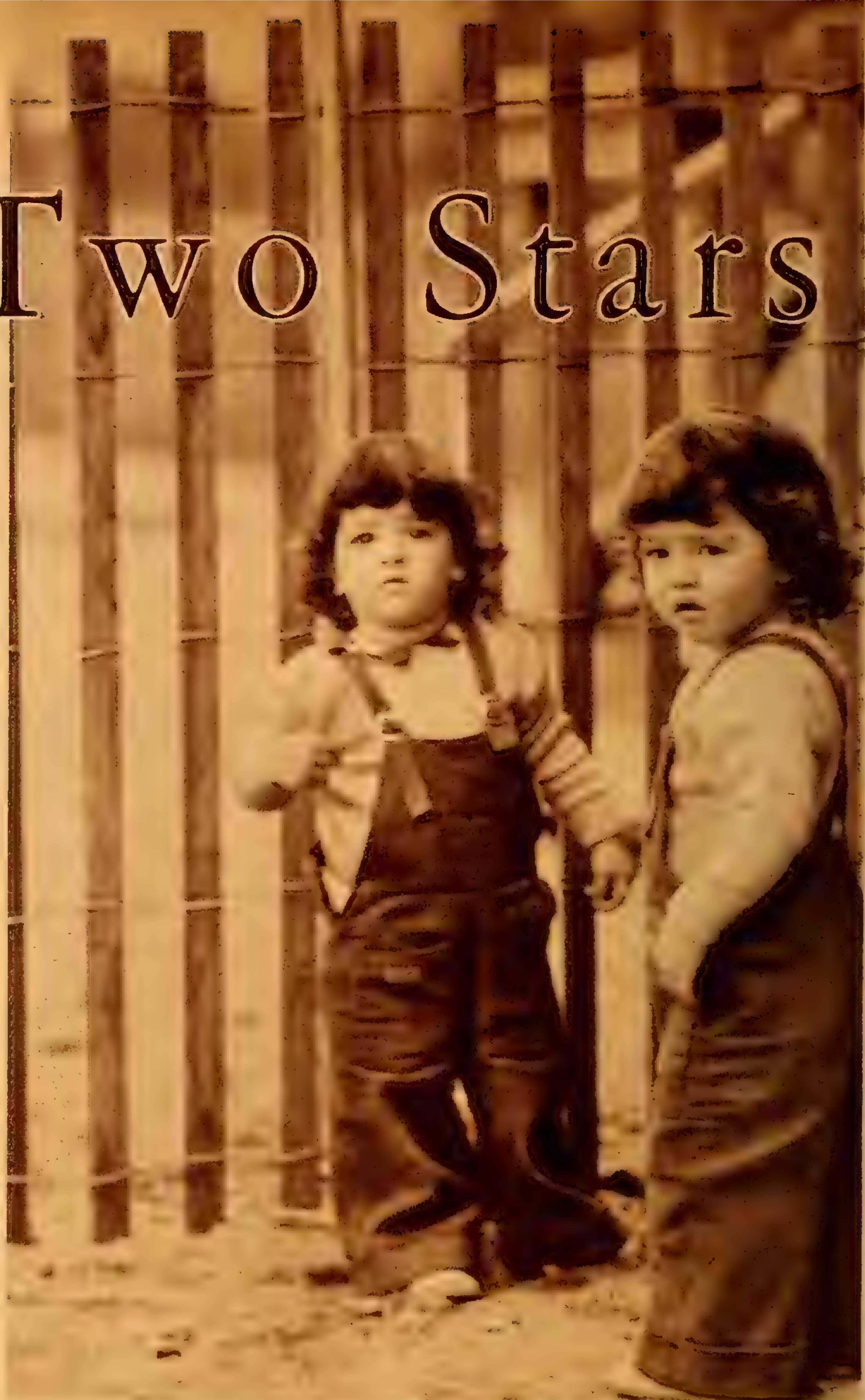
No one could then have prophesied that five weak, incubator-guarded morsels of humanity would make him a star again—would bring him to a new, to a greater importance.

For it was in *The Country Doctor* that his neglected talent was again sharply pointed by his sensitive, vital performance.

The day after the preview of that picture with the Quintuplets found Jean Hersholt a star again! Suddenly! Miraculously! Quite in keeping with the tradition of Hollywood.

His studio tore up his current contract. He was promised an immediate increase in salary commensurate with his splendid achievement; given stardom again. As sudden as was his defeat was his new glory and his new eminence!

WE DISCUSS these changes in Jean's career as we sit in his hotel room in North Bay, Canada, ten miles distant from the Dafoe Hospital

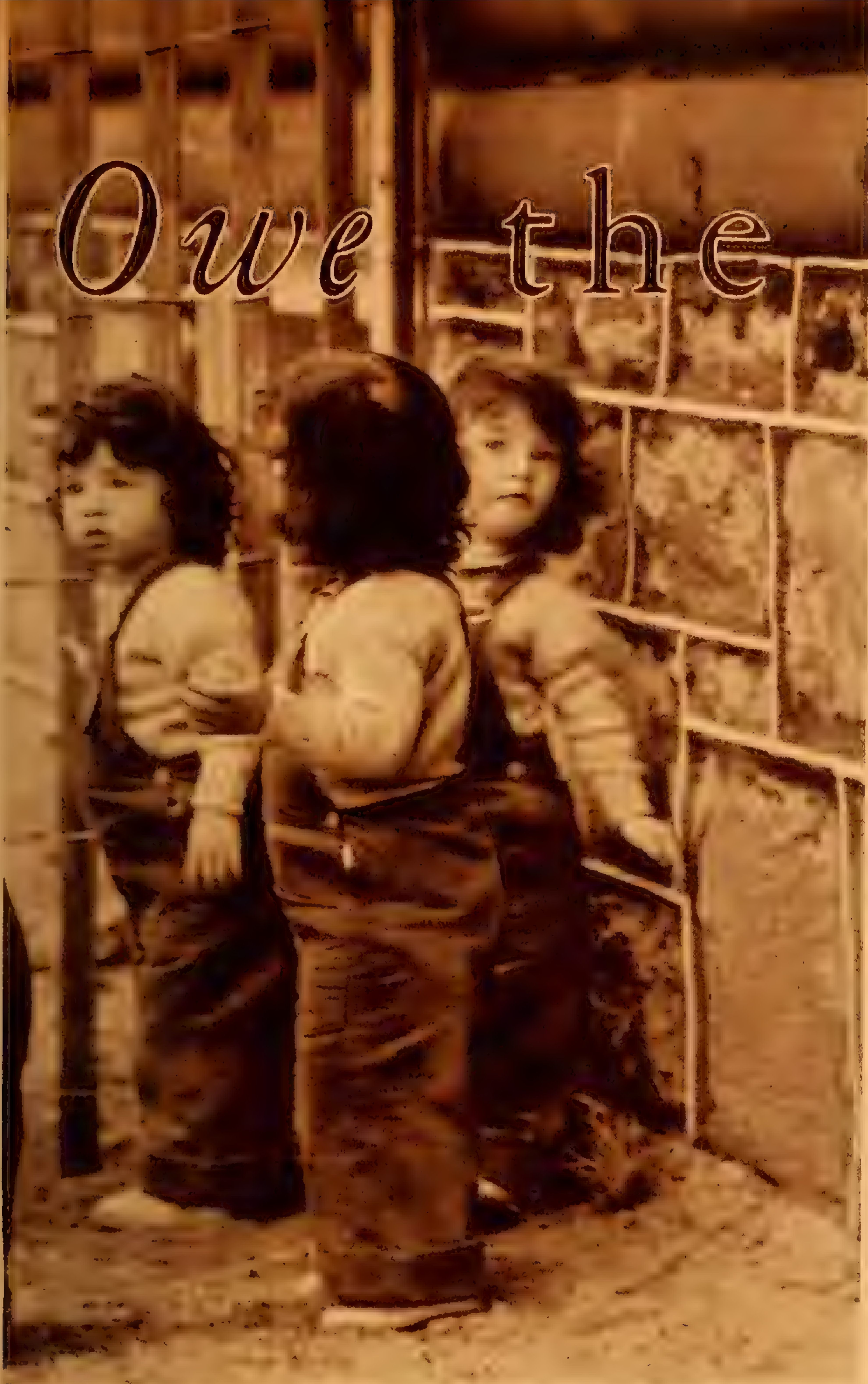


The Quints are cornered and are puzzled about it. Left to right—Yvonne, Annette, Emilie, Marie and Cecile



When not filming *Reunion*, Jean Hersholt and Dorothy Peterson divided their leisure time between fishing and watching the author write this story





Dr. Dafoe's Handbook for Mothers is Hersholt's literary fare while Ruth Haley, studio hair stylist, dries his hair



Rochelle Hudson and Richard Kent may know their "lines" when on the set for *Reunion*, but it's a fish of a different color when they try to land a big one

Owe the Quints

by Sonia Lee

for the Quintuplets. The long month on location for scenes with the Quints in their nursery, in their playground, in the grounds of their Nursery Hospital is almost at an end. They have grown—they understand so much more, they have developed so markedly since Jean was here eight months ago.

"I owe my new stardom to those babies," he declares. And his voice is filled with a strange emotion as he details the charm, the cunning ways, the sweetness of the Quints. "His babies" he calls them. And perhaps no one will ever know what they mean to him—what a secure, what a singular place they hold in his heart. Not only because they have restored him to the high places, but because they have become tied up with his life—have become a symbol of perpetual hope to him.

"I have just rounded out my thirtieth year on the screen. Twenty-four of those years I spent in Hollywood, continually making pictures. *Reunion* will be my 431st. That's a rather formidable record.

"But never in all my experience has one rôle had the reverberating effect on my career and on my personal life as has the playing of the *The Country Doctor*.

"I find myself constantly addressed as 'Doctor' Hersholt. People don't seem able to separate me from the man I am on the screen with the Quints.

"When Ruth Bryan Owen, the ambassador to Denmark, was recently in Hollywood, her new husband insisted on addressing me as 'Doctor.' When I disclaimed the title, he pointed out that to him I would always be that, since seeing me with the Dionne babies.

"Many of my fans feel that way. I am no longer the actor, Jean Hersholt—but the Quints' doctor.

"Perhaps it is because, in preparing for my rôle in *The Country Doctor*, without wholly copying Dr. Dafoe, I tried to transfer his personality intact to the screen. I duplicated his mannerisms with pipe and hands. His manner of speech. I must have been successful in creating the illusion, for even my personal friends thought the man in the first scene of that picture was not I—but Dr. Dafoe.

"I must admit that the scenes with the Quints tax my ingenuity as an actor as no other rôle I have ever played!

"You saw me work with Emilie this morning—my pet, by the way. I didn't know what she was going to do in the close-up—but I had to anticipate everything she did—and to improvise dialogue to fit! That dialogue, you must remember, had to match the rest of the story! And a mistake on my part would have lost us this scene. For there are no 'retakes' when you work with the Quintuplets. No chance of capturing the same mood with the self-same Quint twice.

"And so this peculiar stardom of mine has brought greater problems, and greater responsibility than I have ever had before. I work less than an hour each with the babies, but I am completely exhausted at the end of it. Every minute is a terrific strain."

(Not only Jean—but the [Continued on page 88])

Accidentally *Funny*

Edward Everett Horton can't explain why producers pay him \$5000 a week just to be funny—but as he says, "he can take it"

by
Larry Reid



Everett Horton's moments of leisure are spent almost entirely at his beautiful Encino ranch



A formal garden is the particular joy and pride of the popular comedy star

THE funniest thing about Edward Everett Horton is that he doesn't know how he got that way.

He wasn't born funny. He is reasonably positive of that. For one thing, nobody laughed when he was named after Edward Everett Hale. And his baby pictures suggest that in his cradle, not to mention those four-foot skirts that infants used to wear (regardless of sex), he was a bit-er-owlish.

No teacher ever accused him of disrupting discipline with his antics. The only time he ever was funny in school was when he punctured himself upon a bent pin. And, really, that was hardly his fault.

No relative, looking at him with appraising eye, dreamed that little Eddie ("such a serious child!") would someday give the world hysterics—for something like five thousand dollars a week. In fact, the family thought that he would become a teacher. Probably of mathematics.

When he was eight, and his brother George was six, he used to keep George awake nights, telling him about the house he was going to own some day—with gold-lined pigeon coops. That was a funny idea, but sleepy George didn't think so. As a matter of fact, neither did Eddie.

Once in a while, he would acquire a quarter from some indulgent adult. And no one waxed suspicious of his possible future, upon observing how he spent it. He would go to a show, instead of trying to poison himself with peanuts, pop, or peppermint sticks. His father could be caustic about any actor who wasn't Edwin Booth. Eddie was less critical. But his father never suspected that, within the bosom of his own family, he was nursing something much less than a Booth.

[Continued on page 76]



Constance Bennett

Once upon a time Constance Bennett turned her back upon Hollywood and went to London to play in pictures. . . . But now she's back, better looking than ever — playing an important rôle in 20th Century's *Ladies in Love*

Can't Dance?

Girls are constantly writing Eleanor Powell for advice about taking up dancing as a profession. *MOVIE CLASSIC* has persuaded Eleanor to give its readers the low-down on what she considers the essential qualifications

by Eleanor Powell

SO YOU want to take up dancing as a profession and you want my advice about the best way to proceed?

There's nothing I'd rather talk about than dancing. To me, it is the grandest profession in the world. But before I would dream of encouraging anyone else to take it up I would insist upon an answer to this question:

Why do you want to be a dancer?

If it is because you think it would be simply marvelous to wear glamorous costumes and see your name twinkling in lights and have people asking for your autograph, then my advice would be to forget it.

But if you love dancing so much that you couldn't be happy doing anything else; if you're willing to make sacrifices for it and not even consider that they *are* sacrifices, give most of your time and all of your energy to it, say "No" to invitations to parties you are dying to attend, and turn down a lot of the things that your

girl-friends call fun, work until you are dog-tired, day after day, week after week, then—taking for granted that you have talent and a true sense of rhythm—you have the makings of a successful dancer and the following is my idea of the best course to pursue in order to reach your goal.

THE first and most important step is to get the right foundation. My own experience and observation have convinced me that the only right foundation is the ballet. Of course you may argue that you don't want to waste time on ballet; that you loathe the ballet and what you want to be is a tap dancer. I still say **STUDY BALLET!** Here's why: Ballet steps and exercises will teach you poise and grace and give your figure elasticity and beauty.

Why are you thrilled by Fred Astaire's dancing? You may think that it is because he dances with such ease, because he looks grand in white tie, top hat and tails, because he has charm. Actually, it is his grace and symmetry, the way he "finishes" a step that electrifies you. And ballet training is the answer.

So, take it from Eleanor, if you want to be

as told to
Grace Mack



1. This is the split set up on end. She suggests you do it against the doorjamb
2. The split is the foundation upon which all other dance exercises are built
3. When you've learned to "walk down the wall," you'll be ready for "The Walk-over"

—She'll Teach You



tops as a tap dancer, spend at least a year in a good ballet school. With that foundation training you can learn to tap in six lessons. I know—because I did it. After I had spent six years studying ballet I discovered that Broadway didn't want ballet dancing. They wanted to hear their steps as well as see them. I took six lessons in tap dancing from Jack Donahue. Six months later I was a principal in the successful Broadway show, *Follow Thru*. Without ballet training I would never have been able to master tap dancing so quickly or do the dances I do today. Even now, never a day goes by that I do not spend hours rehearsing ballet steps and exercises.

First I do the split to keep myself limber. Then acrobatics to counteract the soreness, followed by back bends and bar work.

You don't have to wait till you go to ballet school to do these exercises. You can practice them at home. All the equipment you need is a couple of heavy chairs [Continued on page 72]



4. Exercises such as this help counteract the soreness that usually follows after trying the split

Believing that our readers are interested not only in the lives of the stars, but also where they live, MOVIE CLASSIC institutes its "Home of the Stars" department. This month—a pictorial review of the home of Warren William

Homes of the Stars

1. The Warren William living room is a symphony of unusual colors ranging from egg-plant, jade green, chartreuse, and Italian red

2. The attic bed is equipped with cupboards for holding books, reading lights and other useful paraphernalia. The woodwork is white mahogany. The covering is a beautiful Chinese red chenille spread edged with an ivory and Prussian blue fringe

3. Warren William, who is a major production star, spends most of his time in his workshop on his Encino estate. William has earned the nickname "gageteer" because he likes to invent and build things for himself. He is his own "handy man" about the place

4. The swimming pool is of jade green tiles flanked by red brick walks and is surrounded by graceful eucalypti. A cabana, well equipped for the swimmer, is located at one end



Eddie Cantor Asks—

ARE you staying away from the movies because Bing Crosby, Jeanette MacDonald, Eddie Cantor, Grace Moore, and Dick Powell are on the air? Does the fact that you have heard Clark Gable, Marlene Dietrich, Victor McLaglen and Fred Astaire keep you away from their pictures? Is Shirley Temple's popularity daily increasing because she never broadcasts?

People who should know all about it say that such is the case.

And so Hollywood is facing the trickiest and most dangerous problem of years—all because it is getting so chummy with radio.

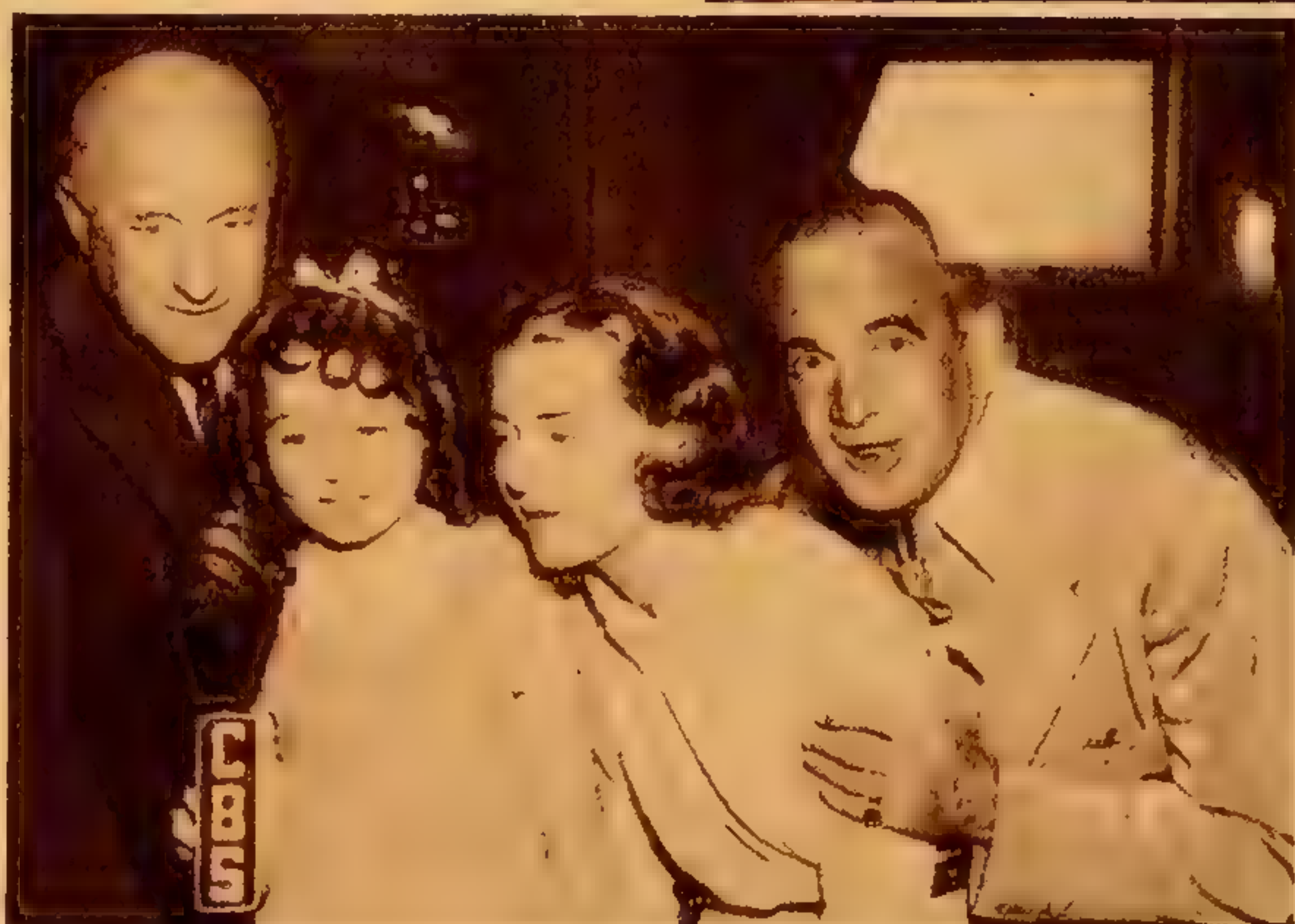
Motion picture exhibitors all over the country are objecting strenuously to stars going on the air. Not because they are jealous, but because, according to them, movie stars are keeping the public away from pictures by doing so, and, the exhibitors claim, unless they stop it business will get so bad there won't be any pictures for the stars to appear in.

They claim the stars are accomplishing this in two ways: first; by putting on broadcasts that are so good the fans stay away from the theaters to listen to them, and, second; by putting on broadcasts that are so bad the fans don't want to hear those stars any more, even in good pictures.

Either way, according to these mo-



Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford broadcasting *Chained* at the Lux Theatre of the Air in Hollywood



Cecil DeMille, Cora Sue Collins, Ruby Keeler, and Al Jolson ready to airwave another program at the Lux Theatre of the Air

Should Movie Stars BROADCAST?

tion picture theater operators, the movie stars are cutting their own throats by ruining the picture business. It is unfair to the American fans, they say, to have their favorite stars ruined by bad broadcasts. Then they point to Maurice Chevalier as a shining sample of what they mean. A single series of radio broadcasts tumbled Chevalier from a great international star to a box office flop.

These exhibitors have produced figures to show how motion picture theater receipts fall off heavily on the nights of big radio shows, and how certain stars take a nose dive in box office immediately following a bad-broadcast featuring them. If a movie star displeases you on the air, pictures have to pay the price of his mistake. That this last is true, no one attempts to deny.

According to these exhibitors theater receipts showed a decrease of about two and a half million dollars the night Clark Gable and

Marlene Dietrich went on the air for Lux—and that's more than they are willing to pay for anybody's broadcast, no matter how much easy money the stars may make out of it. They claim it costs them about a million dollars in lost admissions every time a star of major importance goes on the air, and at least three times that amount every time a star makes a bad broadcast.

So they have issued an ultimatum to the motion picture producers of Hollywood. In fact, they have issued two ultimatums. The first was: "Take the movie stars off the air—or else—" When that failed to get the desired results, they issued the second ultimatum, which was more to the point. "Keep your stars off the air, or we will penalize every picture in which those stars appear.

We will cut the amount of rental we pay on every picture that carries a star who goes on the air. We don't intend to let radio put us out of business, even if you don't care what it does to you."

[Continued on page 78]

As told to
William F. French

He's A Fool for Cupid!

Big-hearted Cary Grant may, as he says, be a poor Romeo when it comes to making love, but all Hollywood admits that he is a swell guy!

by Ethel Harmel

CARY GRANT'S not just one person. He's quintuplets, at least—all rolled into one. Ask his friends; they'll tell you.

They know the Cary who hides off in a corner of the set when he's working, with a handkerchief over his face, and when he's not working, just sits around, moody and quiet and difficult to talk to.

They know the Cary who goes suddenly "hot"—who spatters wisecracks and gags around until not even the top-wits of Hollywood can keep up with him; who bangs out a mad medley of tunes on the piano and intersperses them with suddenly-executed tap-dances.

They know the stand-offish Cary who is like one of those radio performers you see behind glass in the broadcast studios—you hear him and see him and are within a few feet of him, but you simply can't touch him or get close to him. There's that invisible but definite barrier you can't get by.

They know the big-hearted Cary who'd give his friends the shirt off his back, [Continued on page 82]

Whenever he can, Cary Grant goes hunting in the High Sierras. (Circle) Cary and Betty Furness enjoying the boxing matches at the Olympic Stadium. (Corner) Mary Brian and Cary dining at their favorite restaurant



EVENING STARS



Dolores Del Rio, appearing in the Columbia production, *The Depths Below*, wears a silhouette gown of mauve satin. Corsage and hair ornaments in shades of mauve and violet.

A. L. SHAFFER

★ Dolores Del Rio and Irene Dunne sparkle ★ ★
 in gay and elegant new fashions; gay be-
 cause of their fabric, and elegant by their cut

ACCORDING to the dictionary, a "scruple" is a doubt or hesitation proceeding from conscientiousness—a synonym is offered as "qualm." It is safe, therefore, to say that Hollywood designers have neither scruples nor qualms about the fashions they have offered us.

There is no doubt or hesitancy proceeding from anything about the new lines, colors and fabrics from which we are to choose our 1937 wardrobe. And paradoxical as it may sound, the silhouette is to be either straight and narrow, showing our natural curves *or angles*; shoulders widened and skirts medium to short for day and sports; evening gowns on the tailored line with even hemlines and no trains.

Or—full skirts, flaring from the waistline (which is lowered just a trifle) and very irregular hemlines (scallops, saw-teeth and high in front while sweeping the floor in back).

(1) Bernard Newman created this exotic street costume for Irene Dunne to wear in her forthcoming Columbia production *Theodora Goes Wild*. A coat of monkey fur tops a simple black crêpe dress which is ornamented only by a necklace of pearls. This arresting costume is completed by a black felt hat trimmed with a cascade of monkey fur. Her accessories are in black suede.

(2) Lovely Irene Dunne wears this stunning evening gown of silver metal cloth with wrap of the same material combined with



2.

IRVING LIPPMAN

IRVING LIPPMAN



42

★ b y S A L L Y M A R T I N ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FASHION EDITOR OF FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS

If you wish advice on fashions or help in planning your wardrobe send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Sally Martin, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California, in care of this magazine.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

swirled white fox trim. The wrap is caught at the neckline by a large clip of brilliants.

(3) Dolores Del Rio is charming in a tailored evening coat of white ermine with full draped sleeves over a tiered gown of heavy white crêpe. Silver, red and white piallettes fashion the belt and outline the pattern of Dolores's sandals. A large ruby ring gives further color contrast.

(4) Each season brings new textiles, new colors, new designs, but until now rarely new furs. It is our belief that it would take more than six guesses to ascertain what animals gave their all that fashion might present the only known coat of its kind in the whole world, so beautifully displayed here by Dolores Del Rio. It

5.



A. L. SHAFER

4.



A. L. SHAFER

took sixteen years to collect the skins for this exquisite wrap. This coat, that shines like silver by night or day, is an albino mink. It is owned by Mr. Louis Ritter who sold the First Lady of the

Land her rare collection of furs.

(5) Alix of Paris created this exotic gown worn by Dolores Del Rio. An all-over pleated taffeta coat frock in shades of green covers a simple evening gown of light green jersey. To complement this gown Dolores wears earrings and a large emerald ring.

Styles may come and go, but there is one requirement they will always have, and that is a youthful appearance. Regardless of the epoch or epidemic every woman wants to look young. Any fad or fashion that adds to her age is immediately subtracted from her wardrobe. Therefore, designs must be simple, colors and materials chosen carefully, learn to wear clothes well and don't mix materials are just a few suggestions to follow.

Originality, chic, eccentricity even, count to a certain degree but only so far as they keep the slogan of "youthfulness" before them. The moment any of these desirable qualities within limits get the least bit mature or over-matronly, out they go.

3.



M. B. PAUL

Frank Chapman, husband of Gladys Swarthout, is forbidden to be on the set while another man makes love to his wife!—It's in her contract!

By Harry Lang

*Mr. Frank Chapman,
Hollywood, Calif.*

Dear Sir:

Mr. Fred MacMurray is going to make ardent love to your wife, this afternoon. Your wife will return his fervor. Therefore, lest your presence interfere, will you please stay away?

Thank you for your consideration.

Respectfully, etc., etc.

AND so Frank Chapman, America's famous baritone, grins a bit sheepishly, shrugs a shoulder or two, remarks "So *this* is Hollywood!" and then, rather than embarrass his wife while she returns the redoubtable Fred MacMurray's love making, betakes himself for a lonely ride in the country, or a solitary afternoon at the beach.

But don't worry. This is *not* a Hollywood scandal story. This is all good, clean fun.

You see, Frank Chapman's wife is the world-famed mezzo soprano, Gladys Swarthout. And just at present, she's playing the lead rôle in *Champagne Waltz*, Paramount's newest film-opera, with Fred MacMurray as her leading man.

And because she loves Frank Chapman so very much, *it's in the contract that her husband stay away from the set while she's in any love scenes!* And that's the trickiest contract in current Hollywood.

Mind you, it isn't because they're afraid that Frank's going

to shove his wrestler's shoulders into the middle of the set and sock Fred MacMurray on the jaw. Frank's not like that. But it's merely—oh, heck! would *you* be able to put your best into even a make-believe kiss, if the man you loved were standing watching? And that's how it is between Gladys Swarthout, Hollywood's newest song-sweetheart, and her husband.

This Swarthout girl has completely captured the hearts of all those in Hollywood who've met her. Star of the Metropolitan Opera though she is, she's as regular, as charming, as forthright and as utterly unaffected and untemperamental as any girl could possibly be. Hollywood expected another *grande dame* of the opera—and met, instead, a hail-fellow-well-met sort of gal.

HER parties, at the cozy home she and Chapman have taken in Beverly Hills, are the rage of the smart set of Hollywood. They're not these big affairs that require a circus tent and an army of caterer's servitors and buckets of champagne and tons of caviar and all that sort of whoop-te-do. When Gladys gives a party, it's an "intimate" affair in the most charming sense of the word.

Maybe a dozen people. They sit around the fireplace, swapping stories, clowning a bit. Gladys sings for them, Frank sings for them. If Larry Tibbett is there, as he usually is when he's in town, he busts loose that gorgeous voice of his to show 'em a thing or two in music, too. And so it rolls along toward midnight. And *then* d'ye know what they do?—why, they all troop out into the kitchen, just like your own gang at home, and they raid the icebox. Maybe Tibbett'll discover what's left of a roast chicken, and he'll scuttle off into a corner and gnaw at a leg or a wing. Somebody always finds eggs and butter and a frying pan, and sizzle-sizzle, there's scrambled eggs! And then they all stand, or sit around on the drain-

He Makes Love



Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman, one of Hollywood's happiest couples, are "in conference" over their monthly bills



to My Wife!

Movie fans are due for some splendid entertainment when they see and hear Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray in Paramount's *Champagne Waltz*

boards or the kitchen table or maybe even the floor, and they eat and talk and sing and have more fun than a barrel of monkeys!

"Temperament," Gladys insists, "is what incompetent singers try to substitute for a voice." What's more, Gladys practices it—and that's why they're all simply mad about her on the set. She is one of the most popular actresses who's ever worked at Paramount.

Funny part is that she was so afraid of movies, or so antagonistic toward them, at first, that it took Paramount nearly a year of steady coaxing

and negotiating and maneuvering to get her name on the dotted line. A few years ago, she had made a test—and, due to the amateurish lighting and other factors of those days, it wasn't a very good test. Someone brusquely told her she was a flop for the screen. It hit her hard—naturally. So when recently, Paramount asked her to try again, she returned a very decisive and definite NO! But Paramount knew what they wanted. They maneuvered well—and finally, they coaxed her into another test—but this time, not without the finest equipment, and plenty of rehearsals. That test was a knockout. Officials raved. Even Swarthout was convinced. And down went her name at last on the dotted line. And that was a break, my reader-friends, for not only Paramount or Swarthout, but for you and me!

HOLLYWOOD, she now admits, did upset her considerably. "I had to learn, above all, to *give*," she says. "I used to have a New England conscience (no, she wasn't born there; she was born in a place by the name [Continued on page 70])



CAMILLE

Some one ought to take care of you . . .
Robert Taylor offers this advice to Greta
Garbo in a scene from *Camille*, directed by
George Cukor at M-G-M



—Photo by Hurrell

I Want to Meet That Man

being the
low-down on
Donald Woods

by his wife
Josephine



Mrs. Josephine Woods

I HAVE been asked to write a story about a Hollywood leading man, Donald Woods, and to tell all of you good people just exactly what he is like. I am flattered at the request but you see I know so little about him. He's as changeable as the weather, but much more interesting. I never know what to expect. At the present writing I am his wife. Barring accidents and these gorgeous Hollywood blondes, I hope to remain so.

Don is a very fine artist and I am one of his greatest admirers. He has a firm command of technique, a flawless enunciation, and a thorough knowledge of what he is about. When he was on the stage, I am sure that you would have watched in amazement his powerful portrayal of "Death" in *Death Takes a Holiday*; and later, when he did "Simon" in *Counselor at Law*, you would have beamed with pride as I did, and laughed at his hilarious portrayal of Kenneth Bixby in

Goodbye Again, and by that time you would have said "I want to meet that man."

We would have gone back-stage and you would have met a tall, dark, fine looking chap, very modest, courteous and kind. But if you watched very carefully you'd catch a twinkle in his eye—and there is the real Donald Woods. He has a sense of humor which pops up at the most unexpected times.

Now, when Don's at home I'm not at all sure he's not acting there, too, and very well. At least, he keeps me guessing. It's evening. The house is immacu-

late, flowers are arranged, everything is in place. Don dashes in, throwing his hat on one chair, his scarf on another and his script on the table. He greets us all enthusiastically, asks who and what we are having for dinner, exchanges gossip of the day—and then stretches (or sprawls) on the divan completely immersed in the evening paper. As he finishes each part he tosses it carelessly on the floor. In a few minutes the room is in a turmoil. I am just about ready to call attention to this havoc when suddenly he fixes a stern eye on me and says,

"Jo, that table has a large streak of dust on it. Something should be done about that!"

I gasp, stutter, and start to protest—until I see that grin on his face. What can I do? I grin right back at him, and in a moment we are both laughing at

[Continued on page 84]

I'm Testing!

An inside view of the Test Department—that anteroom through which film aspirants pass to screen life or death

by Margaret Dallen

I'M TESTING!" may be a cry of pain, a shout of triumph, a yowl of acute self-consciousness, a quaver of hope, a bleat of dreary resignation.

The Test Department, in other words, is the Torture Chamber through which, if they survive the ordeal, the testees may emerge into the Paradise of Picture-making or be consigned to that oblivion from which few players ever return.

It works, the trial and tribulation of testing, in all sorts of mysterious ways its wonders to perform. There have been stars whose first contract tests put the makers thereof on the shelf for time out of mind. Ginger Rogers, no less, was such a case. Ginger made her first contract test when she was working in one of the Paramount-Publix vaudeville units. She was barely sixteen at the time, thin, too tall, awkward, a rangy child. Paramount decided to make screen tests of their unit people, Ginger among them. The test was made at the Astoria, New York. Ginger was teamed with, of all people, a *short stout boy*. They did a bit from the current unit, each sang a song, no dancing. Ginger, at the time, was



The first tests of Garbo almost consigned her to screen oblivion. Even the tester didn't believe she had camera possibilities! The top picture was taken in Sweden before her advent to Hollywood

wowing them with a baby-talk act so that went into the test, too. And after the test—*silence*. Nothingness. Ginger's mother told me that it took her two years to get that test

destroyed. Every time anyone suggested that Ginger try for the screen out would come that horrible test and—all thumbs would be turned down. At the end of two years, however, the Powers That Were asked for another test. This was a test of another color—dramatic, musical, professional. It led to a contract with Paramount and the Rogers star began its golden rise.

Spencer Tracy told me that his first test, made in New York, a scene from *Conflict*, the stage play in which he was appearing on Broadway, was so incredibly awful it "was used to start a fire with." Later he made tests for Universal, for Fox, for M-G-M—and each test was tagged "N.G." It was John Ford, the director, who brought him to Hollywood to play a part in *Up The*



The report on Fred Astaire's first screen test was as follows: "Not particularly good-looking, thinning hair, mediocre personality—can also dance"



Andrea Leeds, pretty young U. C. L. A. graduate who stars in *Come and Get It*, was kissed 467 times during her screen test!

River. But it was a man and not a test that sent the Tracy star ascending.

Which is optimistic. If two such stars as Ginger Rogers and Spencer Tracy had "N.G.'s" all over their first tests there's hopes for anybody!

SOME screamingly funny things happen in the test departments. Some dramatic things, some tragic things, some stupid things. I'll tell you some of them later. But first I want to tell you about the way testing is conducted, the processes through which each applicant for screen work goes. For the test department is the least known, the least understood, the least publicized department of activity in Hollywood life. Yet it is the only portal by which stars become stars or amateurs become movie actors of any rank.

There are two kinds of tests. There is the contract test which means the test made by a brand new applicant for screen work, the first test. And there are tests made by established players for specific parts in specific pictures. The contract test is, of course, the more acid of the two. For once a player is established he may test for a part and lose it but he usually gets another part in another picture. And so, unless some one part is especially dear to the heart of the actor the rôle test isn't as nerve-wracking, there is not half so much at stake as when the first, the contract test is made.

I went to Harold S. Bucquet, who conducts all tests for M-G-M, for specific information on the processes of testing. Mr. Bucquet is a sandy-haired, youngish man with kindly gray eyes.

Mr. Bucquet explained the infinite detail, the orderly processes involved in what is referred to as "taking a test."

He began at the beginning—the mail received at the studios daily. For every day the studio mail bags are weighted down with letters to the casting office—all from aspirants for screen favor. They come from farmers, watchmakers, carpenters, bank clerks, department store clerks, housewives, parents of infant prodigies, athletes, the young and old, experienced and inexperienced.

And they are, Mr. Bucquet surprised me by saying—they are *welcome letters*. The studios do not wish to dodge the avalanche. On the contrary, they read and give consideration to them all. They do more, as you may know—they spend vast sums conducting talent contests. They send talent scouts to all parts of the country, the world. They send their scouts to high school and college plays (wasn't Robert Taylor discovered in a Pomono college play? He was!) amateur performances, night clubs, radio studios, the stage, the Metropolitan. Most of the candidates for screen tests, Mr. Bucquet told me, come from the stage, night clubs and radio studios. But everywhere and unremittingly the studios search for new faces, new voices, new names.

"Let us take," said Mr. Bucquet, "one hypothetical amateur who has come to Hollywood and, passing the casting office, applies for a screen test. She has never been before a camera before, this case history of ours. And no one is given a contract nor even a chance to do a 'bit' until she or he has passed the gimlet eye of the camera.

"For it is the camera," said Mr. Bucquet, "that has the last word in [Continued on page 80]



A camera study of the glamorous Garbo as you see her now

Gary Cooper was given the first camera-less test on record. The two pictures of the popular star are from scenes in Paramount's *The Plainsman*, directed by Cecil B. DeMille



Producing The PLAINSMAN

With an unusual fidelity to detail and authenticity Cecil B. DeMille has succeeded in transferring to the screen a picture of the West as it actually existed

THE PLAINSMAN, Cecil B. DeMille's epic of the development of the West is nearing completion at Paramount after three months of production. The cast of the picture includes Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur, James Ellison and Helen Burgess and is the story of Wild Bill Hickok, famous peace officer whose life was so colorful and so rich in comedy and tragedy that Cecil B. DeMille altered his original intention of filming the life of Buffalo Bill because as the writing of the story proceeded, the life of Wild Bill kept surging into the foreground. Ten months of research preceded the start of production, during which time more than 600 books were gathered from the libraries and collections throughout the country and made available to the DeMille staff in Hollywood. Also *Harper's Monthly*, the *Congressional Record*, and other files of topical periodicals were perused for information which would present in a true light the characters of the West during the post Civil War period.

Among the notable facts unearthed in research was a government scandal as a result of which the secretary of war at that time is believed to have shot himself. The *Congressional Record* was the source of this information. There it was revealed that the secretary of war was affiliated with a corrupt Washington syndicate which marketed thousands of repeating rifles to the Indians.

[Continued on page 86]

Gary Cooper plays his cards close while Jean Arthur looks on

Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur in another thrilling scene from *The Plainsman*

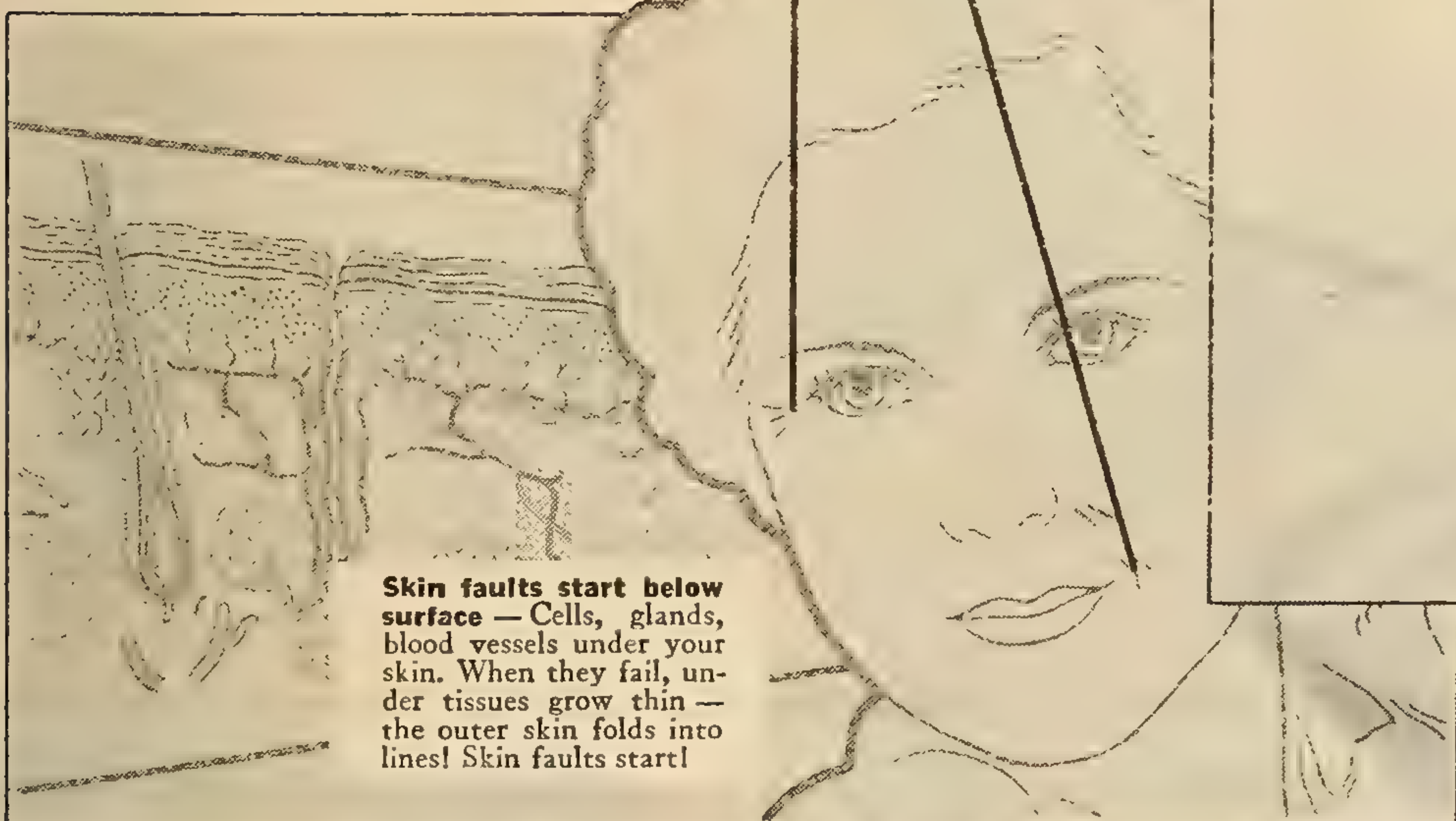
Several picked squads from the 115th Cavalry of the Wyoming National Guard were engaged for battle scenes depicting the Custer Massacre



LINES

SAY

"over 30!"



Miss Esther Brooks, much admired in New York this past winter, says: "Pond's Cold Cream takes every speck of dirt out of my pores, keeps my skin clear of blackheads."

A Sign that UNDER TISSUES are Shrinking!

THOSE mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth . . . You are only 25. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

Or, you are over thirty . . . but not a sign of a line. And everybody takes you for years younger than you are—"Not a day over 20!"

Do you know what those same little lines say to a dermatologist? He sees right through them to the under layers of your skin, and says: "It's the *under tissues* at fault!"

Keep away Blackheads, Blemishes —with Under Skin treatment

Skin faults are not always a matter of years. Look at the skin diagram above. Those hundreds of tiny cells, glands, fibres *under* your skin are what really make it clear and satiny—or full of faults! Once *they* fail, skin faults begin. But keep them active—you can, with Pond's rousing "deep-skin" treatment—and your skin blooms fresh, line-free, as in your teens.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which reach deep into the pores. It floats out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More . . . You pat this perfectly bal-

anced cream briskly into your skin . . . Start the circulation pulsing, oil glands working freely.

Do this regularly—day after day. Before long, cloggings cease. Pores grow finer. Blackheads, blemishes go . . . And



Mrs. Eugene du Pont III

whose fresh, glowing skin just radiates youth and beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream freshens me up right away . . . It takes away that tired look and makes 'late-hour' lines fade completely."

those myriads of little fibres strengthen! Your skin grows firm *underneath*—smooth, line-free *outside*, where it shows.

Here's the simple Pond's way to win the clear, glowing skin that never tells of birthdays. Follow this treatment day and night.

Two things to remember

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. M144, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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The Inquiring Reporter

[Continued from page 25]

heartily and never to take myself too seriously—nor my work too casually.

Q. Is Gene Raymond your real name?

A. My real name was Raymond Guion—pronounced Geón.

Q. How did you get in the movies?

A. I was playing in Young Sinners, a play which had enjoyed a very successful two year run, and was signed by Paramount after they had watched my performance.

Q. Where do you and your wife intend to make your home?

A. We plan to have a ranch which will be located about an hour's drive from Hollywood, and will also have an apartment in town where we can stay while we are working in a picture.

Q. If you suddenly found yourself without a job in Hollywood, what would you do and why?

A. I'd get to New York and the stage as quickly as possible as I feel there would be a better opportunity there for work.

Q. Do you answer your fan mail personally?

A. My secretary answers my mail although I read it all personally.

Q. What is your age, weight and height?

A. I am 28 years old—weigh 168 lbs. and am 5 feet 11 inches in height.

Q. What are your favorite sports?

A. My favorite sports are riding, tennis, swimming and reading (if that could be called a sport.)

Q. What is your favorite movie rôle?

A. My favorite rôle is that of Zani in Zoo in Budapest.

Q. Did you compose a song? If so, has it been published?

A. I have composed four songs, two of which have been published. Their titles are—In A Japanese Garden, Will You, Brief Moment and You've Captured My Heart.

Q. Do you think that what a star does is his or her own private business?

A. Yes, to a degree—but one should never forget that picture fans are interested in the activities of picture players.

Q. Has anyone mentioned to you that there is a marked resemblance between you and Nelson Eddy, or is it just my imagination?

A. Sorry, but I am afraid it is just your imagination.

Q. Do you enjoy classical music?

A. Yes, very much. I especially enjoy concerts.

Q. Do you enjoy giving interviews to high school reporters who are trying their best to make their school paper a success?

A. Certainly. Why not?

Q. Were you ever an extra?

A. No. I came direct from the stage.

Q. Do you feel silly while attending previews of your pictures in which your rôles are very sad or very funny.

A. I am usually too busy thinking of ways I could have improved my performance to have any other reaction.

Q. Is your mother a writer?

A. No.—Unless you mean "letter" writer.

Q. What do you find most interesting in the movie colony?

A. People—People are always the most interesting thing anywhere to me.

Q. Are you looking forward to making a picture in technicolor, or would you choose to make a plain (no color) picture instead?

A. Color pictures are in to stay—with great and constant improvements bound to come. Naturally I look forward to making colored pictures.

IT'S ALL SPOILED



**READ
HOW
PIMPLES
ALMOST
TURNED
POLLY'S
DREAM
INTO A
NIGHTMARE**



WHY POLLY—WHAT IS THE MATTER DEAR?

HARRIET'S LETTER - Y-YOU READ IT - SHE W-WANTS TO D-DRIVE OVER D-DURING VACATION AND BRING HER B-BROTHER J-JACK



HERE POLLY - I WANT YOU TO TRY EATING THIS YEAST FOR AWHILE. MRS. AMES SAID IT CLEARED JEAN'S PIMPLES RIGHT UP!

WELL, JEAN CERTAINLY HAS LOVELY SKIN. DO YOU THINK THERE'S REALLY A CHANCE FOR ME?

LATER



IT SURE WAS A LUCKY BREAK I LEARNED ABOUT THOSE YEAST CAKES IN TIME. THERE'S NOT A SINGLE PIMPLE LEFT! OH, I DO HOPE JACK WILL LIKE ME

Q. If you were married, would you let your wife work?

A. When I am married, I expect my wife-to-be to continue her magnificent career.

Q. What qualities in a girl do you consider most important for her success in life?

A. I believe the qualities of charm, intelligence, tact and honesty are the most important assets a girl can have.

Q. What is your favorite food?

A. I have no favorite food, but I certainly do enjoy a good steak!

Q. How long have you been acquainted with Jeanette MacDonald?

A. A little over a year.

Q. Do you know Shirley Temple?

A. I've met her. She's a tiny thing, but a big reason for superlatives.

Q. What is your highest ambition?

A. To achieve the things I most want in life.

Q. What is your reaction towards fan mail?

A. It is the applause of a motion picture player and should be respected and appreciated.

Q. Do you associate with other people besides your movie comrades?

A. I do not choose my friends because of their profession.

Q. What do you enjoy doing best, next to acting?



Binnie Barnes clowning with the three mad Ritz brothers at a popular night spot

A. I like to compose music when I am not too busy in pictures.

Q. Are your mother and father living?

A. Yes.

Q. What would you consider a perfect all-day date?

A. A ride in the morning—a picnic lunch—and home in the moonlight.

Q. Who are your favorite writers, composers, artists?

A. My favorites are Dumas and Sabatini—Rainsky Korsakoff as writers and composers, and my favorite artist is the noted marine artist, Winslow Homer.

Q. Are you really French?

A. Although I was born in New York City, I am of Alsatian descent.

Q. Do you think that some of our movie stars of today could become just as famous on the stage as they have become in the movies?

A. No. It would be impossible to attain the same degree of fame in the same length of time. One picture can make a person world famous overnight where it would take years of work on the stage to attain the same important position.

Q. Have you any pets?

A. Yes. I have a dog, "Tray" and a horse, "Black Knight."

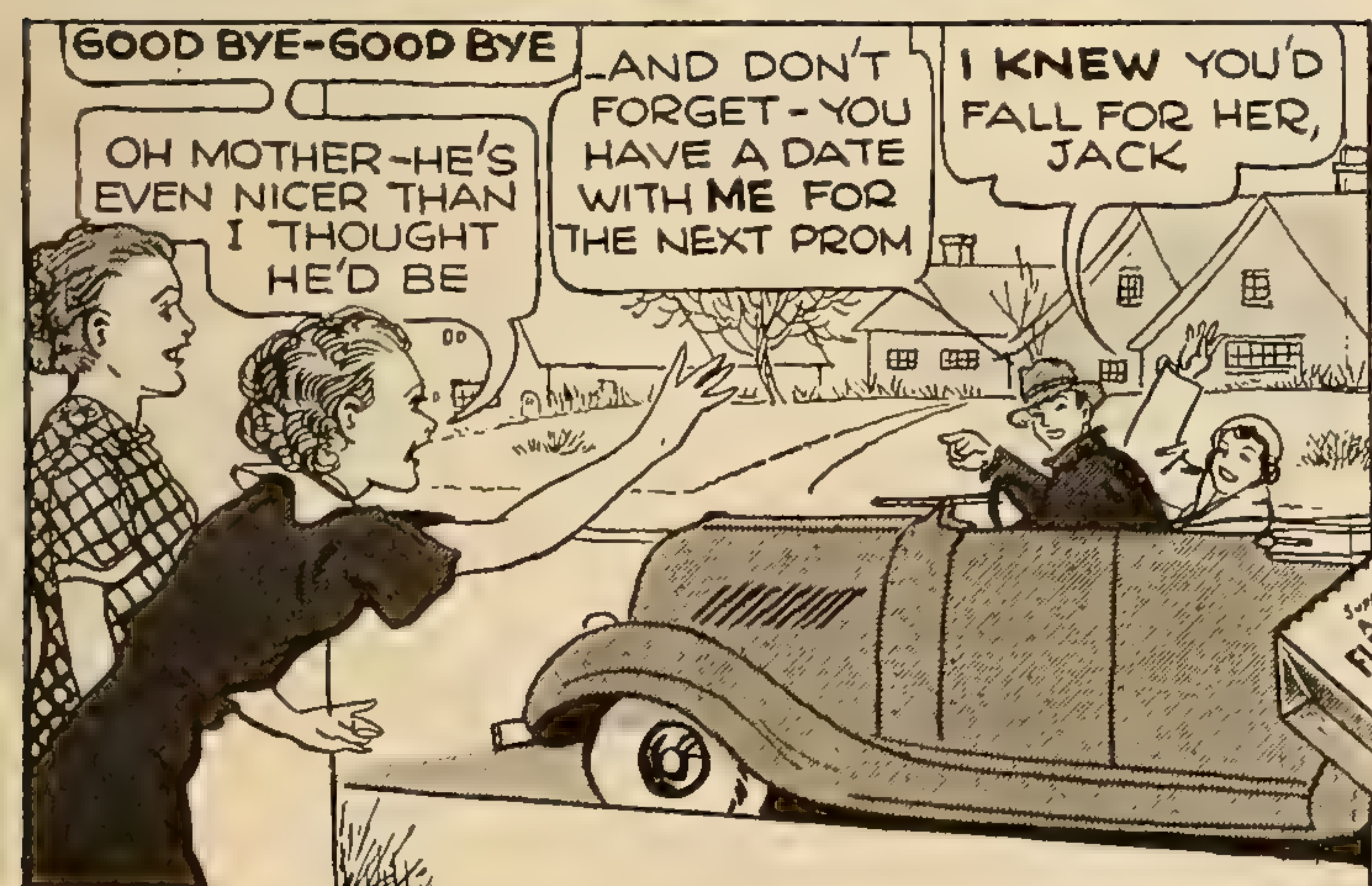
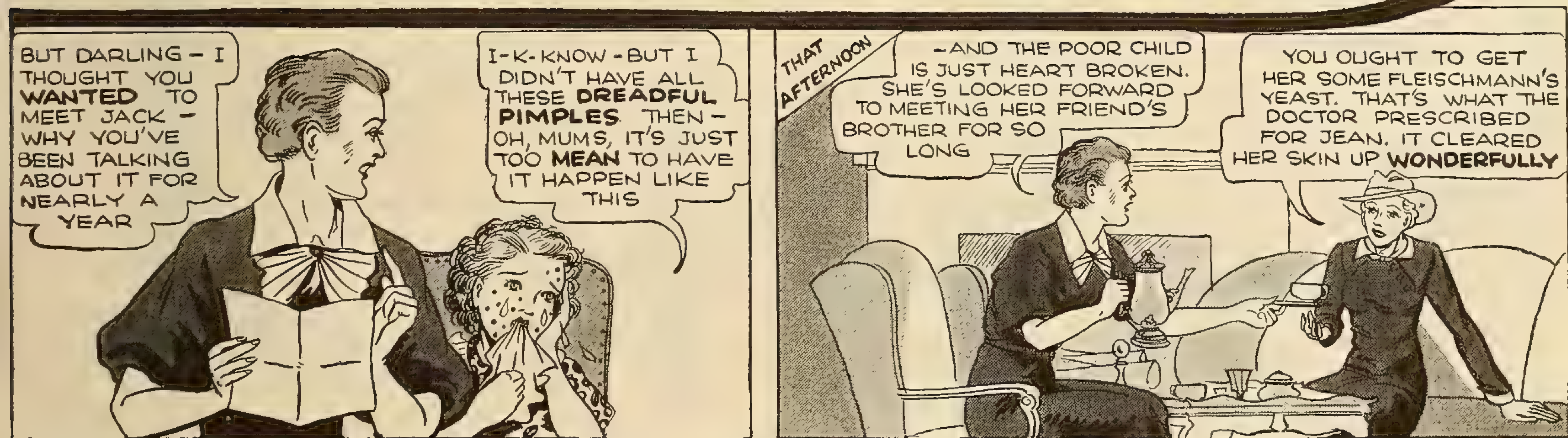
Q. Do you still want to do an adventure picture?

A. Yes. And if I did a dozen, the answer would still be yes.

Q. Don't you think the dual rôle in Edison Marshall's *Girl of India* would suit you?

A. I would enjoy doing it very much as it should make a good picture.

NOW—HE'LL HATE ME ON SIGHT



DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES MAKE YOU HATE TO BE SEEN

PIMPLES spoil many a "date"—for boys as well as girls—after the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

At this time, important glands develop and final

growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin gets extra sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Then, unsightly pimples pop out.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, pimples go! Eat 3 cakes each day, one before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin clears.

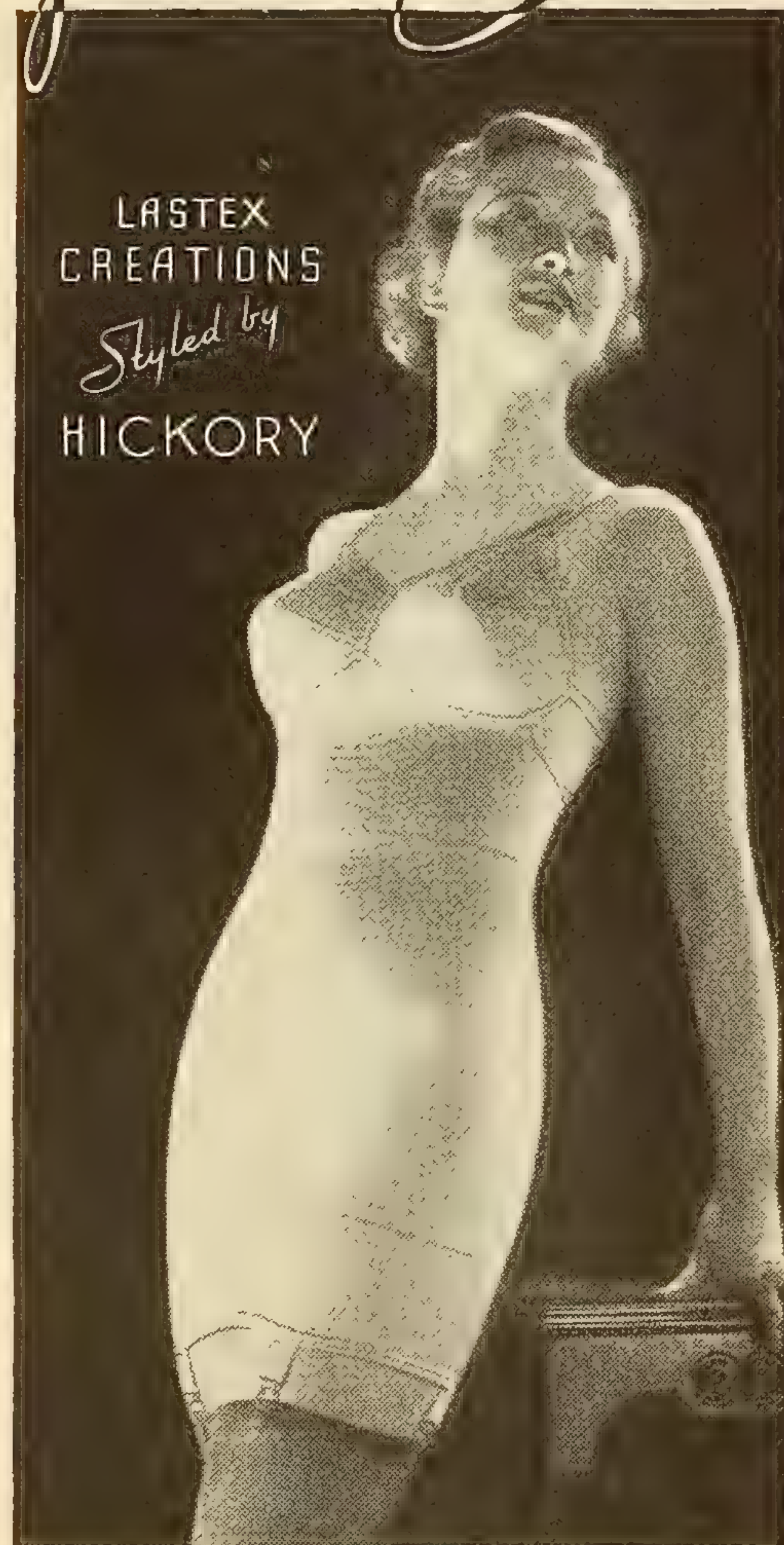


—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Princess Chic



YOU'LL WANT BOTH *Foundation and Girdle*

For Dress and Formal occasions, the Foundation assures a beautiful unbroken silhouette. Its *double knitted panel* gives *double support* at four points: in front, in back and at both sides. Controls and shapes naturally, without even the suggestion of a bulge. Back is low cut—brassiere is uplift.

The Girdle, for About Town and every day wear also has the clever double knitted panel.

It's an economy to have a set of two at only \$5.50 up. May be had separately, of course. Foundation \$3.50 up. Girdle \$2.00 up.

You should find "Princess Chic" and other Creations by Hickory at your favorite Corset Department. If not—write for FREE descriptive brochure. Address: 1143 West Congress Street, Chicago.



A. STEIN & COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO

Hollywood— *And Young Girls*

Three famous mothers of screen stars tell of the problems that affect their daughters in the most publicized town on earth

YOU see them everywhere in Hollywood—aspiring young Garbos, Dietrichs and Crawford. Young girls beautiful with the freshness of youth. Eyes undimmed by the disappointments and experience that come with age. Steps in stride with the pulsing current of hope that surges through their young hearts.

You see them walking down Hollywood Boulevard. Supple hips and legs beneath tailored slacks.

You see them getting a snack at the Derby, or sipping a Martini at the Beachcomber, or taking in a movie at the Chinese.

You see them at the studios, playing atmosphere or bits. Their orange makeup more like masks than faces.

They're all strangely alike—in dress, in mannerisms—yes, even in physical appearance. They're all marked by the stamp of Hollywood. The insatiable quest of fame. A quest that denies hunger, that refutes thirst, that ignores the ignominy of cheap hall bedrooms.

Looking at them, you recall what a well-known woman executive in a studio observed just the other day, "You can't be a success in Hollywood unless you've paid the price of fame."

Ah, but can't you? Look at Anita Louise, Paula Stone, Rochelle Hudson, Anne Shirley—I can think of another dozen like them at this very moment. All unmistakably nice girls—the kind mothers would choose for their sons' wives, if they had the privilege. Yet all going ahead at a steady pace up the cinema ladder to success and fame. If there are "pitfalls" in Hollywood, how did they skirt them so completely?

I asked Rochelle's mother, the quiet, motherly Mrs. Mae Hudson, about it recently. At the Brown Derby, over an afternoon snack of coffee and little thin hot cakes swimming in melted butter, she told me



Rochelle Hudson (upper photo) has made her own decisions since she was fifteen. Fred Keating, Paula Stone, Fred Stone and Anita Louise are a typical Sunday afternoon quartette at the Stone home

by
Anne Ellis Meyers

emphatically:

"Hollywood's pitfalls are a myth!"

Which, from the mother of a young star who came to Hollywood as a child and grew up among the klieg lights and grease paint, is undeniably authoritative. But let Mrs. Hudson herself go on:

"There are no more temptations—moral temptations—in Hollywood than elsewhere," she said. "When Rochelle is on a production, she works as hard as any stenographer or school teacher, following a regular, work-day schedule. She doesn't have time to be swayed by temptations—if there are any lurking about!"

Her gaze as straightforward as her daughter's own, she went on, "Since she was 15, Rochelle has been making decisions for herself. Not that I neglected her, but because I wanted her to become self-reliant early in life. There never has been any necessity for my keeping close vigilance upon her actions.

"Rochelle herself talked over her parts with the studio people, yes—" she seemed to have read my thoughts—"yes, almost from the start.

"Rochelle was thirteen when I brought her to Hollywood after an inconsequential background of school plays and public appearances before organizations in Oklahoma. Of course, during her first two years here, I accompanied her everywhere—to agents, casting directors, and studios. By the time she was fifteen, it was clear that control of her affairs was safe in her own hands—and that Hollywood was safe for her!"

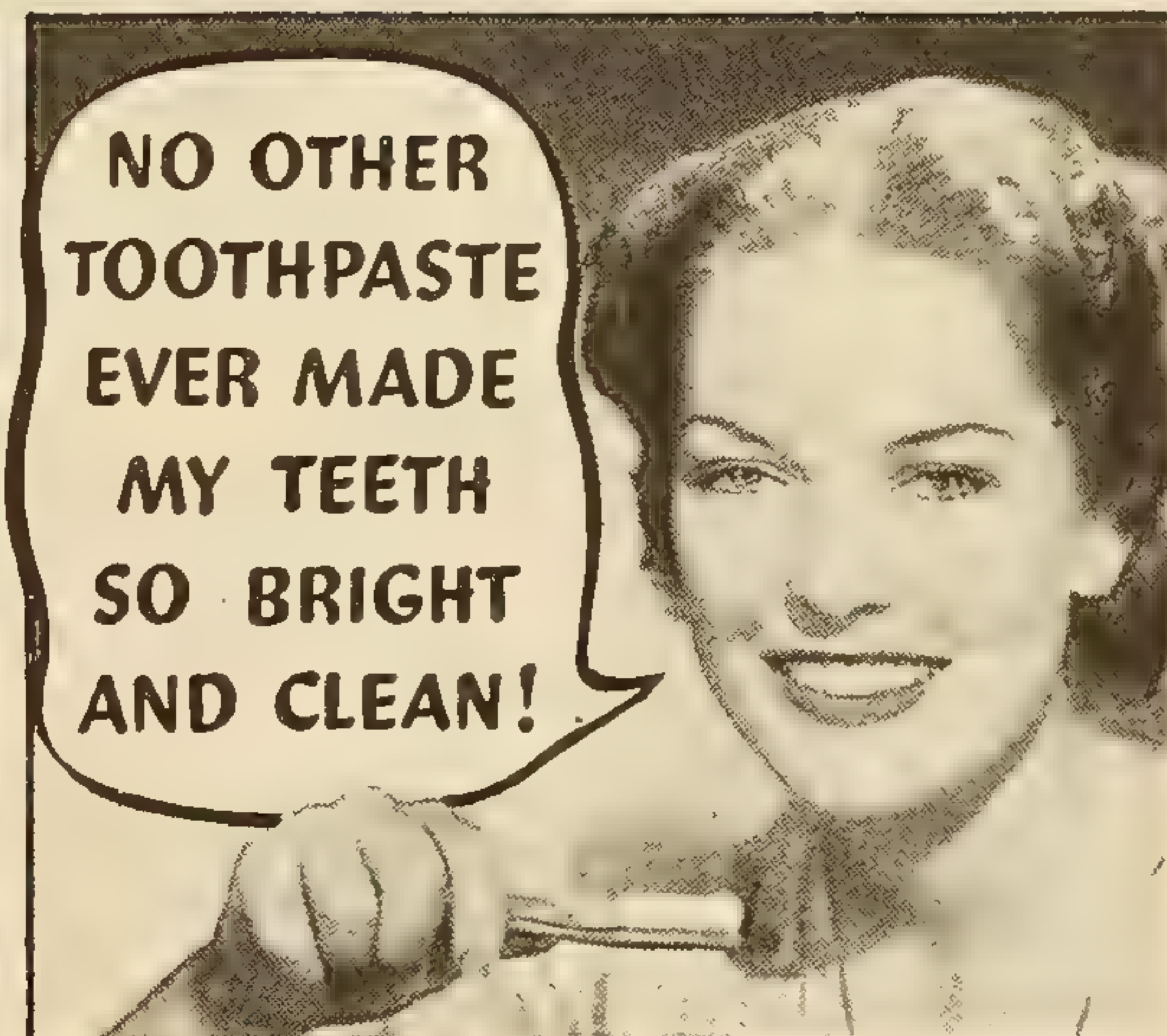
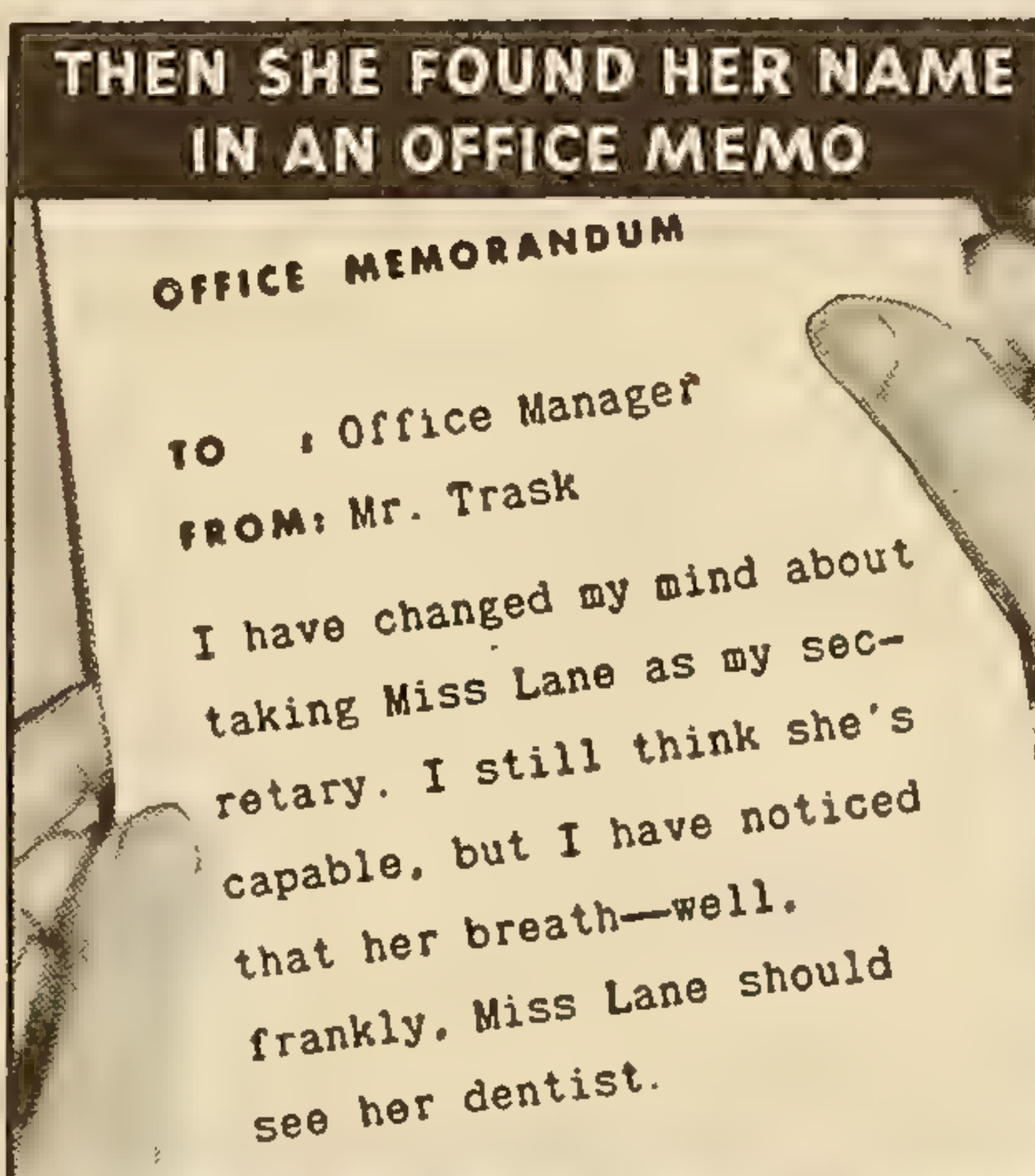
Mae Hudson, you see, has never been a "studio mother," one of those relatives who make themselves a conspicuous element in their offspring's picture careers—often proving a hindrance rather than a benefit to the progress of those careers.

"Of course, Rochelle occasionally made unwise decisions," she continued. "There was the time she decided to freelance, and then discovered it a hazardous step for one not too firmly established in Hollywood. But what of it? A few mistakes early in life are good for a girl—providing they're not serious enough to hurt or embitter her permanently. Mistakes that enrich her judgment and make her future road easier to tread often prove a blessing in disguise.

"But we were talking about Hollywood, weren't we?" she smiled broadly. "If any one looks upon Hollywood as a place where masculine wolves in sheep's clothing lurk in dark, dank corners, waiting to pounce upon our little Nell—well, they simply don't know Hollywood!

"In my opinion, when a girl finds herself in difficulties, she can blame herself. Men usually treat a girl the way she invites them to treat her. And the same is as true in Hollywood as it is in Paducah, Ky!"

The theme was becoming too interesting to drop [Continued on page 89]



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with success—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

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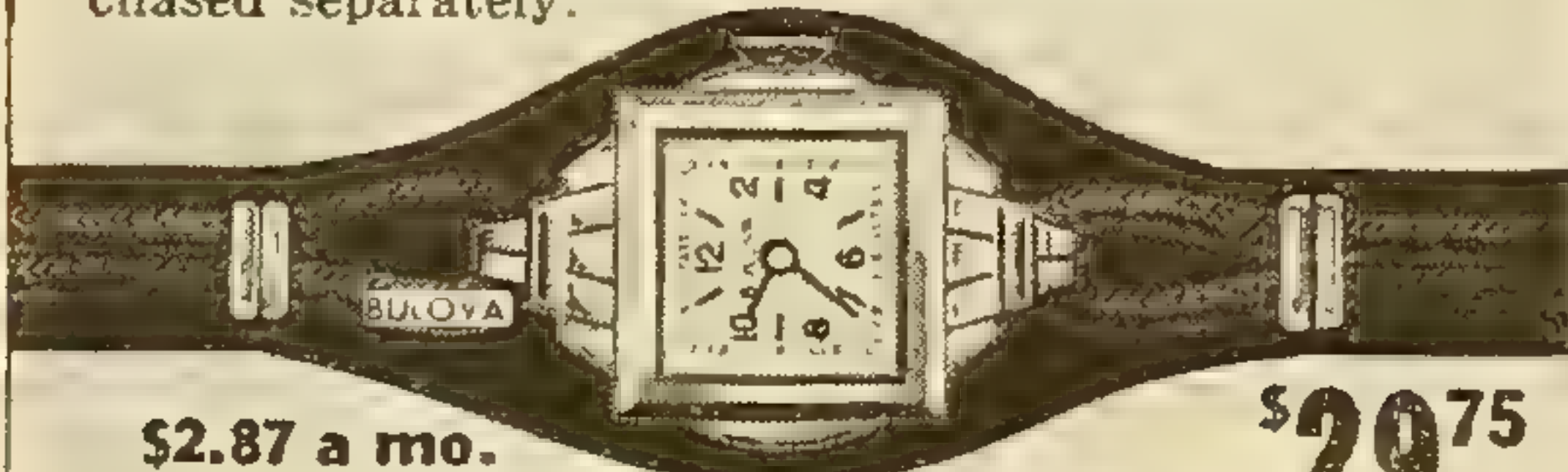
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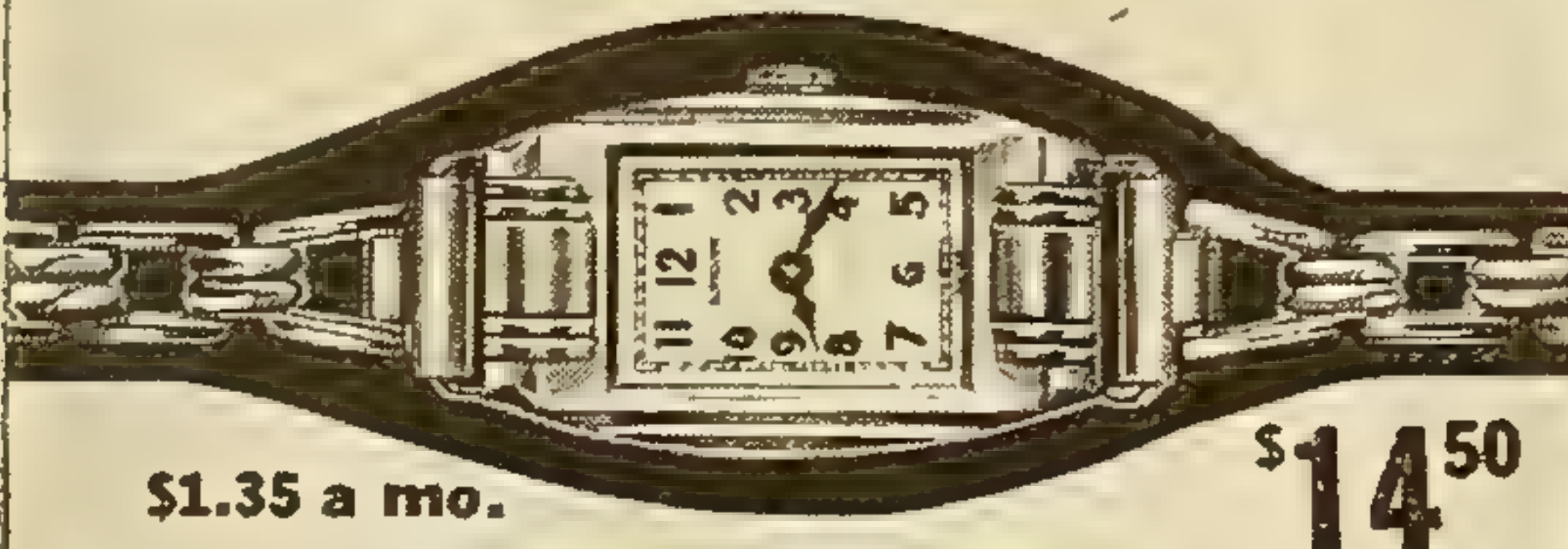


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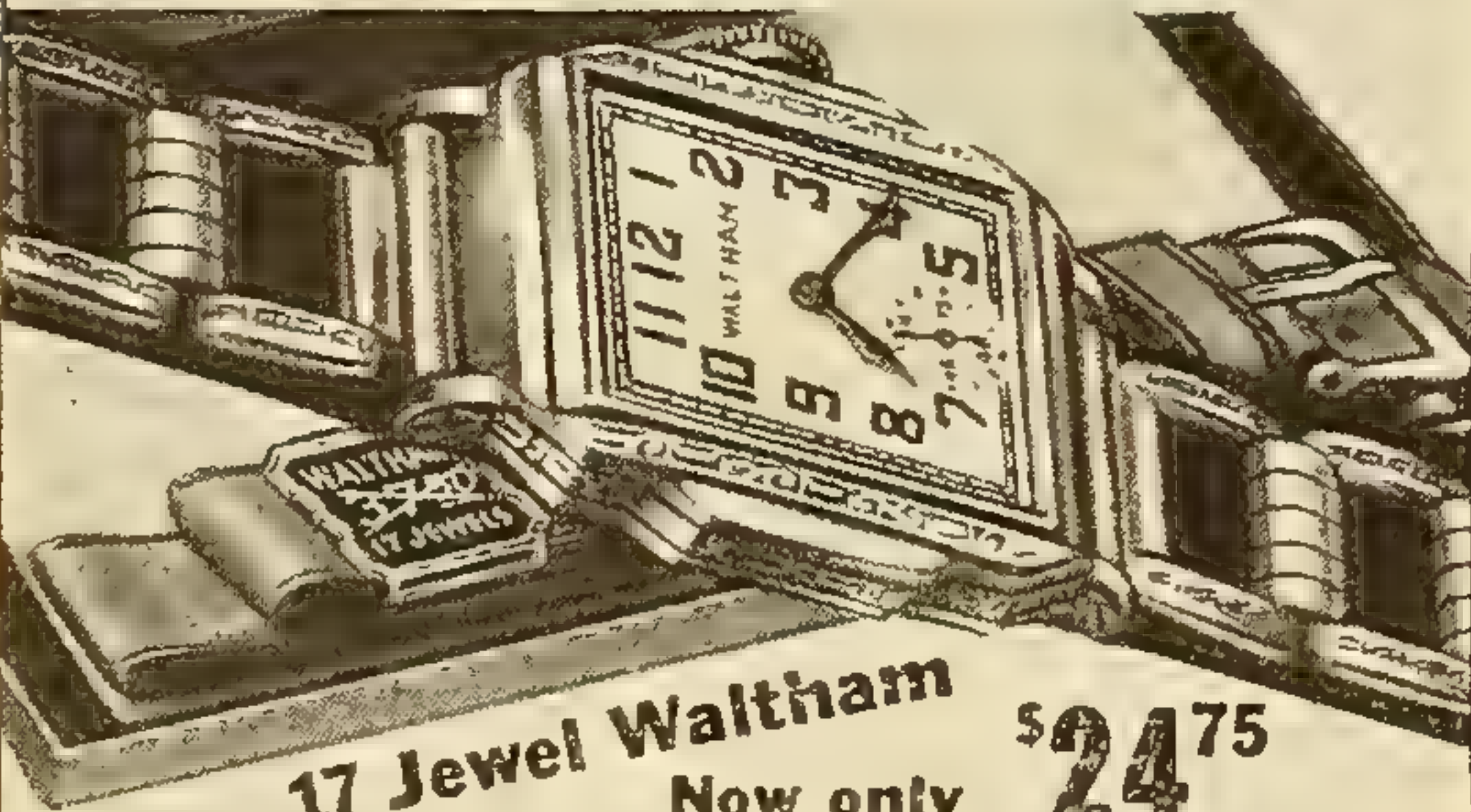


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LK-4 . . . Ladies, baguette type wrist watch in streamlined permanent white case; fully guaranteed movement. Matched bracelet. **Only \$1.35 a mo.**



17 Jewel Waltham
Now only

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Handsome genuine leather strap included free! LK-8 . . . Guaranteed 17 Jewel WALTHAM "Diplomat" at a remarkably low price! Richly engraved white case, link bracelet to match and an extra, genuine leather strap. Usually \$37.50 — now **\$24.75. \$2.37 a month.**

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32 pages of feature values in genuine blue-white diamonds, standard watches, exquisite jewelry, silverware, cameras, toilet sets, etc. **Send for yours today!**



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The New Vogue in



A radio and stage star, Gertrude Niesen wins added laurels as a featured player in Universal's *Top of the Town*.

GERTRUDE NIESEN, radio and stage sensation, had been signed by Universal Pictures to do an important rôle in *Top of the Town*.

Everyone on the lot knew she was coming to the studio for makeup tests, wardrobe tests, voice tests and every other sort of test a motion picture studio could possibly tender to a star. And everyone from the gateman to the president was as nervous as a cat waiting for a dog.

This girl was going to be hard to handle. She was important and she knew it. She looked like a combination of Alla Nazimova and Aileen Pringle. She had a voice like Nora Bayes. She acted like Marlene Dietrich—at least, she had worn men's attire in a show in New York and told the press she "liked men's clothes." She was a young Sarah Bernhardt. Von Sternberg had said, as only Von can say it, "She is a genius!"

The press had said, "Had Gertrude Niesen lived a few thousand years before she would have given Cleopatra and the Queen of Sheba a run for their money." She'd stopped every show she was in and knocked them dead over the radio. Hollywood was duck soup for her and if she didn't know it, then the gang at Universal just didn't know its stars either.

They backed into corners and waited for her to arrive and made bets among themselves as to who would be the first to arouse her temperamental wrath. Her first act of self-importance, of course, would be to be late.

They lost that first bet. Gertrude Niesen was ahead of time. She drove her car herself and parked it where the gateman told her to. But then—well, that tiny mite who got out of that car, simply couldn't be the great Niesen. But it was. There was no mistaking that divine figure, the exotic features, the Roman haircut.

She had a warm smile and a pleasant word for everyone she met. This wasn't going to last—it was only an act.

"How many songs would you like to sing in *Top of the Town*, Miss Niesen?"

Ah, that was the question that would blow the lid off the friendly pot.

But no—the smile was more friendly than ever.

"Why, two," she said in a voice rich with warmth.

"Two? Only two? You can sing as many as you like. The more the better. Why don't you sing a half dozen—show your audience what you can do?"

"If I cannot show them in two songs,"

Vamps

This interview with Gertrude Niesen is printed at the request of the Fan Club Federation of America.

she explained kindly, "then I cannot show them at all. A fast little number will bring out my ability as a comedian and a ballad will prove my dramatic ability—if I have any," she added almost apologetically.

The nervous tension lessened. Maybe this girl wasn't a *Cleopatra* after all—maybe she was just another of those little stage kids trying to make good in Hollywood, and everyone on the lot was willing to help her.

But they were just as wrong on the second guess as they were on the first. Everything that had been said about her temperament or her self-importance was untrue—everything that had been said about her ability was true.

GERTRUDE NIESEN was born on the Atlantic Ocean, two days out of New York, on July 8, 1914. Just before the world war started in Europe, Mr. Niesen took his wife on a belated honeymoon. Things were getting pretty hot over there and he decided to let old man stork deliver his goods back in safe old Brooklyn. But the stork was evidently anxious to leave Europe also so he overtook the boat and delivered Gertrude to her parents before she was due.

The child was reared in Brooklyn Heights. She went to grade school until she was ready for higher education, then she was sent to the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, to *make a lady out of her*. Her idea of learning to be a lady was to imitate everyone that attended the school teas for the amusement of the girls after the teachers were at a safe distance.

She graduated with the rest of her class and settled down to a round of society such as her own neighborhood had to offer. It was pretty dull except that Gertrude could amuse herself by imitating those she found amusing—and there was always week-end fishing with her father to take off the staleness of society.

Over and over again her friends said, "You ought to be on the stage. At first Gertrude didn't pay any attention to their remarks. Then one day she thought it over and decided maybe it might be a good idea. She got out the telephone book and jotted down a few addresses of New York agents and went to call on them.

Of course, she didn't tell them she was a school girl on a lark. Dear, dear, no—she was an actress—a good one, with years and years of experience. She had been in this show and that and could give extracts from the show to prove it.

Most of the agents paid no attention to her—one told her to go home to mamma—but yet another took her name and address and telephone number.

[Continued on page 62]



A PREY TO FEARS? When you're longing to join in the fun—does dread of possible embarrassment ever hold you back? It needn't! For Modess—a new kind of sanitary pad, made in a new and different way—puts an end to all those fears!



BE AS GAY AS THE REST! Depend upon it, there's no risk with Modess. It's Certain-Safe! Unlike many ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back to prevent *striking through!* Modess stays safe . . . stays soft! Just wear the *blue line* (on moisture-proof side) *away* from the body and perfect protection is yours!



End "accident panic"—ask for Certain-Safe
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The Improved Sanitary Pad

Which Word Describes Your Eyes?



COLORLESS—Pale, scraggly, scanty lashes—eyes seem small, expressionless. A definite need for proper eye make-up.



CONSPICUOUS—Ordinary mascara overloading the lashes in heavy, gummy blobs. Hard-looking and unattractive.



CHARMING—Dark, luxuriant lashes, yet perfectly natural in appearance—with Maybelline. Eye make-up in good taste.

So Simple—this Beauty Secret

Your eyes are your most important beauty feature—or they should be! Are you making the most of their possibilities by framing them properly with long, dark, lustrous lashes? You can do this best by applying just a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste. No longer need you worry about having pale, unattractive lashes, nor fear that hard “made-up” look if you darken them—with Maybelline!

★ Maybelline is non-smarting, tear proof, and absolutely harmless. Cream-smoothness of texture—utter simplicity of application—tendency to curl the lashes into lovely, sweeping fringe—these are some of the wonderful qualities which make this the eyelash darkener supreme.

★ You will adore the other delightful Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! See with what ease you can form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Try blending a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with the pure, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow—it deepens and accentuates the color and sparkle of your eyes.

★ Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are preferred by more than 10,000,000 discriminating women as the finest that money can buy—yet they are nominally priced at leading toilet goods counters everywhere. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had at all 10c stores. Try them today—you’ll be delighted!

Maybelline

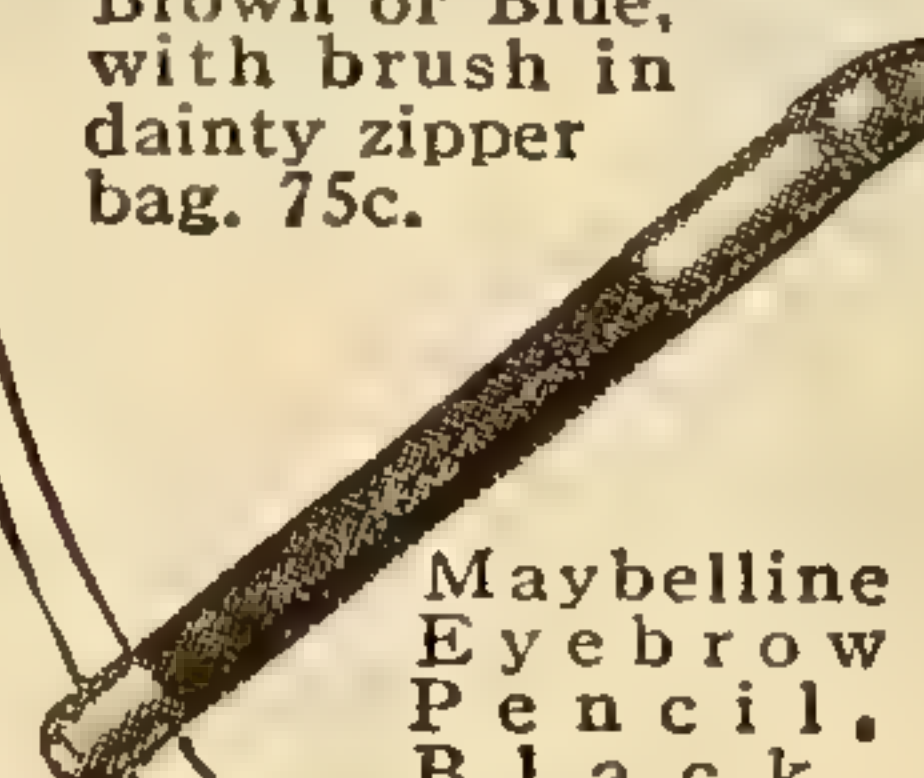
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Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown or Blue.



Maybelline Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.



Fans and Fan Clubs

[Continued from page 17]

noon at Warner Brothers Studio as the guest of Craig Reynolds and then flew back home.

Jean Betty Huber, prexy for the June Clyde club, is also having lots of fun in Hollywood. Since she plans to make this her future home, she is working at writing and taking her time about seeing stars. This week end she is spending with Paul Kelly and his congenial little wife, Dorothy. Entertainment includes the polo matches, a cocktail party at the home of Alice Brady and then dinner at the Kelly home. Mrs. Kelly when she invited guests forgot that the cook was temperamental, so Jean Betty, along with other guests, pitched in and helped Paul and Dot cook.

Violet Platzer, head of the Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon and Skeets Gallagher Clubs, is back in Trenton after spending four months in Hollywood. She's lonesome and homesick for us and is moving back here for good just as soon as she can sell her Trenton home.

Just talked to Emily Shear of the Chicago Branch of the Francis Lederer Club. Yes, she's in Hollywood! She spent a few days with Ruth Roland, and a day with Francis on his Ranch.

Official Fan Clubs

Star	President	Address
LEW AYRES	Helen Raether	822 3/4 N. Las Palmas St., Hollywood, Calif.
JOHN ARLEGE	Lila L. Gesch	1618 N. 40th St., Milwaukee, Wis.
JOHN BOLES CHAPTER 1	Winifred Miles	3061 Seyburn Ave., Detroit, Mich.
JOHN BOLES CHAPTER 2	Lillian Musgrave	2700 N. Vincent Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
JOHN BOLES CHAPTER 3	Margaret Fairs	26 Temple Road, Cricklewood, London N. W., England.
JOHN BOLES CHAPTER 4	Violet Kirk	55 Ludloe Road, Clapham Park, London S. W., England.
BOOSTERS CLUB	Harry J. Frazier	Box 131, Bellevue, Nebr.
RALPH BELLAMY	Jeannette Mendro	4939 Gunnison St., Chicago, Ill.
GEORGE BRENT	Helen Henderson	162 Highland Ave., Kearney, N. J.
TOM BROWN	Ebba Ebraue, Jr.	45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
LINA BASQUETTE	Lenore Heidorn	5737 So. Artesian Ave., Chicago, Ill.
JOHN BEAL	Alberta Ammott	2890 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
JOE E. BROWN	C. Wilson Maxwell, Jr.	15 Randolph Ave., Elkins, W. Va.
JAMES BLAKELEY	Louise Thompson	1457 N. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
JUNE CLYDE	Jean Betty Huber	401 N. Genesee St., Hollywood, Calif.
JOAN CRAWFORD	Marion Dommer	9717 81st St., Ozone Park, Long Island, N. Y.
RUTH CHATTERTON	Shirley Spence	138 Sutherland Road, Brighton, Mass.
BING CROSBY CHAPTER 1	John Refner	Hillsdale, Mich.
BING CROSBY CHAPTER 2	Peter Blommestyn	38 Wellington St., Chatham, Ontario, Canada.
EDDIE CANTOR CHAPTER 1	Lou Hitchcock	170 Maine Ave., Westerleigh, Staten Island, N. Y.
EDDIE CANTOR CHAPTER 2	C. Wilson Maxwell, Jr.	15 Randolph Ave., Elkins, W. Va.
IRVIN S. COBB	C. Wilson Maxwell, Jr.	15 Randolph Ave., Elkins, W. Va.
JACKIE COOPER	Anna Glance	7741 Bennett St., Chicago, Ill.
BETTE DAVIS	Jerrie Matatia	1475 Grand Concourse, Bronx, N. Y.
JOHNNY DOWNS	Ruth Keast	1832 N. Wilton Place, Hollywood, Cal.
IRENE DUNNE	Meta Waltman	269 Meade Ave., Hanover, Pa.
BEBE DANIELS	Violet Platzer	523 Schiller Ave., Trenton, N. J.
FIFI D'ORSAY	Mary Helen Qualley	1748 E. 52nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
DOLORES DEL RIO	Rose Badali	3814 W. 56th Place, Chicago, Ill.
DIXIE DUNBAR	Mildred L. Smith	Route 5, Box 331, Denver, Colo.
OLIVA DE HAVILLAND	Dorothy Nelson	812 East Benton St., Morris, Ill.
MELVIN DOUGLAS	Lou Hitchcock	170 Maine Ave., Westerleigh, Staten Island, N. Y.

NELSON EDDY CHAPTER 1—Victoria Mason, 1505 Delaware Ave., Wilmington, Del.
 NELSON EDDY CHAPTER 2—Frances Bradley, 4211 Overlook Rd., Birmingham, Ala.
 NELSON EDDY CHAPTER 3—Ruth Sperling, 9614 Avenue North, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 NELSON EDDY CHAPTER 4—Miss Bub Clough, 56 W. 105th St., New York, N. Y.
 NELSON EDDY CHAPTER 5—Loretto Schultz, 637 Craig St., West, Montreal, Que., Canada.
 RUTH ETTING—Pearl Tice, 426 S. 9th St., Perkasie, Pa.
 MADGE EVANS—Elsie Moser, 2104 S. 64th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
 BETTY FURNESS—Marionne Oppenheim, 166 Dahill Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 FRANK FAY—Maym Sagert, 3525 S. Leavitt St., Chicago, Ill.
 ALICE FAYE—Jean Young, 1357 Harvard St., Harrisburg, Pa.
 PRESTON FOSTER—Helen Stevens, 814 Wethersfield Ave., Hartford, Conn.
 FUTURE STAR—J. H. Pool, 625 South 22nd St., Arlington, Va.
 TITO GUIZAR—Virginia Haas, 14209 Ardmore, Detroit, Mich.
 MINNA GOMBEL—Chaw Mank, Jr., 226 East Mill Road, Staunton, Ill.
 SKEETS GALLAGHER—Violet Platzer, 523 Schiller Ave., Trenton, N. J.
 BETTY GRABLE—Terry Lipman, 185 W. 170th St., New York, N. Y.
 NEIL HAMILTON—John G. Whidding, 4521 Gilbert Place, Los Angeles, Calif.
 JEAN HARLOW—Minnette Shermak, 328 East 90th St., New York, N. Y.
 PHIL HARRIS—Dorothy Dilley, 523 St. Elmo St., Allentown, Pa.
 ELEANOR HOLM * ART JARRETT—Mary Helen Quelly, 1748 East 52nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON—Majory Craft, 4802 Washington Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind.
 JACKIE HELLER—Virginia Gilliland, 5321 Kimbark, Chicago, Ill.
 WARREN HULL—Sandra Kane, 142 E. 55th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 HELEN JEPSON—Marian Lott, 1180 Riverside Dr., Akron, Ohio.
 VICTOR JORY (west)—Betty Bass, 524 N. Elena St., Redondo Beach, Calif.
 VICTOR JORY (east)—Frances Grady, 11 West St., Bangor, Maine.
 ALLAN JONES—Shirley Touster, 146 West 83rd St., New York, N. Y.
 PAUL KELLY CHAPTER 1—Ruth Fiffer, 146 N. Parkside Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 PAUL KELLY CHAPTER 2—C. Wilson Maxwell, Jr., 15 Randolph Ave., Elkins, W. Va.
 (Note to fan club members: Additional fan clubs will be listed next month.)



Martha Raye, Paramount's newest laugh lady, all set to capture an exclusive shot with a speed camera



GERDA EGLOFF, of Dallas, July winner in the nation-wide "Search for Talent".



Each Month....

the "Search for Talent" offers some girl a FREE screen test and \$50.00 in cash. At least one winner will be given a role in an important Walter Wanger Production at the United Artists Studios in Hollywood.

Hollywood MAY WANT YOU, too!

★ **T**HIS attractive young lady, won first place in the July "Search for Talent" and has an opportunity for a movie contract. How would you like a chance to work under Walter Wanger who has produced such outstanding pictures as "Spendthrift" and "The Case Against Mrs. Ames"?

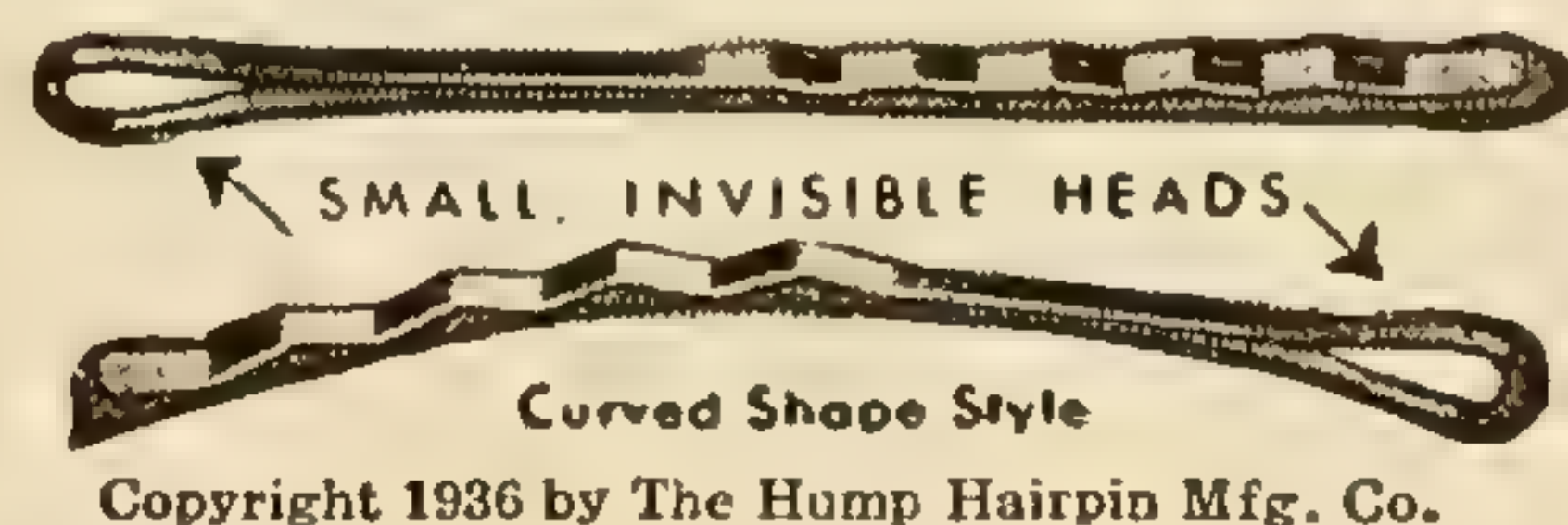
★ Every girl in America has just such an opportunity, for HOLD-BOBS, Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play are sponsoring a nation-wide "Search for Talent" . . . with winners picked every month. You're invited to enter . . . and you may enter as many times as you like until the closing date, December 31, 1936.

★ All you need do is get complete details from any HOLD-BOB dealer. Entry blanks are printed right on the back of HOLD-BOB cards . . . so now there is a two-fold reason for buying HOLD-BOBS, the favorites of Hollywood. Once you use HOLD-BOBS you'll never use any other bob pin, because only HOLD-BOBS have small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs—one side crimped; and, colors to match all shades of hair. You may buy HOLD-BOBS at good dealers everywhere.



Clip coupon to HOLD-BOB card (or facsimile)—attach your photo and enter the "Search for Talent".

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SEARCH FOR TALENT HEADQUARTERS
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Enter my photograph in the "Search for Talent"

Name.....
 Address.....
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 Age.....Height.....Weight.....

Your Reputation



at
Steak!

*Tender juicy steaks, prepared
in a variety of ways, will cheer
your "breadwinner" up and on*

by
Dorothy Dwan

It's always a steak when
good fellows get together
according to Warren
Hull and Lawrence Riley

THE other day while glancing through a story some enterprising reporter had written after painstakingly interviewing the various chefs of our famous eateries, I noticed that fifty-eight stellar names, together with their favorite dishes, were mentioned. After seeing the word "steak" pop up all over the page, I discovered that exactly twenty-four of these stars would seemingly rather eat steak than sleep—almost half the total number! Doesn't that give you a priceless idea?

Now that winter is with us and Father's two weeks vacation is but a memory, he's beginning to show a certain irascibility. Cold weather is ruining his golf game on the days he had planned to sneak away from the office. Soon the Christmas bills will come pouring in and Uncle Sam will want to know what became of last year's income.

The situation will become truly serious if you fold your arms and wait until next July when the head of the family, loaded down with fishing tackle, leaves for the mountains.

But—don't give up the ship! It's remarkable what a good dinner will do for a man. Take a tip from Warren Hull's wife Dorothy, who told me, "Just as we think of ham and eggs,

apple pie and cheese, so are men and steaks synonymous."

We were sitting in the patio while Warren and Lawrence Riley were fixing their own luncheon. Larry was brought to the coast by Warner Brothers after his play *Personal Appearance* proved such a smash hit on Broadway. When you see Mae West in her film version of the play you will marvel how a young man living in Warren, Pennsylvania, reared in an ancestral atmosphere and growing up among the family heirlooms could have spotlighted Hollywood in such a delightful and hilarious fashion.

Warren is under contract to the same studio so these two have many a friendly pow-wow over scenarios and how the characters should be played—when they aren't discussing the proper ways to cook steak!

"I wouldn't go near the kitchen for a million dollars," Dorothy laughed when I asked for a glass of water. "You go. They'll have to be polite and let you in."

So in I went—and came out with more ways to prepare a steak than you could shake a fork at! When I expressed surprise over Warren knowing so much about cooking he nonchalantly said, "I taught Dorothy all she knows about it."

IT SEEMS that before they were married, Warren was a struggling young actor—and a hungry one. He and another chap decided it was cheaper to cook their own meals than buy them, so he had plenty of experience.

The Hulls are one of Hollywood's happiest couples. Now that fame and financial security has come to them, they look back on the lean years with amusement—but what courage those youngsters possessed!

"Dorothy was a promising actress, but she stopped work the day we were married," Warren once told me. "I *thought* I was promising—anyway I was determined to support my wife."

To cap the climax, they had three children in quick succession at the peak of their own little depression. It has been only the past few years that Mrs. Hull has had any domestic help. Small wonder that Warren can whip together a meal or change diapers with equal adroitness!

Not to be outdone, Larry gave me an original sauce that smacks of positive genius. It may be poured over pan fried or broiled steak.

Roquefort Sauce

- 4 oz. Roquefort cheese
- 3 small green onions, chopped
- 1 tbsp. Lea and Perrins Worcestershire Sauce
- 2 tbsp. Tarragon vinegar
- 2 tbsp. olive oil

Fry onions lightly in oil and add vinegar and Worcestershire sauce. Crush and mash Roquefort and work into sauce until thick. Serve piping hot over steak.

And now for recipes guaranteed to put a man in a good humor!

Broiled Steak

- 1 sirloin, porterhouse or fillet of beef, 2 inches thick
- 1 clove of garlic
- butter
- salt and pepper

Have broiler very hot. Rub grill with fat end of steak, to avoid sticking. Rub meat with cut side of garlic clove. Place meat on broiler and cook until half done. Turn on other side and cook until the desired degree of doneness is reached. If rare or medium steaks are in order, watch carefully and remove when ready. Serve with melted butter and large slice of Spanish onion.

German Style Steak

- 1½ lbs. sirloin steak cut ½ inch thick
- 6 slices bacon
- 3 dill pickles
- ¼ cup catsup
- ½ cup water
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce

Cut steak in rectangular pieces, about 2x4 inches. Lay slice of bacon on each piece of steak, ½ dill pickle on bacon, roll up and secure with toothpick. Dip in flour well-seasoned with salt and pepper. Sear in hot skillet with butter. Place meat in casserole. Make a sauce of catsup, water and Worcestershire sauce and pour over. Bake for 45 minutes in moderate oven. Serve garnished with parsley.

Spanish Steak

- 2½ lbs. thick steak, round or shoulder
- 2 tbsp. butter
- sliced onions
- 1 chopped green pepper
- 1 4 oz. can stuffed olives
- 1 can cream of tomato soup (Heinz)

Brown steak in skillet with butter. Place in baking dish, cover with sliced onions and green pepper. Pour whole olives with liquid over meat and add soup. Bake in moderate oven for 2 hours.

LOVELY

Miss Helen Bernard—New Permanent Wave by Walter & Sisters, fashionable New York Hairdresser.

"MY SECRET OF LOVELINESS—I use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," says Miss Helen Bernard, of Wheeling, W. Va.

CHARMING Miss Bernard, NOVEMBER winner of MARCHAND'S BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH Contest, tells us how she improved her *whole appearance*. "I keep my hair soft and lustrous with Marchand's," says Miss Bernard. Blonde or Brunette, you too can gain new attractiveness your friends will admire. How? Develop fully your one *natural* charm, your hair!

BLONDES—To have your hair a lovely golden shade brightens your whole appearance. Evenly restore youthful lustre to dull, faded or streaked hair with Marchand's.

BRUNETTES—Just a rinse with Marchand's adds a sparkling, glowing sheen to your hair. Or if you wish, using Marchand's full strength you too can lighten your hair to any golden shade.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES—End worry over unsightly hair on arms—and legs. Women everywhere are now using Marchand's to make "superfluous" hair *unnoticeable*. Invisible through even sheerest stockings! Start today! Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drugstore. Use it tonight, at home.

Would You, Too, Like to Visit New York—FREE

Full details of Marchand's Blonde-Of-The-Month Contest in your package of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. At your druggist. Or mail coupon below.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH, 521 West 23rd St., NEW YORK CITY
Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

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—USE
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The New Vogue in Vamps

[Continued from page 57]

Not long after that secret little jaunt, the telephone rang at ten o'clock at night. Gertrude, in padded slippers, sneaked down stairs and answered it. That agent had called and asked her if she could come to New York at once for an audition.

Throwing discretion to the winds, she raced to her parents' room and hammered on the door.

"Get up! Get up! I've got to go to New York, RIGHT NOW!"

"Get into bed," her father shouted, "you're not going any place at this hour of the night."

Stormy tears and threats and pleadings followed, until her understanding mother took a hand and whispered to her father.

"I think you're making a mistake. If you stop her now, then she will go onto the stage in spite of all we can do. I'll go with her. If she is given a job, she will soon tire of it, because she doesn't know what hardship is. Besides, she might not be any good, then we'll be through with stage talk forever."

That midnight audition brought her a contract that paid her one hundred dollars a week. Two weeks later she telephoned her father, who was then a realtor, and asked if he would have dinner downtown with her. After dinner she drove round and round one block. Finally her father said, "What in the world are you driving around in a circle for, aren't there any other streets in town?"

"Oh, Daddy," she cried in an exasperated little voice, "are you blind? Look!" and she pointed up to the marquee bearing her name in electric lights.

AFTER that, every night club, every theatre in New York and vicinity wanted

Gertrude Niesen—even the radio couldn't get along without the child star. At one time she was playing in four places at once. She was appearing at the *Palace Theatre*, then dashing through a hotel, without even waiting for her bows, and appearing in the second act of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's stage play, *The Party*, then hurrying over to Jersey City to appear at a night club, and back to the *Palace* in time for the last show. And along with that line-up, she did three radio broadcasts a week.

Her advent into pictures is the result of a holiday. She and her family came here for a rest. Because she was asked and because she is an obliging young miss, she appeared one night at the *Trocadero*. The next day she was offered tests by many studios and finally decided on Universal.

When it comes to clothes and what to eat, she leaves that up to her mother. Her father tells us a cute little story about clothes. Gertrude's weekly income is very large, mostly because it comes from so many sources. One evening as they were returning from work, which consisted of a broadcast, two shows at the theatre and one at a night club, they walked past a hat shop. Gertrude spied a pretty hat in the window. She exclaimed about it to her father. She even walked back to look at it again. After they arrived home, and her mother asked how the shows had gone, Gertrude said, "Oh, they went all right, but mother, there's the most beautiful hat in a shop down the street—do you suppose I could have it?"

Somehow it never has occurred to Gertrude that she could, as far as money and position goes, have practically anything in the world. She doesn't realize it, but she's a new vogue in vamps.



When a bevy of usherettes at the Los Angeles County Fair at Pomona caught sight of Joe Penner walking into the grandstand, they swarmed around him, bent on getting an autograph. Joe thought it was a lynching party, at first, but finally gave all the girls a signature

Personality of the Month

WHEN Margo, exotic brunette beauty, danced at Los Angeles' famed Cocoanut Grove three years ago, her spirited Mexican dances won enthusiastic applause from smart, sophisticated audiences.

But not one of the motion picture executives among the spectators offered her a contract.

A year later Margo danced at the Waldorf Astoria in New York City. There she was seen by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, who saw in her, despite her lack of acting experience, the ideal heroine for their first joint screen effort, *Crime Without Passion*. Making her debut opposite Claude Rains, Margo's dark-eyed beauty and surprisingly mature talent won for her a widespread public.

Hollywood immediately clamoured for her services.

Such, in brief, is the story of Margo—another version of the prophet who was without honor in his own country.

Although Margo first won public acclaim as a dancer, it is as an actress that she hopes to achieve the heights. And she has a way of making her dreams come true. A year ago, when she read James Hilton's novel, *Lost Horizon*, she hoped, when and if the story were

Once Hollywood applauded her dancing but passed her by. Now studios clamor for her services.



MARGO

filmed, to play the part of the Chinese girl on the screen. And while she was making her second and third pictures,

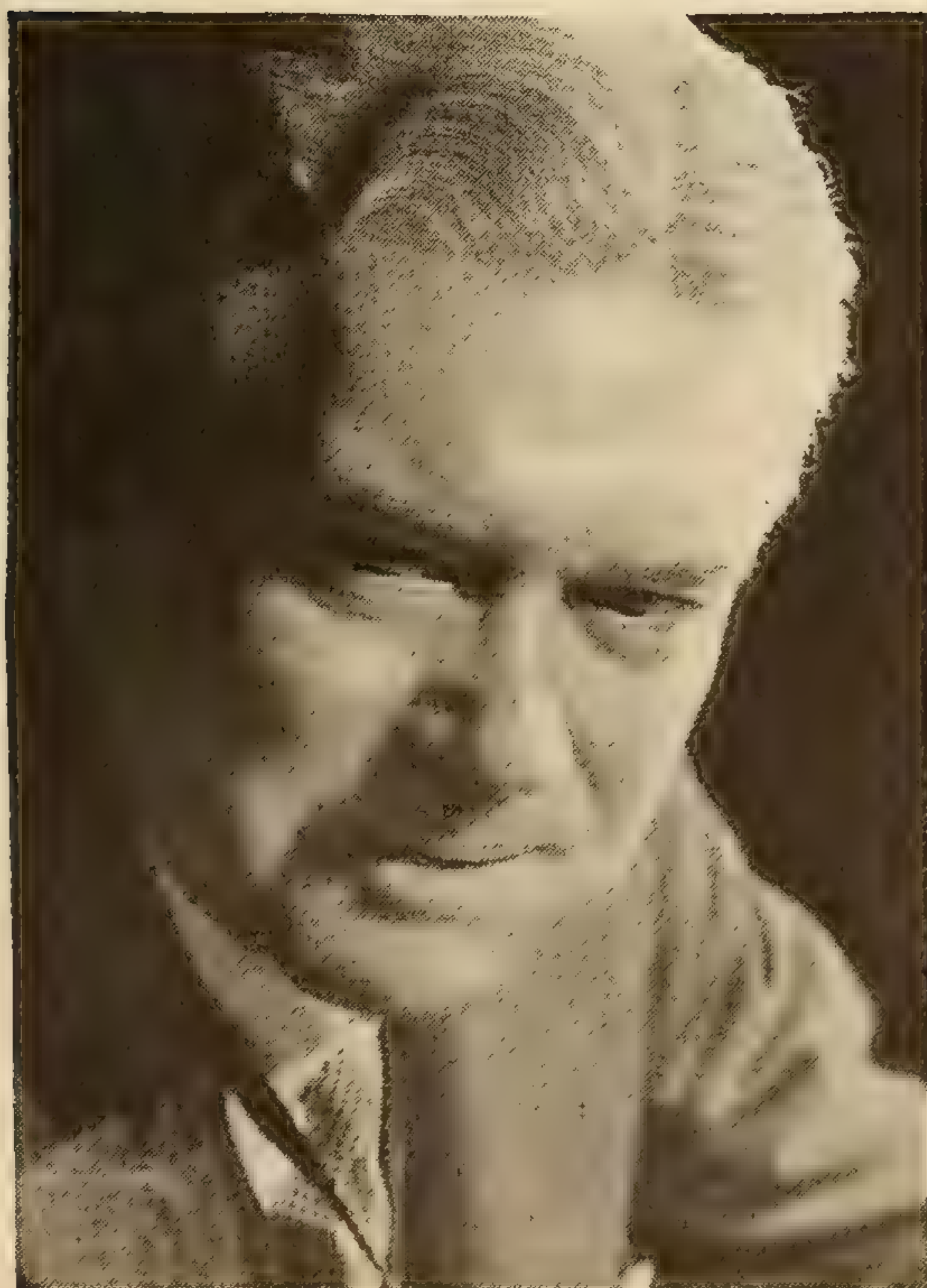
Rhumba and *Robin Hood of Eldorado*, she looked forward to the time when she might work with Hollywood's foremost director, Frank Capra.

Today she is at Columbia Studios playing the part she wanted in *Lost Horizon* opposite Ronald Colman under Capra's direction! It was through the personal instigation of Arthur Hilton, who saw her on Broadway in her recent stage success, *Winterset*, that she was chosen for the rôle.

Born in Mexico City a scant twenty years ago, Margo is the daughter of Dr. Amedeo Bolado, celebrated surgeon. She inherited the rhythmic talents of her Latin ancestors and made her debut as a dancer at the age of six. Soon afterwards she went to Spain with her parents, where she studied dancing for several years. Upon her return to Mexico City, she perfected the Mexican dances which have since won for her international fame. She performed, while still in her 'teens, at Agua Caliente and at the Cocoanut Grove.

Unmarried, Margo is five feet four inches in height, weighs 110 pounds, has hazel eyes and dark brown hair which she wears in a soft, curling coiffure. She is vivacious and gives the effect, both in person and on the screen, of being excited—and exciting!

Let the doctor's judgment guide you in your choice of a laxative



THE SELECTION of a laxative is no problem for your doctor. He has a definite set of standards to guide him in his choice. And he knows that a *good* laxative is one that measures up to *all* of these standards. Here they are:

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable . . . Mild . . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.

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Be as wise as your doctor about the laxative you use. Don't punish your system with harsh cathartics. Give Ex-Lax a trial. Find out how mild, how

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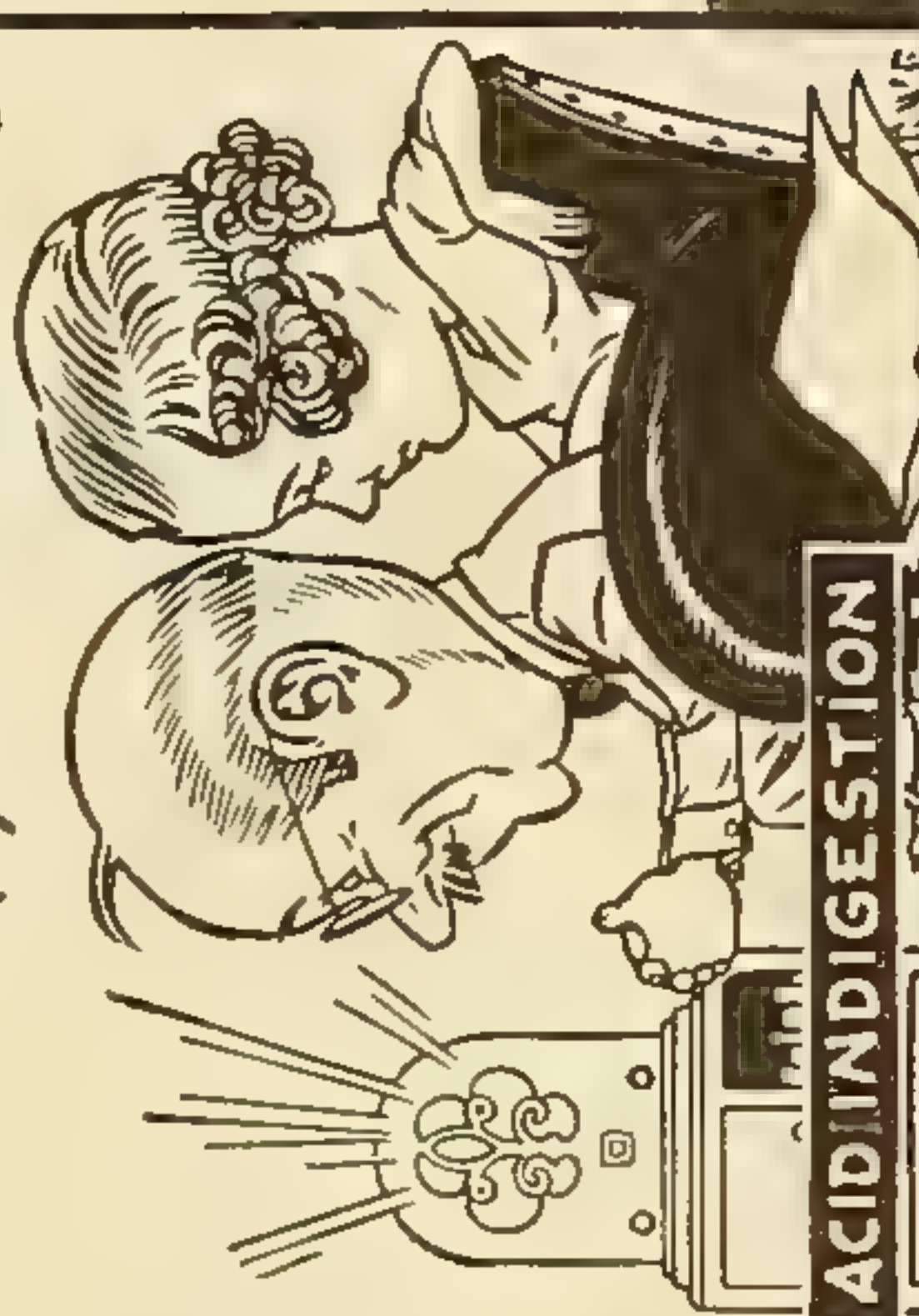
AT ALL
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And if by chance you celebrate A victory or defeat, A glass of Alka-Seltzer's great to put you on your feet




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Let not INFLATION cause alarm. If you're prepared, 'twill do no harm. After you eat, if gases rise, Just simply Alka-Seltzer-ize.



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Upon the question of RELIEF. My plan is simple, plain and brief. Take Alka-Seltzer, tried and true, It's good for colds and headaches too.



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The Screen's Only Woman Director

by Marky Dowling



Dorothy Arzner is seen on the set of *Craig's Wife* which she directed for Columbia.

MEET Dorothy Arzner, and you understand why she is one of Hollywood's ace directors!

Chat with her—and you understand why so little is known, even in the cinema colony, about one of our most fascinating personalities! Ask her a personal question, and often, without any attempt to evade, she will answer straight-forwardly, "I really wouldn't know!"

Her concentration is directed outward, away from herself, and it is the minds of others that she finds interesting—not her own!

But don't think her own mind is inactive! Maybe that's why producers choose her for their most difficult assignments. She

just finished *Craig's Wife*, in which Rosalind Russell plays one of literature's meanest women.

Now she is doing *Mother Carey's Chickens*, with Ginger Rogers essaying her first straight dramatic part.

"Oddly enough," she told me, "I like directing stars in pictures that prove to be turning points in their careers." And she has done it often. But she added modestly: "the rôles, really, effected the change—rather than my direction."

Her first picture, *Fashions for Women*, was Esther Ralston's first starring picture. Reviews read: "A triumph for both star and director."

Wild Party, Clara Bow's first talking

Meet Dorothy Arzner whose progress has been from typist, script girl, cutting room assistant to top director!

picture, brought Fredric March a contract with Paramount.

Sarah and Son, one of Miss Arzner's most brilliant pictures, made Ruth Chatterton world-famed, and gave her the title, "First Lady of the Screen."

Merrily We Go To Hell was outstanding for both Fredric March and Sylvia Sydney.

Refer to these pictures of the past and Miss Arzner says: "As far as I am concerned, they are ancient history and serve only as an instrument to be used for better work now. It's what I am doing now that counts."

Amazingly enough, Hollywood does not limit her to "woman's angle" stories, and if you call her the screen's "only woman director" she will refuse the title, and tell you a list of other women who have made their marks in the production field. She has foresight, vision, and imagination, and she has the authority of any man director.

How does a girl start out to become a director? She receives hundreds of letters asking that question. Her own route, from cutting room to director's chair, proved successful also for Lewis Milestone and Josef von Sternberg. Miss Arzner herself hesitates to discuss her rise from studio stenographer to top director. "The incidents of themselves are of value only in so far as they are alive and active now," she says. But her progress from typist, script girl, cutting room assistant, head cutter, writer of original stories, and then director is easily explained by the fact that she fills each job so thoroughly, giving it the whole of her amazing energy, that she just naturally rises to a better one!

In the studios, they call her type of direction "the Dorothy Arzner system." She works with the writer upon the script. She directs. Then she supervises the cutting. And the whole becomes a Dorothy Arzner product throughout.

Unusual assignments, making new demands on her talents, interest her most. (She was offered a producer's job with one studio, but prefers to concentrate completely upon a single picture.)

Always self-effacing and modest, Miss Arzner was called upon in her first scene to handle a group of 60 extras, as well as the principal players.

"For ten days I was so nervous that I couldn't eat," she admits.

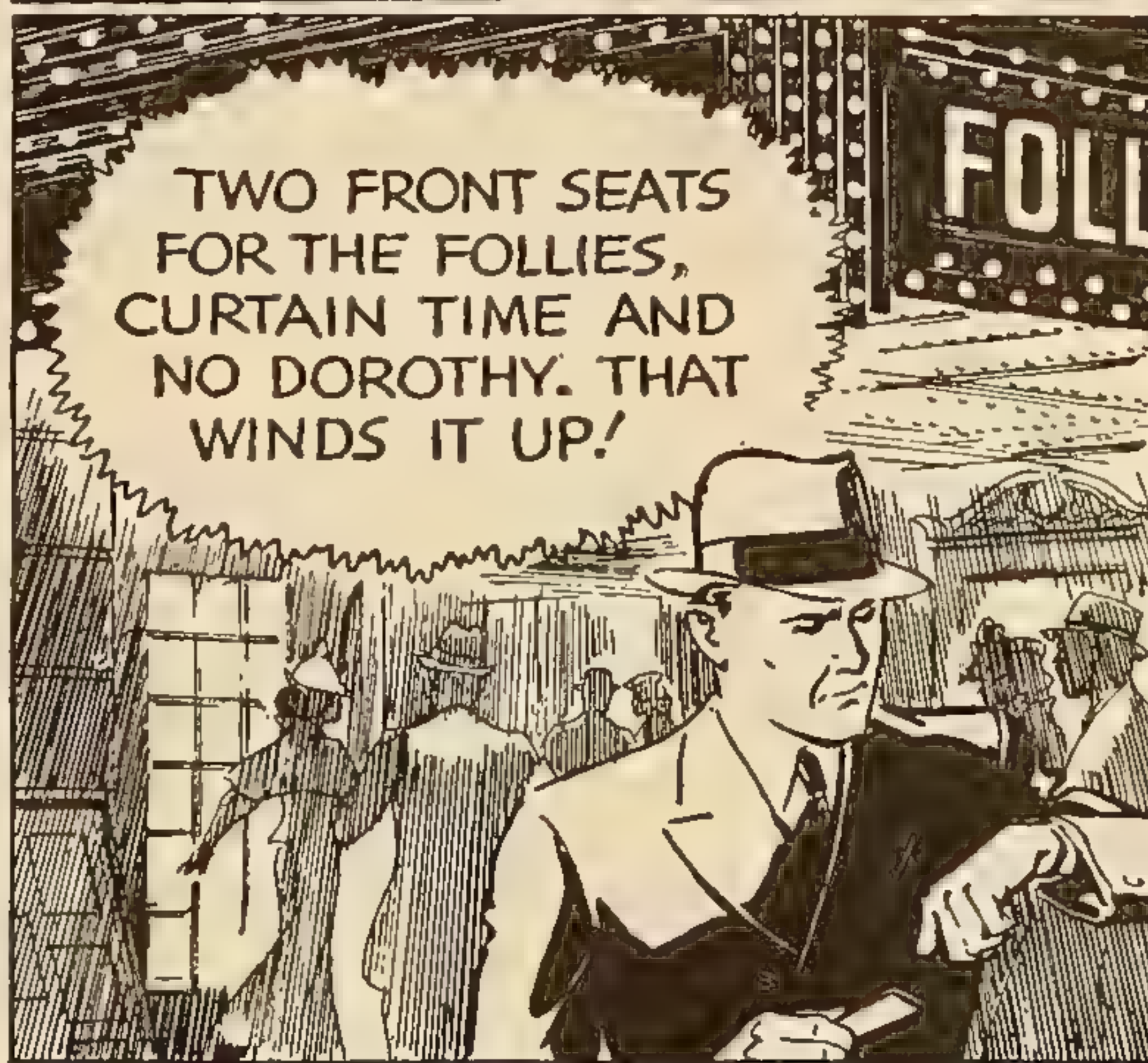
Then a friend took her into a projection room one morning and showed her the previous day's rushes of all directors, with her own rushes at the end.

"That's how I lost my fear," she says. "He proved to me that my own work was as good as the rest."

The other side of the story illuminates her extraordinary modesty, for at that moment producers, executives, and other directors were marvelling at the ease—the veteran's ease!—with which this astonishing girl was handling her difficult assignment.

Right now *Craig's Wife* is speaking rather loudly. It may be the turning point in Rosalind Russell's career. When you see it, look behind the action and the characters upon the screen, and add to your pleasure by thinking of the level-eyed and composed woman who sat in the director's chair!

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER



THERE is no longer any excuse for giving-in to periodic pain! It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable remedy for such suffering. Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol.

Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period. So, don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" certain days of

every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable — with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven remedy for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

You can get Midol in a trim little aluminum case at any drug store. Then you may enjoy a new freedom!

Midol's relief is so swift, you may think it is a narcotic. It's *not*. And its relief is lasting; two tablets see you through your worst day.

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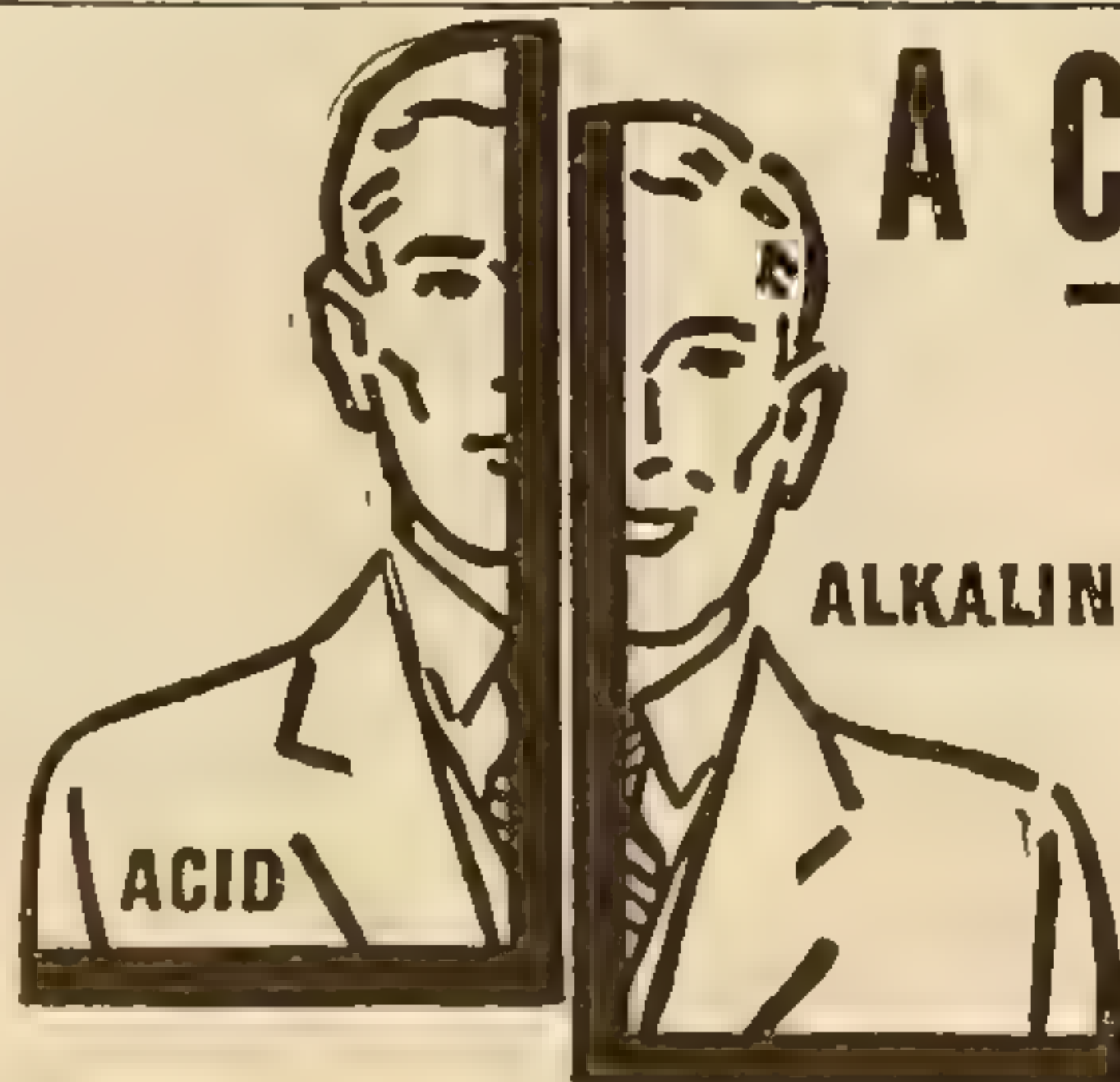
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A COLD UPSETS THIS BALANCE

Many doctors say a lowering of the alkaline side of the balance...an excess of acid in your system...is often the cause of colds. Because of this, Luden's now have an added ALKALINE FACTOR.

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HELP BALANCE YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE

NEW CREAM MASCARA

Ends the artificial look of old-fashioned mascara!



**Waterproof . . .
far easier to use!**

True charm now replaces the bold, theatrical look that has discouraged so many women from using old-fashioned forms of mascara.

The effect you have always wished to achieve with mascara is now actually possible! Your lashes seeming to sweep your cheeks with their length . . . their luxuriance rich with the enticing charm of *naturalness*!

Obviously, such exciting loveliness requires an entirely new kind of mascara; one that darkens lashes without shouting "mascara"; one that does not brand its user as artificial, "theatrical" or "bold."

TATTOO Cream Mascara is just that. It goes on so evenly and smoothly its presence on the lashes is not detected. Nor will tears, rain or a plunge betray the secret . . . for THIS mascara, *not being mixed with water when applied*, is really waterproof! Much easier to use than cake mascara too, and perfectly harmless. Can't smart.

Complete with brush in smart rubber-lined satin vanity . . . Black . . . Brown . . . Blue . . . 50c at the better stores. TATTOO your eyelashes!

TATTOO

Cream MASCARA

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

The Show Window

[Continued from page 19]

15 MAIDEN LANE—The world's richest building—diamonds from the world at large—admission to building granted by pass only—then FLASH—the alarm rings and a ten thousand dollar diamond has been stolen from the most closely guarded building in the world. Thus begins this rapid fire mystery that is packed with thrills, murders and hair's-breadth escapes sure to keep the audience on the edge of their seats for the entire picture. Cesar Romero as a diamond thief, Claire Trevor as the nervy girl out to land him in prison, and Lloyd Nolan as the detective turn in excellent work. The rest of the cast is composed of well known supporting players who turn in fine performances. There are millions of dollars of jewels involved and the audience is taken behind the scenes and shown how fences and jewel thieves work.—20th Century-Fox.

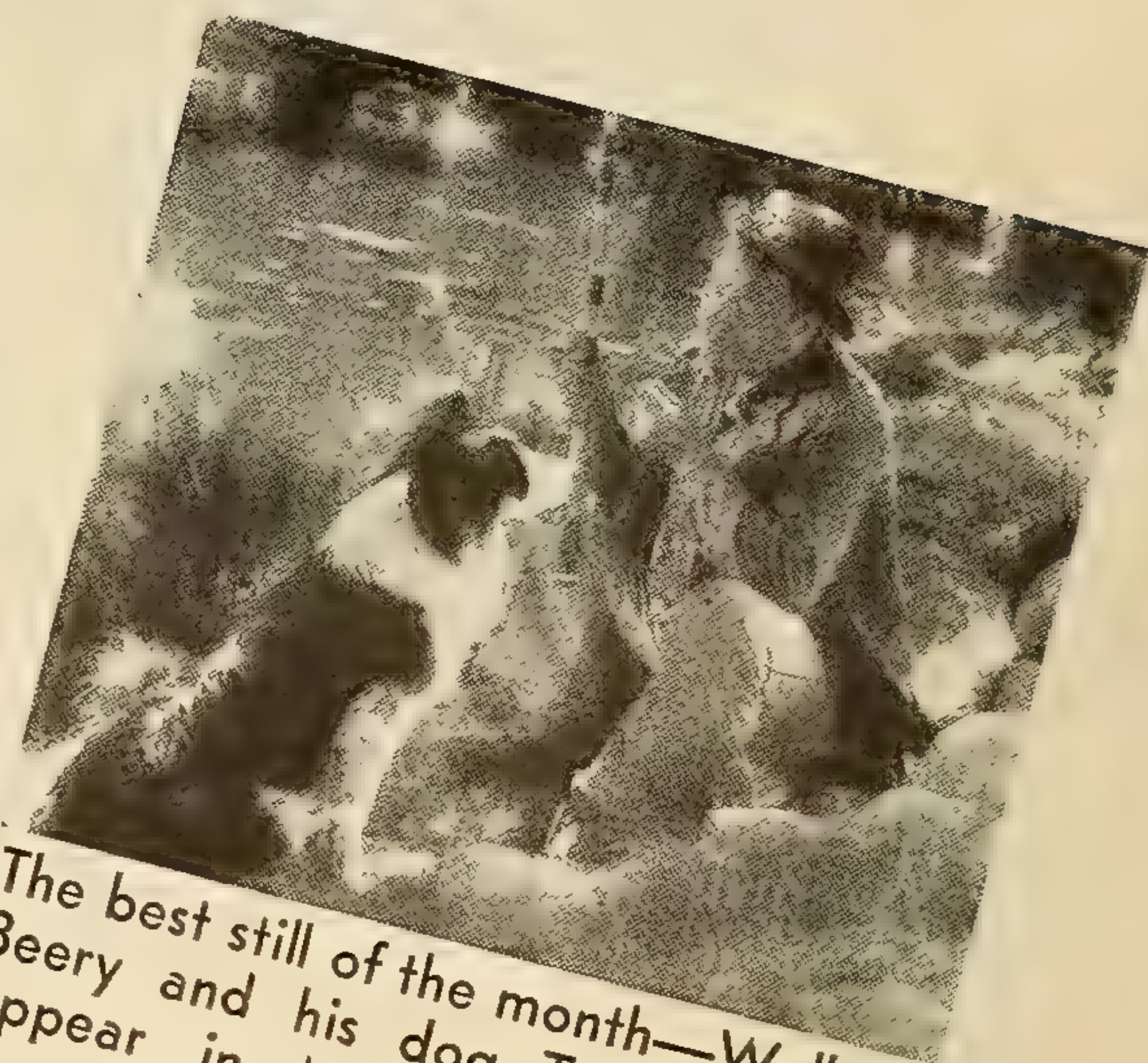
OLD HUTCH—An amusing story of a small town loafer. Wallace Beery is perfect in the part and when he finds a tin can with thousands of dollars cached away in it, the fun begins. He feels that the only way he can successfully make use of the money is to go to work. In this way the people won't be as surprised if he suddenly blossoms out with \$1,000 bills. Unfortunately he becomes involved in a robbery. By a lucky break he is indirectly responsible for the capture of the bandits. How he becomes involved and finally gets out is one of the most entertaining pictures of its kind since *Lightin'*. Beery is supported in the cast by Eric Linden, Cecelia Parker, Elizabeth Patterson and Robert McWade.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

THE GAY DESPERADO—This interested observer of the cinema scene still refuses to pluck a page from the press agent's dictionary, but he can honestly and enthusiastically report that *The Gay Desperado* is superb. Not only is this first effort of the Pickford-Lasky combination grand entertainment, but it proves a very definite answer to those critics who heretofore have claimed that there never was a good film made with an opera singer in it. The excellence of *The Gay Desperado* owes much to Nino Martini—for his songs as well as for his acting; it owes much to Leo Carillo who portrays the swaggering chief of a Mexican bandit gang; and it owes much to Rouben Mamoulian whose direction in this picture explains why he is regarded as "tops" in the directorial field.

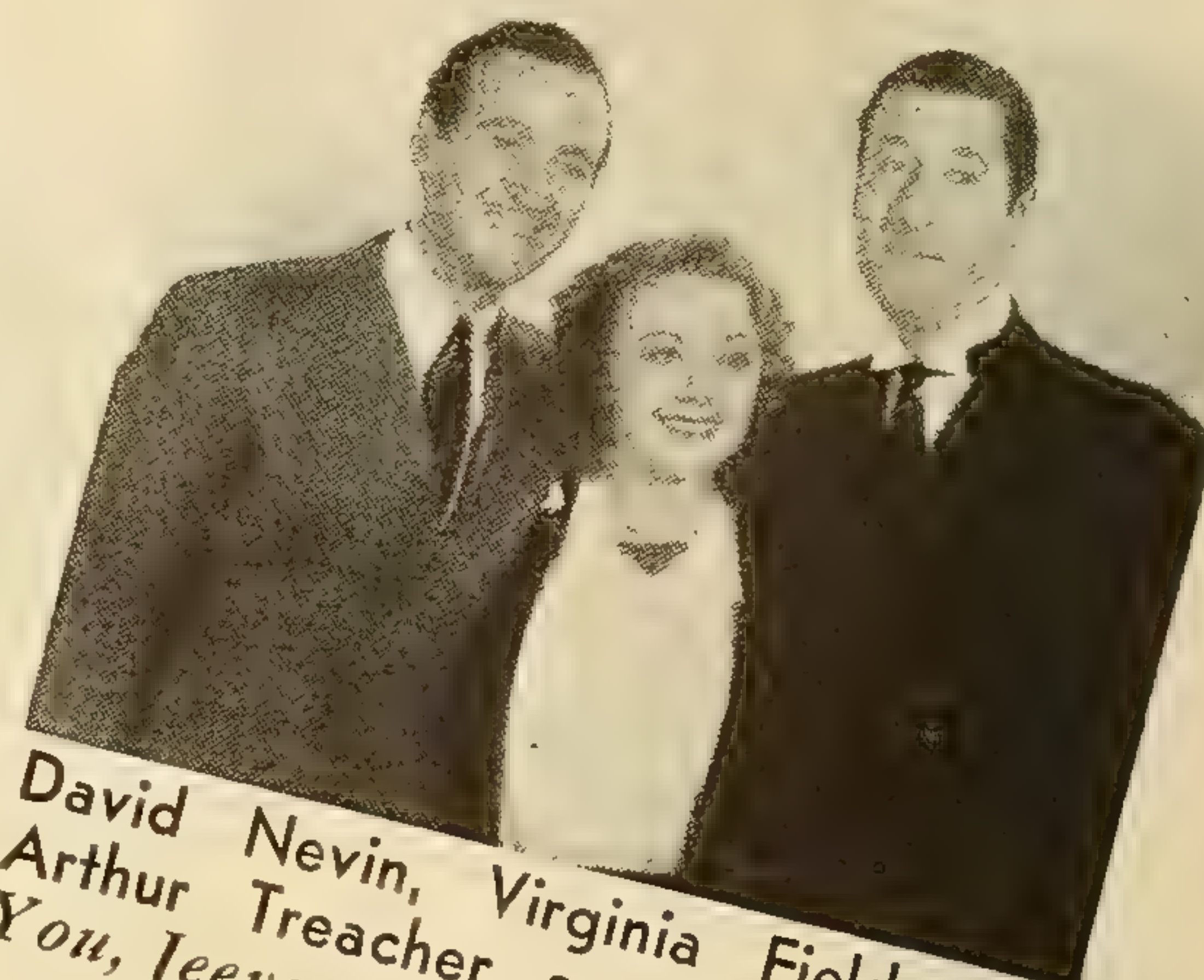
The Gay Desperado is keyed to a fast tempo that never lags while telling the story of a Mexican bandit who, after witnessing the screen version of the way his American brothers work, adopts their technique for his own. He kidnaps Ida Lupino and her cowardly fiance, James Blakely, and then becomes involved in an adventure which he gladly relinquishes in favor of his old Mexican methods of banditry. Ida Lupino, James Blakely, Harold Huber, Mischa Auer, deserve gold stars and orchids for the splendid portrayals of their respective characters. See this one, by ALL MEANS!—Pickford-Lasky.

GOOD

THANK YOU, JEEVES—Here is a well adapted screen play of the P.G. Wodehouse gentleman's gentleman. There is a tendency toward slapstick but nevertheless it is chock full of laughs. David Niven as Jeeves'



The best still of the month—Wallace Beery and his dog Tuffy as they appear in M-G-M's *Old Hutch*.



David Nevin, Virginia Field and Arthur Treacher score in *Thank You, Jeeves*, 20th Century-Fox film.



Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper, Peggy Conklin, Freddie Bartholomew and Ian Hunter in *The Devil Is A Sissy*, M-G-M.



William Frawley, Roscoe Karns, and Lynn Overman in Paramount's *Three Married Men*.

master is continually getting into trouble as a modern knight errant rescuing maidens and Jeeves is called upon to rescue both of them. Arthur Treacher as Jeeves carries the entire picture with a magnificent portrayal. His top spot is when he eats lunch and mixes his salad dressing. Watch for this scene. Treacher and Niven are supported by Virginia Field, Lester Matthews, Colin Tapley, John Graham Spacey, Ernie Stanton and others.—*20th Century-Fox*.

THREE MARRIED MEN—Aided by papier-maché love birds and phonograph records on how to make love and with this atmosphere for a happy marriage, Roscoe Karns and Mary Brian fall in love and are married only to separate on their wedding night. The respective families attempt to get them back together again in spite of having been enemies for years. Amid all this turmoil Mary's two brothers offer advice to Roscoe as they know ALL about the holy state of wedlock. You'll have to see the picture to appreciate the snappy dialogue. Others in the cast are William Frawley, Lynn Overman, George Barbier, Marjorie Gateson, Betty Ross Clarke, Mabel Colcord, Bennie Bartlett, Gail Sheridan, Cora Sue Collins, Donald Meek and others.—*Paramount*.

ISLE OF FURY—Formerly titled *THREE IN EDEN* this picture is a thoroughly enjoyable version of the "two-men-and-a-girl" plot. Margaret Lindsay gives her usual fine performance as the wife of Humphry Bogard, pearl fisher, and owner of the island which is used as the background for the picture. Donald Woods is convincing in his rôle of mysterious stranger who is rescued from a sinking ship during a realistic tropical hurricane. During his stay on the island, he and Bogart play tit-for-tat in saving each other's lives through a series of intrigues and mishaps which continues at an exciting pace throughout the picture. Woods shows fine restraint in the scenes where he declares his love for Margaret Lindsay, and at the same time, decides to leave the island rather than risk losing the friendship of her husband. E. E. Clive, Paul Graetz, Tetsu Komai and Gordon Hart make up a first rate supporting cast. Photography is excellent with some particularly good underwater shots.—*Warners*.

THE PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY—Main theme of this mystery chiller is built around a theme that asks Can a Multi-Millionaire Disappear? Henry Wilcoxon as a noted lawyer disappears and the story follows him through his self exile to a small canning district where he attempts to aid the workers' cause by re-opening a closed cannery that has been closed down by lack of finances. Having been responsible for defeating a relief bill in Congress, Wilcoxon places his own resources at the disposal of the unemployed, becomes head of the cannery and fights against individual knavery and industrial maladjustments with great vigor. He falls in love with Betty Furness, one-time owner of the cannery. Sidney Blackmer, as the industrial competitor, turns in an excellent bit of acting, as does Evelyn Brent who has the thankless rôle of Wilcoxon's selfish wife. Barnett Parker, Med Ruick, Wade Boteler and John Wary all contribute praise-worthy efforts to make the picture good entertainment.—*Republic*.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

With this issue Fawcett Publications are pleased to announce the largest paid circulation in history and November magazines contain the largest advertising receipts in its history.



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Now you can REDUCE
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without exercising, starvation diet or using dangerous drugs. Be slender—graceful—charming! Dixie Tablets, the modern medical method, literally "melts" away UGLY FAT. Beware of FAT—it is dangerous to the heart and health. Reduce NOW and ENJOY LIFE as others do.

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MUMTAZ SOLID PERFUME

Hollywood's White Hopes

[Continued from page 29]

Hilliard and Owen Davis, Jr. Harriet you'll remember as the appealing, husky-voiced sister of Ginger Rogers in *Follow the Fleet*. A success? Of course, she was a success! She would have been starred by now except that she was—is—in love! And being one of those sincere, whole-souled girls to whom love means more than anything else in the world, she did what might seem to some people an amazing thing. . . . On the eve of stardom she set her career aside for the joys of wifehood and motherhood. Married to Ozzie Nelson, well known New York orchestra leader, three days before she came west to go to work in *Follow the Fleet*, she went back east when the picture was over to stay with Ozzie and to wait joyfully for the stork.

However, after this blessed event—and it won't be long now—Harriet is going to take up her career where she left off. She's coming west again and will do a picture for RKO the minute she is able.

Owen Davis, Jr., you saw in *His Majesty*, *Bunker Bean* and *Grand Jury*, and they think a lot of him, too, over at RKO. Of course he's had stage experience. The son of the famous playwright, he has played not only in stock in New York but in his father's own productions. RKO believes him definitely a star of tomorrow.

At Warner Brothers?

James Melton, they tell you, there, Craig

Reynolds and Jean Madden.

James Melton played the young singer with Pat O'Brien in *Stars Over Broadway*.

He's a southern boy, the son of a prosperous Florida sawmill owner. He thought he'd like to be a lawyer after he graduated from college (University of Florida) but strangely enough, it was the president of the university who changed his mind for him.

Just before he graduated, this learned gentleman called him to his office and asked him what he planned to do after he got his A. B. degree.

"Go to law school," Jimmy told him. "Why?"

"Because I don't think you should," was the answer. "I think you should sing. For a long time I've been hearing your solos in chapel. Music is your destiny."

And so James Melton, football, basketball, and track star, became a singer. First he sang over the radio; a talent scout heard him and Warner Brothers signed him up. Now they're glad they did because they're sure he's a star of tomorrow.

Craig Reynolds is another "good bet" at Warners'. Craig is that strapping, handsome, he-man guy who played Joan Blondell's boy friend in *Stage Struck*, and the humorous wise-cracking reporter in *Jail Break*. He also has a grand part in the *Case of the Black Cat*, which you may have seen by now.



—Gaston Longet

Margo and Burgess Meredith rehearse a scene from RKO-Radio's *Winterset*. The two are playing for the screen the rôles they created in the Broadway production of the famous Maxwell Anderson play



Virginia Weidler and Bennie Bartlett, young Paramount stars, get a close-up shot at their Thanksgiving turkey. The youngsters have rôles in *Maid of Salem*, a Frank Lloyd production

Jean Madden was also in *Stage Struck*. She's a little Scranton, Pa., high school girl with a lovely voice who was slated for the Metropolitan Opera company when talent scouts lured her to Hollywood. They think she's great at Warners—and also headed toward the top.

At Paramount they tell you their surest stars of tomorrow are Frances Farmer and John Howard.

STRANGELY enough Frances Farmer had to travel 12,000 miles from her home in Seattle, Washington, before she got a job in Hollywood. She won a popularity contest conducted by a Seattle newspaper, with a trip to Moscow as its prize, and it was during that trip she met Dr. George Gladstone who arranged for her the successful tests which won her a rôle in Katherine Hepburn's stage play, *The Lake*. Then, on her birthday in September, 1935, she was given a contract by Paramount.

John Howard, one of Filmdom's few actors to wear a Phi Beta Kappa key, incidentally, has been at Paramount longer than most of Hollywood's white hopes of 1937 have been at any studio. . . . He's had some good parts. But it wasn't until recently that the name of Howard soared starward. The public suddenly discovered him. It was something like the case of Clark Gable. . . . People began saying: "Who is that chap that played the such-and-such rôle in —?" Suddenly, he meant something. Suddenly Paramount began looking for special pictures for him. . . . Suddenly, Director Frank Capra borrowed him for Columbia's certain-to-be-magnificent *Lost Horizon*. Suddenly, he was one of Hollywood's best bets for the future. After *Lost Horizon* he played in *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie* for Para-

mount, said to be his best rôle to date. . . . Yes, he's going places, all right.

Andrea Leeds of the dark, soulful eyes, former student of the University of California at Los Angeles, is a Sam Goldwyn white hope. Seems that Howard Hawks, Goldwyn director, had consented to look at a U. C. L. A. dramatic club's "home talent and home directed" picture—"for a laugh." But he wasn't laughing after seeing the Leeds gal's performance. At his insistence she was signed for a good part in *Come and Get It*. They say over there she's a knock-out.

At Universal the three names you hear spoken most often are Henry Hunter, Doris Nolan and Ann Preston.

Henry, new to the screen, has scores of stage and radio successes. You saw him in *Parole*, probably.

Doris, to be seen soon in *Way for a Lady* (which title may be changed), was first signed by another studio, but given only minor parts. A Universal talent scout saw her work and she was offered a contract. She won a release from the other studio, and it now looks as if she would go far, especially in view of the big things Universal is planning for her future. Ann Preston you also saw in *Parole*, and now she has an important part in Victor McLaglan's new picture, *A Fool for Blondes*.

And there you have Hollywood's white hopes of 1937. Almost all of these players have had some measure of success, of course, but none are yet in that exalted realm of renown wherein dwell Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and the rest. Each of these young players, bidding for great fame might, in fact, be forgotten tomorrow.

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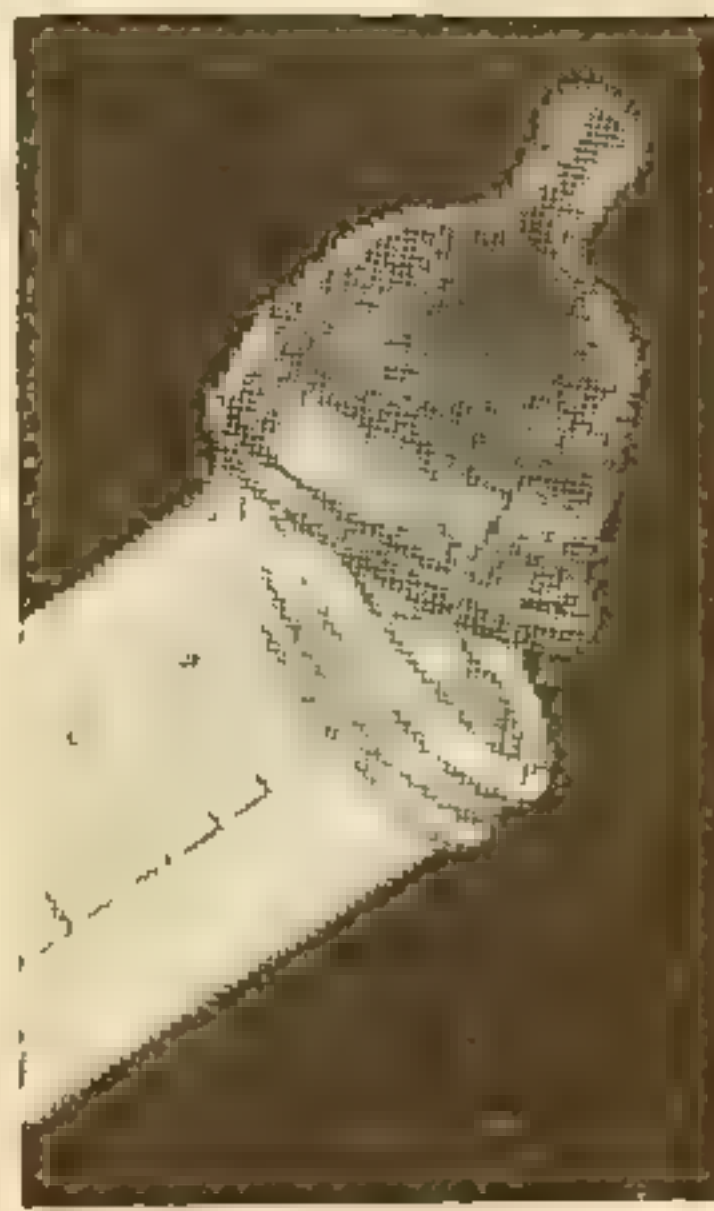
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He Makes Love to My Wife

[Continued from page 45]

of—believe it or not—Deep Water, Missouri, and that's why they still call her the Ozark Songbird), and that New England conscience wouldn't permit me to express my emotions in my face, any more than I could help. The camera soon knocked that out of me. I've learned to *give*, now—and even if it's a love scene, I can let my face *give*, too." Whereupon she sneaks a mischievous look at Hubby Frank Chapman to see how he's taking it. Frank's merely smiling, so she goes on and tells about her first screen kiss—and how, even though John Boles administered it in the most approved Bolesian manner, it was a complete disappointment.

"I was so nervous, and so completely engrossed in acting and singing, that when the kiss came it simply didn't register," says Swarthout, and not even Frank could tell whether there was a note of complaint in the remark. But that was her first screen kiss. It's different now. She's honest—

"I don't believe that a woman can be kissed, whether or not it's for the camera or the stage, and remain completely cold about it," she tells you, frankly.

But Hubby Chapman's not worried. Between these two there is a love as rich and as sweet as any girl's dream. Their romance began that way—and it's continuing. They met, you know, when Gladys was taking her first European trip—after her first season with the "Met." In Florence, Italy, she went to the opera. The lone American singer in the cast was this Frank Chapman. They met, of course—two American opera singers in Italy.

Neither of them told the other, then. But now they admit, proudly, that they fell in love then and there. But not until Frank came to America and attended the "Met" and heard Swarthout sing a love-aria (when he knew that she knew that he was in the audience, listening) did he realize that their love was mutual. And so they eloped to New Jersey and were married.

Today, there's nothing they love better than each other's company. On her days off, Gladys and Frank go to a beach club, mostly. They lie in the sand, and they talk and they make love with their eyes and their voices, just as they did years ago.

They've even worked out an anti-divorce diet, believe it or don't!

"The main cause of divorce is the clashing of temperaments," they explain. "Temperament, we believe, often comes from giving 'way to the appetite.'" And so, on the days when Gladys permits herself to eat a big steak, or a heavy meal, Hubby Frank eats lightly—a salad, preferably. And vice versa—when Frank stuffs on corned beef and cabbage or something colossal like that, it's Gladys who takes to the salad.

WELL, if the heavy meal breeds a temperamental streak, it's only one of them that has it. And temperaments can't clash unless there are two of 'em at work. And so Frank and Gladys haven't yet had a temperamental battle—and the divorce lawyers can go jump in Reno's river, whatever the name of it is, for all they care!

They've brought to Hollywood the no-cocktail custom, have the Chapmans. Gladys prefers, in place of the American cocktail, the continental custom of a bit of iced sherry before meals. Hollywood is

taking to the idea like a bitplayer takes to a lens.

Their home's pet feature, to them, is the enclosed patio. Whenever she has time, Gladys is there—in a sunsuit. As a result, she has one of the deepest natural tans in Hollywood. It's the cross-to-bear for Wally Westmore, Paramount's makeup wizard, for Swarthout's closeups. But it evens up, because for long-shots, her tan is so smooth and so even that it's even better than screen makeup, so she doesn't have to make-up at all!

One of the most striking things about Swarthout are her clothes. They become doubly so when you know that she designs them—actually and completely—herself. It's her pet hobby. She runs to tight bodices and flaring skirts. She also breaks out with a startling innovation now and then, that catches on like wildfire. Know those crownless hats that've been all the vogue? Well, Swarthout was the first to wear one in Hollywood—last year. It was her own idea. Take that, Betty Furness! Incidentally, Swarthout, although she owns lots of it, probably wears less jewelry than any other movie star today.

Although her salary, combined with her husband's, is pretty high in the four-digit bracket, their automobile is the same kind that millions of other Americans drive—\$718.34, delivered. However, they have tricked it up a bit, have Gladys and Frank, with a custom-built limousine body. But it's still a flivver!

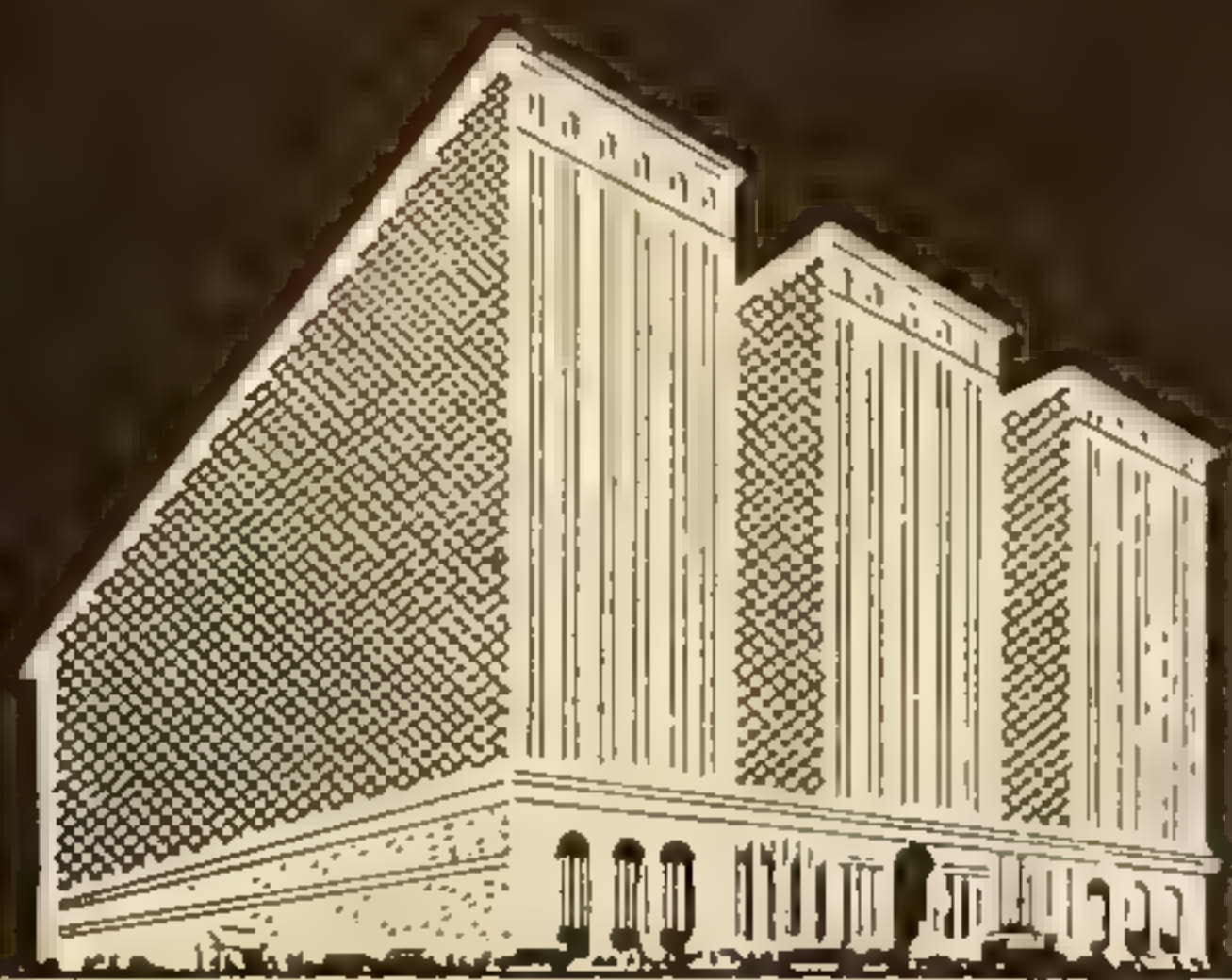
Gladys, contrary to the general impression that all opera stars are so coddled that they've got no more nerve left than a wilted leaf of lettuce, has plenty of courage. Already, in Hollywood, she's proved it twice—no, make it *thrice*.

FIRST time was during filming *Rose of the Rancho*. In a scene with John Boles, she had to stand beside Boles' horse, while she talked up to him in the saddle. Suddenly, startled, the horse reared violently, came crashing at Swarthout. Conscious of the cameras, and not wanting to ruin the scene if it could be helped, Gladys stood her ground—patted gently the plunging horse's side, calmed the beast. It might easily have crushed her against the solid wall behind her!

Second time was during *Champagne Waltz*, right now. In the midst of her rendition of the theme song, the backdrop within a few inches of her, caught fire from a spark when two cables clicked. Gladys saw the backdrop was *not* in camera range at the angle they were shooting. Once again, rather than spoil the scene, she sang calmly through the aria—even though the flames of the blazing scenery licked within a few inches of the tulle dress she wore!

And the third time was sheer moral courage, rather than physical. She actually had the bravery to name the "most interesting people I've met in Hollywood!" Why, I've seen famous personages—even the unquestionably courageous General Pershing—dodge naming their favorite actresses, their handsomest stars, their most interesting people. But Gladys up and did it—she included, by the way, Dietrich, Mrs. Clark Gable, Gloria Swanson, rival songstress Jeannette MacDonald, George Brent, Ernst Lubitsch, and Merle Oberon's boy friend, David Niven. But she topped the list with the name of Frank Chapman.

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LOS ANGELES

"My husband," she explained, "is still the most interesting person I know." That was rather nice, wasn't it?

Naturally, she knows her music. She startles Hollywood with a sort of ripleish believe-it-or-not of music. Currently, with MGM's *Romeo and Juliet* being talked of, she draws the most gasps when she tells and proves that at least eight different operatic versions of *Romeo and Juliet* have been written and produced!

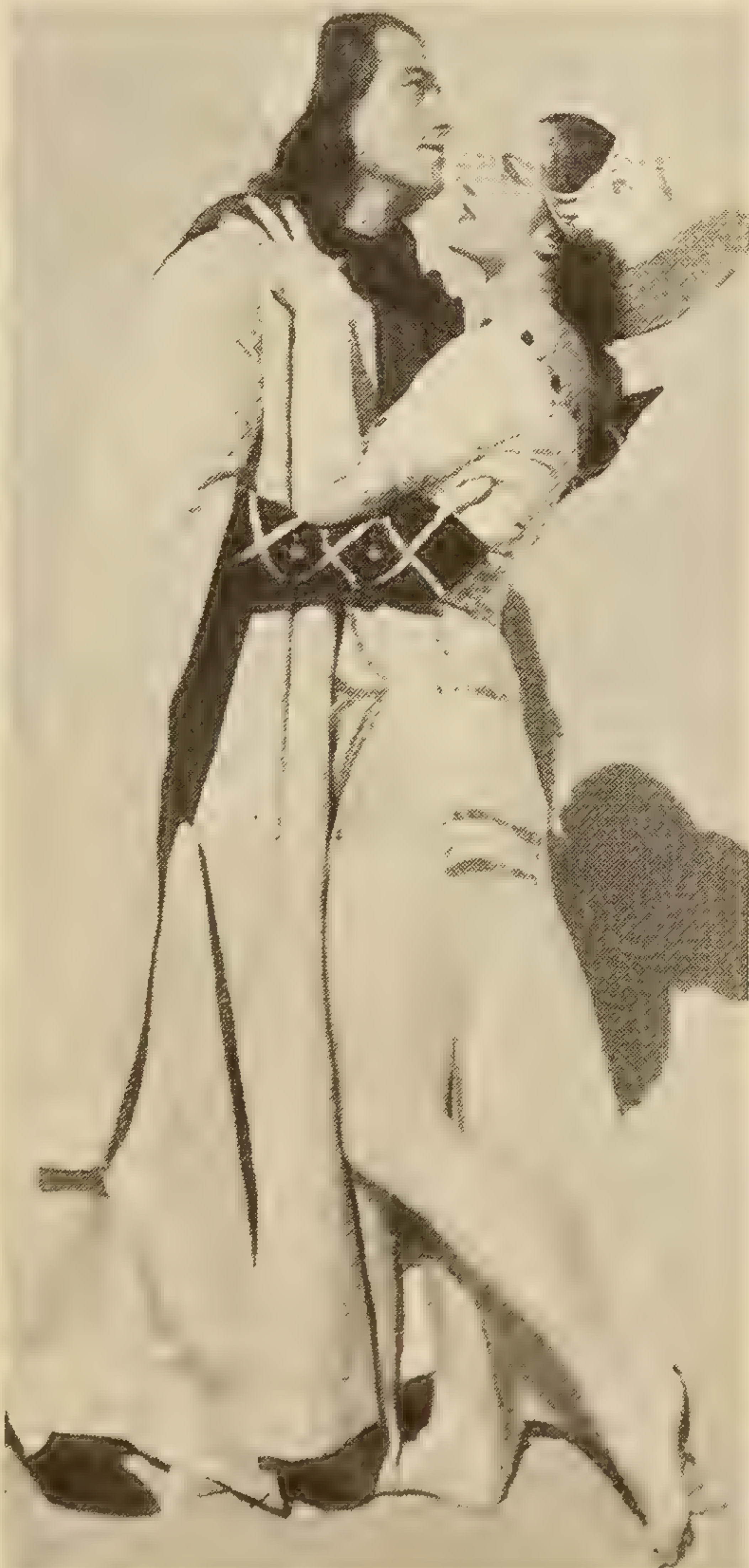
Habits? Hobbies? Superstitions? Let's see—

Well, for one thing, she collects early American silverware. Her Beverly Hills home is a treasurehouse of it. Too, she collects clippings about herself. She has a tall stack of them, all neatly pasted up in books, both the good ones and the bad ones.

SHE'S color-conscious to the extent that certain colors excite certain reactions. That's why, invariably, she has her bedroom done in blue shades; it rests her. And for particularly difficult or trying concerts, she keeps a special dress—deep indigo blue. She says it gives her the "lift" she needs to carry her through.

About her voice, she's almost sacrilegiously casual! I mean, she doesn't do trick exercises like crawling upstairs on hands and knees while singing, to develop something-or-other.

To would-be singers who want to know whether or not to follow singing as a career, she has this advice: "the very fact that you ask answers NO. If you really had to sing, you wouldn't ask; and to be a great singer, you simply have to sing, that's all."



George Houston's fine performance in stage play *Everyman* makes him again a first line threat for stardom

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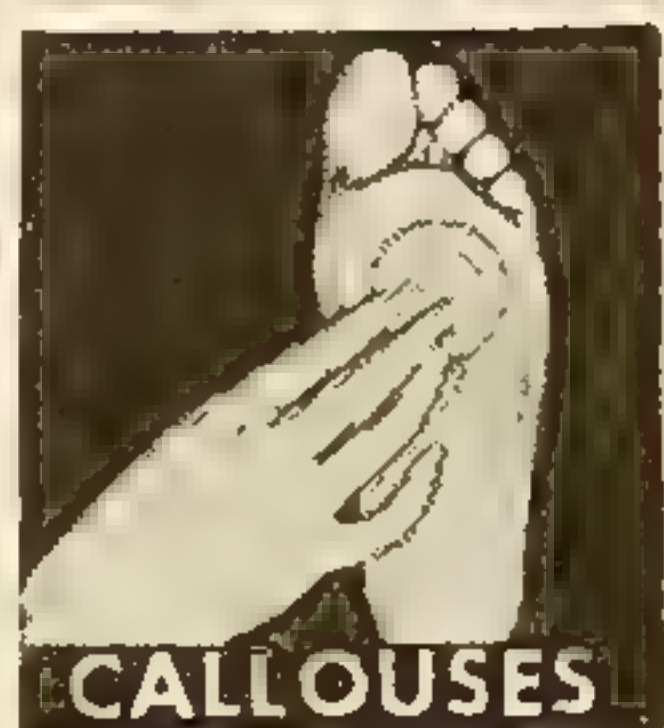
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Can't Dance?—She'll Teach You

[Continued from page 37]

and plenty of determination. The split is really the foundation on which all other dance exercises are built. It not only keeps you limber, it helps to erase that little bulge of flesh which most girls have on the inside of the thighs and stretches the muscles of both the upper and lower legs into long, graceful lines.

I usually do the split between twin beds but a couple of heavy chairs that won't upset will do just as well. Place them back to back about two feet apart. Rest your hands on the backs of the chairs, then slowly, gradually, let yourself down until your legs are straight out in opposite directions. Don't be optimistic enough to think that you will be able to get all the way down at first because you won't and you really shouldn't try.

Another way is to stand in a doorway and put your foot on the doorjamb above your head until the sole of the foot lies flat against the wooden surface. Then try to bring your body as close to the doorjamb as you can. You won't be able to get very close at first but if you keep at it you will eventually be able to get near enough so that you can reach out and get your fingers behind the molding of the door. Then the next trick is to draw your body forward until the full length of your two legs, the front of the lower one and the back of the upper one, will be flush against the side of the doorway.

At ballet school they won't bother to stand you in a doorway. They'll make you balance on one leg while they take the other one in their hands and raise and pull it until they get it not only straight up but back over your shoulder.

This exercise of course is the split set up on end and naturally you can't expect to be able to do it until you have first mastered the regular split.

Another good limbering exercise is "walking down the wall." Here's the way to do it: Stand with your back to the wall at a distance of about two feet. Throw your arms over your shoulders above your head until the palms of your hands are flat against the wall. Then gradually lower your hands on the wall and bend your back accordingly. If you keep at this long enough you will eventually be able to walk down the wall until your hands touch the floor. This limbers your back, strengthens your wrists and does wonders for your stomach.

THEN there is the exercise I call the "Lift." This helps to strengthen the ankles and legs and gives elasticity to the step. First you put the left foot in front of the right. Throw your arms above your head so that your whole body from toes to finger tips is rigidly straight and imagine that you're reaching for the moon. Then bend both knees to get the spring which takes you off the floor, straighten your legs as you rise and relax them as you land. This is a sort of standing dive and it really is a lot of fun when you get on to it.

I follow this with the *arabesque* which looks easy but if you attempt it without the right preparation you are very likely to do a nosedive. It is, primarily, a balancing exercise and the best way to start it is to put your left hand on the back of a chair until you can balance on one leg without support. When you can do that, then lean over with your right arm forward until the hand touches the floor.

With this support, practice keeping both legs straight and tense—with the left leg and the left arm thrown out behind in line with the body. The purpose of this one is to straighten the legs, beautify the knees and give perfect balance. As you gain confidence you won't need the support of the hand.

I merely suggest these as "starter" exercises which you can practice in your own home, before you go to ballet school.

After you have secured your foundation training, the next step is to strive for dance ideas. There is plenty of competition in the dancing profession and the girl who wants to make a name for herself must learn to use her head as well as her feet. Instead of copying a dance you've seen someone else do, originate your own. If you have a talent for mimicry try to put that in your dancing. Let your dance tell a story or convey an idea. When you can do that, you're on your way to success.

And here's another thing to remember: If you are going to be a dancer you must take as good care of your feet as a pianist takes of his hands. Every day I soak my feet in a solution of Epsom salts and hot water, then I rinse them with cold water and massage them with absorbine. I've recently discovered another trick which is very effective. I rub my feet with a half and half mixture of whiskey and salad oil. The oil soothes and the whiskey toughens them.

AS to diet, eat plenty of energy producing foods. You don't need to worry about such a diet putting on extra pounds. If it does, tap dancing will soon jiggle them off. I eat lots of potatoes and vegetables and drink quarts of milk.

Dancing takes a terrific amount of energy. When I am doing a show or a picture I lose pounds. It is not just the physical effort of dancing that takes energy, it is the mental effort of creating and working out dances and the terrific concentration that entails. Sometimes an idea may come to me when I'm in the midst of dinner. In spite of my mother's protests I leap up from the table and start working on it—maybe for hours. Many times I've jumped out of bed to try out a step that came to me just as I was dropping off to sleep. Always I'm striving for something new, something original. And I must confess that I frequently figure out dances that are so difficult that I can scarcely do them myself! In my current picture *Born to Dance*, for example, I am doing one that is really tough. It starts in the crow's nest of a ship and finishes up on the deck which means I have to do a lot of stair stuff. To make it even more difficult I'm decked out in a costume that is all velvet and gold braid which, by the time I've done the dance a few dozen times, seems to weigh at least a ton. Of course that's my own fault. Adrian's designs looked so grand on paper that I gave my okay without stopping to think about how much the costume might weigh. By the time I finish the picture I'll probably be a walking slat.

But—I love to dance! It almost amounts to a religion with me. That's why giving up such things as horseback riding, tennis, parties, night clubs—the things most girls call fun—has never seemed a hardship to me. And unless you feel the same way about it, don't take up dancing as a profession. Find something easier.

This Picture Reviewed for Fashions

FOR girls throughout the country who are interested in clothes and go to the theater primarily to see what the stars from Hollywood are wearing, we will bring to their attention each month the picture that to our mind is outstanding from a fashion angle.

With this in view we nominate this month for the hall of fame, *The Champagne Waltz*, produced by Paramount featuring Gladys Swarthout, Fred MacMurray and the famous dance team of Veloz and Yolanda.

The gorgeous, yet practical wardrobes for both Gladys Swarthout and Yolanda were designed by Travis Banton, Paramount's ace stylist.

In this picture Banton has given the fashion world something new and entirely different. He has put the cart before the horse, so to speak, by disregarding the old theory that some materials are smart only at certain seasons of the year, and has placed organdy, summer's darling, as the tops in winter's preferred fabric list. Also of fashion interest is the peasant influence of deep waist, full skirt and simple neckline which he has used for both daytime and evening wear.

Gladys wears a charming grey organdy in the New York waltz palace sequence that is utterly feminine in every detail. Take particular note of this gown with its high shirred waistline, voluminous puffed sleeves and graceful flowing skirt. However, if you are one who doesn't take kindly to high styling, the dress will still be smart and make a delightful evening gown for the summer which will surely come.

Another important fashion item is the use of daisies in some form or other on all gowns worn by Gladys throughout the film. Daisies are one of the star's pet superstitions.

A noteworthy style, and one that is already becoming popular, is the use of rich



Veloz and Yolanda create a new dance step for Paramount's *Champagne Waltz*

brocade tapestry which Banton uses for a short peplum jacket worn by Gladys in the interior of the jazz palace in Vienna. The star has bought this dress for her personal wardrobe. She plans to wear the gown for her morning concerts in New York this winter.



Melvyn Douglas and Director Richard Boleslawski give Irene Dunne a hand in the gentle art of makeup as she prepares for a scene in Columbia's *Theodora Goes Wild*
—Irving Lippman

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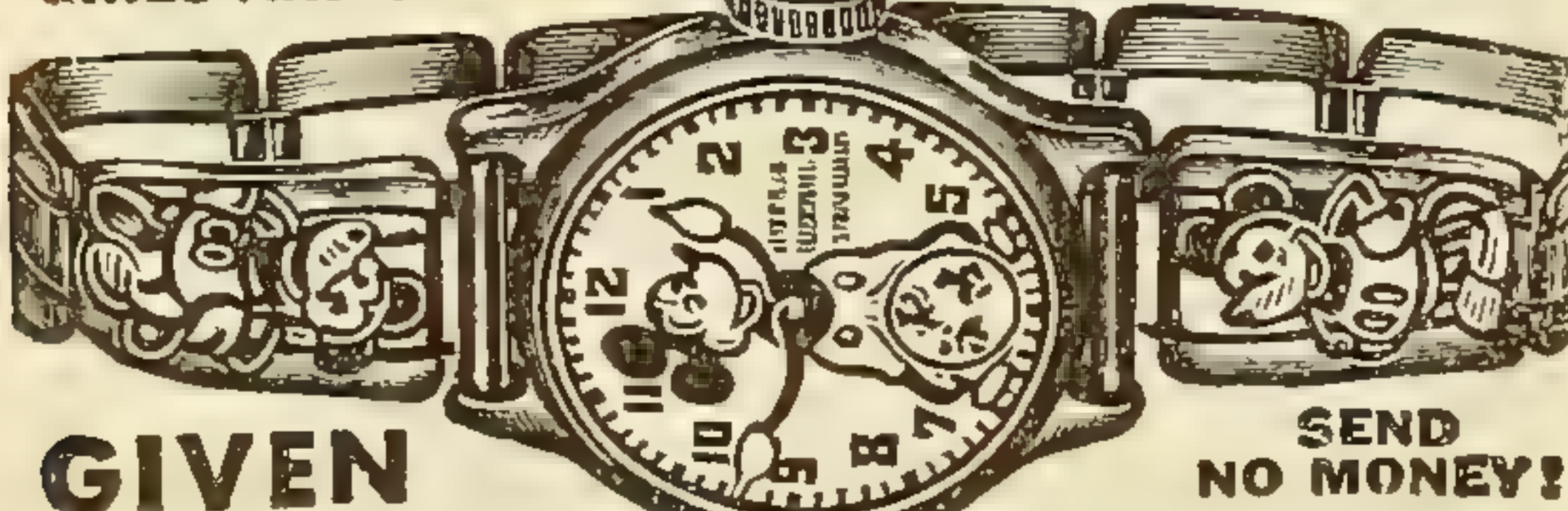
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Three O'Briens Face the World

[Continued from page 31]

by the way, Eloise was in the phone booth with me and before I gave them my answer, before I even knew what they wanted me for or *how much* I made Eloise promised to marry me and go with me. I'd been on my knees to her till there were patches in my pants, anyway, but this time I held the wire until she said 'Yes'—

"We came to Hollywood. They paid me \$750 a week for six weeks. That was more money than I'd ever seen in my life. I said to Eloise, 'Look, honey, it's a racket! We'll go to Hollywood and make *Front Page* and get the dough and see California and have a good time and that will be that. We'll come back to New York and the stage.'

"**T**HEN I made another picture and then I got me Frank Joyce for my agent. There was a fellow with personality and how. He took me over to see Thalberg about a part. Before we went he told me that whatever he said I was to agree with him or keep quiet. Well, we got in to see Thalberg and the first thing I know Frank is asking \$1500 a week for my services. Double what I'd been getting, as Thalberg astutely pointed out. I thought, 'This is the end. I've got a crazy guy for an agent.' He walked out of Thalberg's office and I had a contract in my pocket and it read '\$1500 a week'!

"And I went home to Eloise and I said 'Look, honey, this is a racket. But why not? We'll move out of the flat and take a little bungalow—you remember that bungalow, Gladys, it was still on the wrong side of the tracks—and I said, 'we'll get a servant and you won't need to wash dishes anymore and we'll get another Ford so you won't have to drive me to work. And we did. And then we invited the folks to come out and visit us, all the folks, hers and mine both, and we all bunked together in that little place and had a swell time.

"I kept on thinking it was a racket. I free-lanced and kept on getting my \$1500 a week and saved a hunk of dough and then came the cut in salaries. And I would have none of it. I talked it over with Eloise. There's never any doubt about what Eloise will say. I always know what she is going to say when I have a problem to discuss with her. I tell her what's on my mind and she says 'What do you think?' and I tell her and the answer is always 'That's okay with me.' So when I told her that I wouldn't go for this salary cutting business—that I'd go back to New York if necessary and forget it—she said 'that's okay with me, whatever you want to do.' And so when I was offered pictures here and there, if I'd take a cut, I'd turn 'em down. Eloise and I took a trip instead, went to Honolulu or somewhere. And I was told—I was warned—that that would fix me, they'd never offer me a job again. And I'd say 'okay' and when I got back there was an offer for me—at my price.

"**A**ND we kept on saving. We stayed in the same little bungalow. We kept the same little cars. Any day, I said, the axe would fall on the racket but when it fell it would fall on a bank account as well as on the two O'Briens. And then I got the offer to play in *The Bureau of Missing Persons*. I wanted to do that picture. If I did it I had to sign a long term contract with Warner Brothers. I'd begun to think it was about time I settled down and I

signed the contract. And I take the work seriously now. I love acting. I still think that every picture will be my last but there's this difference—now, I *hope* not. I'm happy. I'm perfectly and completely happy.

"Yeah," said Pat, his blue eyes grave, that quizzical, generous mouth of his serious, "yeah, I'm happy and I know it. That's the difference between me and a lot of others. Most people don't know that they are happy. They keep chasing some Blue Bird that they've got right in their fists, right in their own homes if they only knew it. I've got it and I know it.

"We've bought our own home in Brentwood. It's bought and paid for—in cash. Our furniture is all paid for. We've got two annuities also bought and paid up.

"And we've got a marriage, a relationship that should be, no bragging, a lesson, an example to the youngsters of today... What more does anyone want?"

"You're as much in love with Eloise as ever, aren't you, Pat?" I asked—and I remembered that first night I met them, in that happy little flat that seemed to be warm with a living happiness. I remembered Pat's blue eyes following the dark Eloise wherever she went as if he couldn't quite believe the evidence of his own senses, and of how he said, in that rough, off-hand, belying tender voice of his "She's the most beautiful thing in the world, isn't she?"

AND he said to me now, his blue eyes coming back from some Elysian distance "More—*much more*. It gets more all the time. And after five years in Hollywood she's *still* the most beautiful thing in the world and I still can't believe the evidence of my senses—that she's here and alive and *mine*.

"It grows our love, you know, and keeps on growing. Theoretically I believe in married couples getting away from each other a couple of times a year. But it doesn't work for us. Eloise went East recently to do some buying for her gown shop. She hadn't landed in New York before I began making the telephone wires hot. The house was lonely. The baby was lonely. The whole damn town was lonely. I was lonely. There was no place to go and nothing to do. And I'd phone her two or three times a day and finally I said 'Come on, get out of there and come home where you belong.'

"I really do like to talk about Eloise and me," continued Pat, with such a simple dignity, such an honest pride as raised a lump in my throat (there is something so specially, so terribly touching about the hard-fisted kind of guy when he speaks of love and the inner beauty beneath the hard, protective shell).

"Of course such love as ours has to be 'a natural' to begin with. You've got to belong, as Eloise and I belong. But given that, you've got to work at marriage as you've got to work at a career. Especially here in Hollywood. You've got to exercise tolerance. You've got to exorcise jealousy. You've got to take the love and confidence you started out with and build it and keep it firm. It's hard, a Hollywood marriage, on the one who has a career and it's even harder for the one that doesn't. It's no fun for anyone, especially for a beautiful woman who might have been a star in her own right, to be introduced everywhere as 'Pat



Bing Crosby finds a new kind of thrill and recreation riding the waves at Waikiki beach, Honolulu, in an outrigger canoe

O'Brien's wife.' But she gave it all up when we bought the house and when—when Mavourneen came. She got so interested in the home and the baby she didn't seem to care.

"AND say," said Pat, "here's something I'd like to tell the world—there's a woman, name unknown, to whom I'll always be grateful. It's in line with what we've been talking about. Last time we were in New York together, Eloise and I, we were having dinner at Jack Dempsey's place. A woman, a perfect stranger, a fan, came over to our table. She completely ignored me, leaned over and shook Eloise's hand and said 'You are the one I want to meet. I know that this is Pat O'Brien and I like him on the screen but you are the important one, the one I want really to meet.' Well," grinned Pat, "that was swell. Kinda left me out in the blizzard but it made Eloise feel fine. Bless that woman whoever she was. She got it right. Eloise is the important one.

"She handles all the O'Brien money, Eloise. I never have any idea what's in the bank account. And yet she will never buy a pair of silk stockings without asking me whether I think it's all right. Or telling me 'I bought a pair of silk stockings today.' I tell her to go ahead for Cripes sake and get anything she wants. She never does. We're not very far from the old days, you see, when a pair of silk stockings did something to the O'Brien finances.

"Not long ago I told her she ought to get a new fur coat. She said 'I won't until you can go with me and pick it out.' I said 'For the luvva Gawd, what do I know about fur coats?' Well, one night I came home and Eloise said to me 'I bought my fur coat today, dear, it's in the kitchen.' 'In the kitchen?' I said, 'What the— is a fur coat doing in the kitchen?' And I went out to see it, kinda hot under the collar because she had gone and got it without taking me along—and there was a new iceless refrigerator and Eloise, looking happy and excited and saying: 'that's my new fur coat. We really needed a new refrigerator, dear, I can get the fur coat some other time!'

"I think one of the reasons we're so happy and so close, Gladys, is because we shared hard times together. One-night stands and hamburgers and the coat and trousers pressed under the mattress and all that. And we were happy because we were together. And we learned that that's what happiness means to us, that's what happiness is, being together. And it doesn't make much difference whether times are

hard or easy so long as it's the two O'Briens against the world.

"AND then, when we'd bought the house and paid for the furniture and there was only one lack in all our lives—the fact that there were no babies when we both wanted 'em so badly—then we got Mavourneen. Mavournee, translated, means 'My Darling,' you know. That's right. That's why we named her that. We figured we had to have a kid. We planned the things we could give her, do for her . . . because that's the best part of the breaks we've had—the things we've been able to do for others. We've bought Eloise's folks a nice house of their own. My folks come out and visit us twice a year. We've been able to lift the worry mortgages off of a lot of folks and that's swell.

"Mavourneen hasn't changed us so much—she's just made everything that much more worth while. She's helped me, too. If I've been working hard and feel irritable, I check that before I enter the house. I take her out in her carriage whenever I'm home. I've got a kind of system, too, as a baby-carriage-wheeler. It's kind of bumpy on the Brentwood roads so I run a few feet ahead of the carriage, run backwards, and then wait till it catches up with me and repeat the performance. It's swell. I recommend it to all tired nursemaids. We wouldn't raise Mavourneen alone. We play with Mavourneen after dinner, Eloise and I, and then we usually go to a neighborhood movie or stay home and read or something. I've just built a library onto my house and am collecting a lot of additional books. Like to browse around with 'em. Twice a year we go off by ourselves and have a bust—go to Honolulu or to Panama or New York. It's great . . ." said Pat.

And I thought of other actors I have known, actors who have hit stardom and fame and fortune young, who have known big money and celebrity and—boredom. Satiety. I told Pat what Jack Gilbert once told me, many years ago. Jack said "what will I want after I am forty? What will there be left for me to want? I've had fame and money and travel and romance and marriage—I won't want anything."

"I'll never get like that," said Pat, "I like too many things. I love acting. But I also love books and gardening and home building and radio and auctions and collections and people. I've got love and the right kind of a marriage, and love and marriage develop and pay larger and more tender dividends as the years go by. I've got the things that can't grow stale—the things that never rust."

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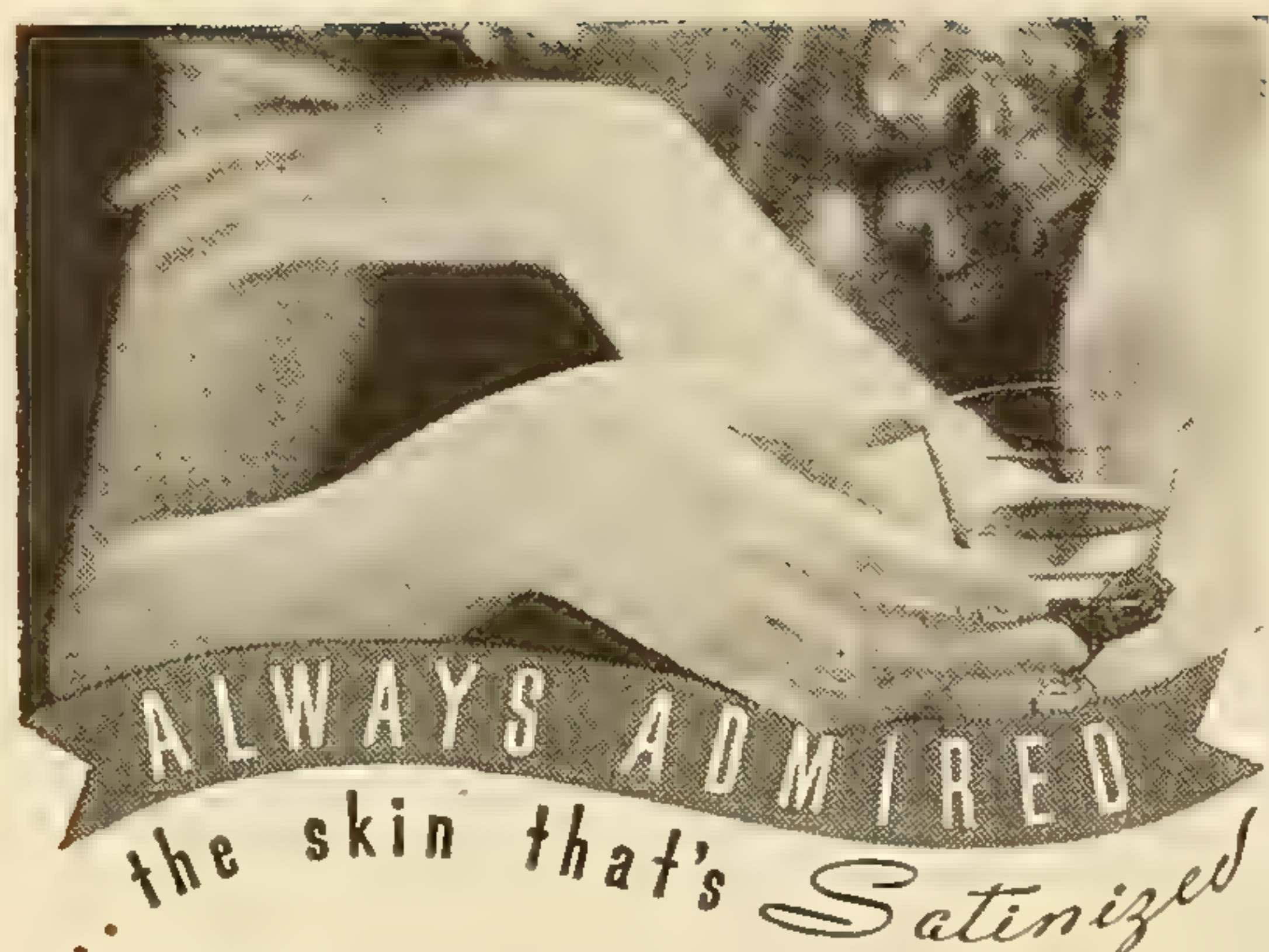
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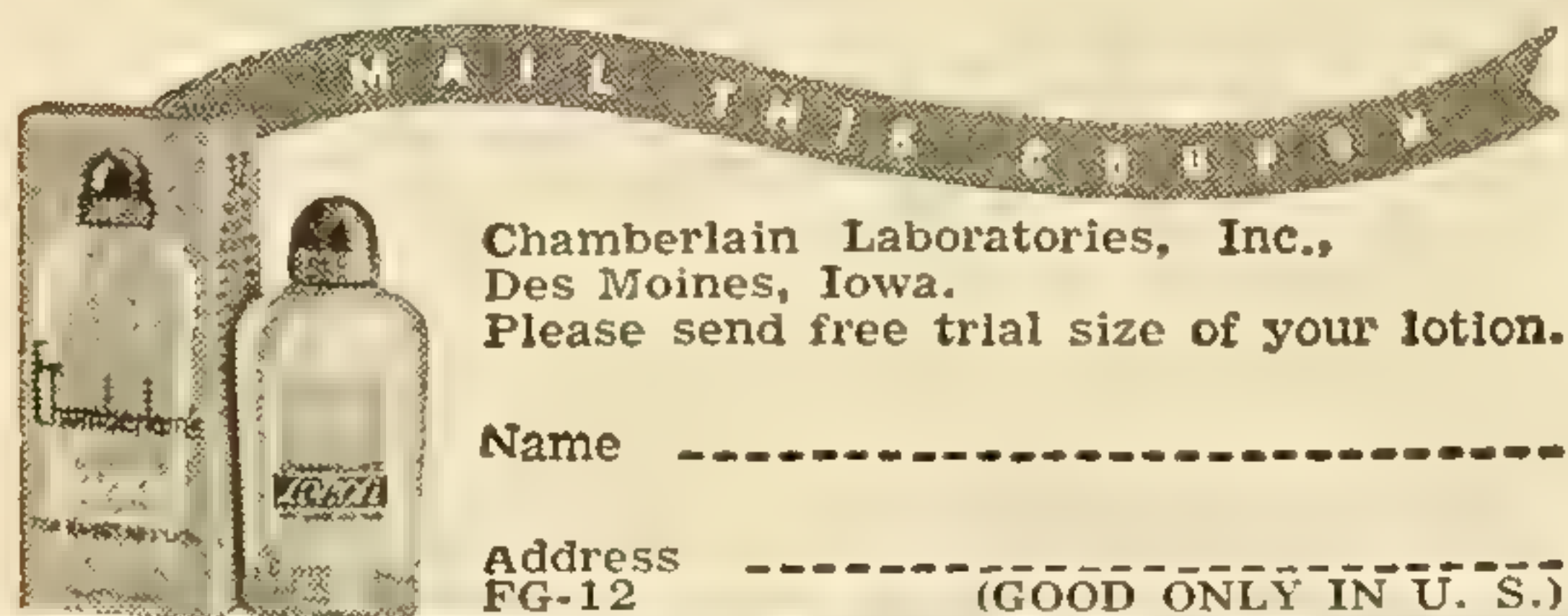
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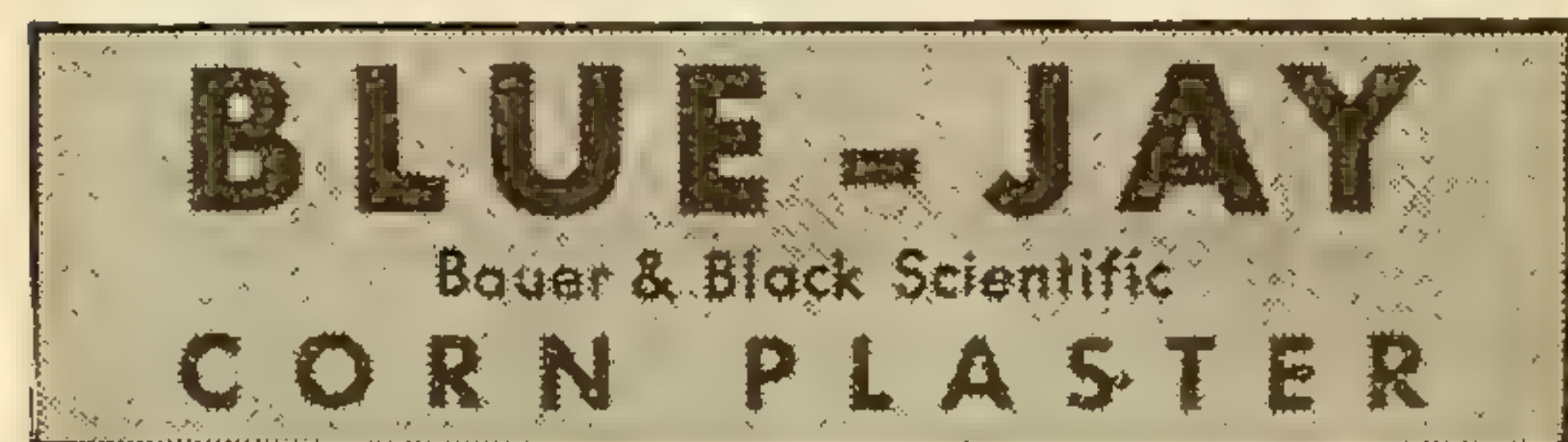
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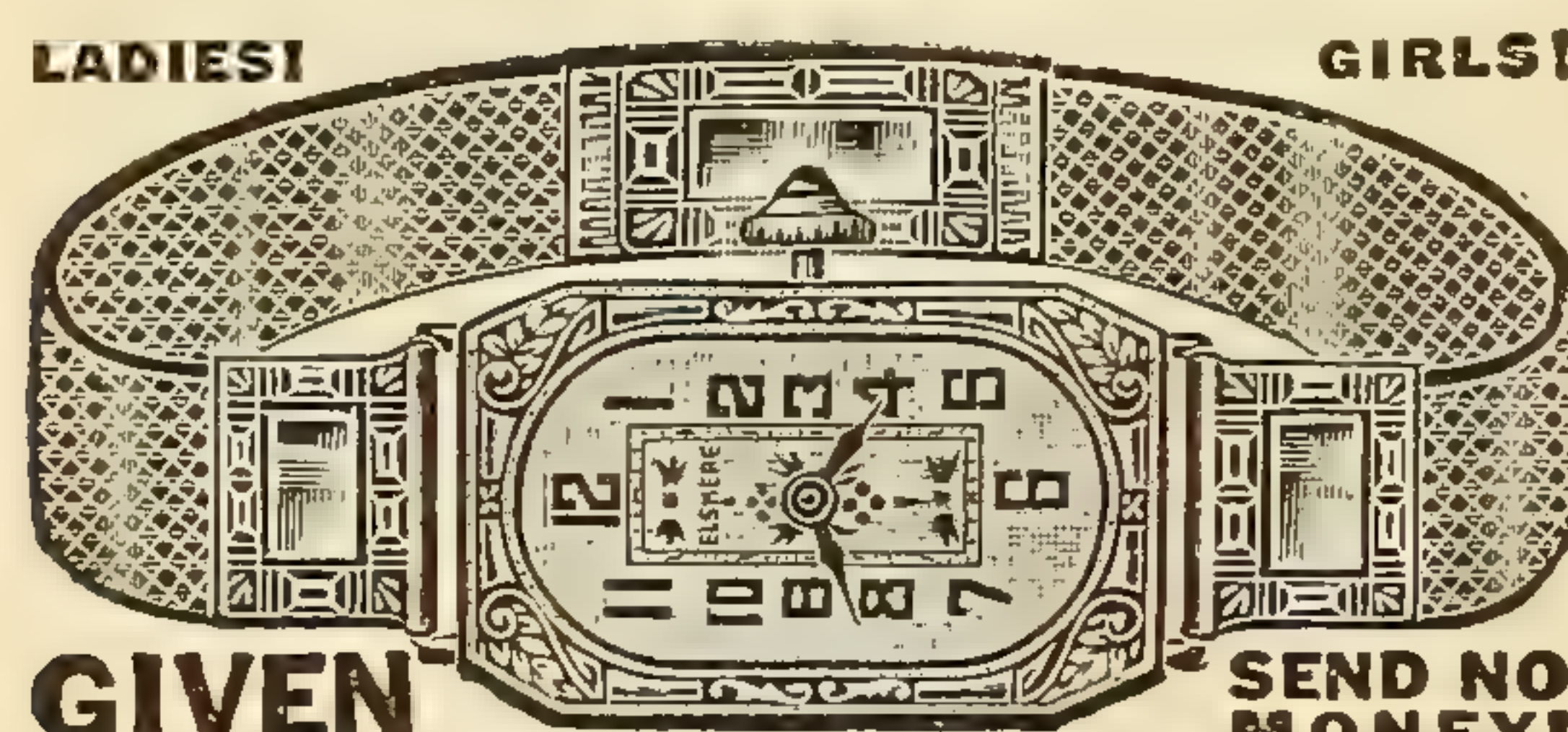
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Accidentally Funny

[Continued from page 34]

When Eddie finally went on the stage, his best friends told him . . . how terrible he was. They asked him why he kept on with it. The reason was that he knew he would be even worse as a teacher or an office slave.

Then, in silent days, whenever he appeared in a picture, its producer was practically tempting bankruptcy. Horton could arouse polite snickers, but people seemed to save their money to see Chaplin and Lloyd and Ben Turpin. *They* were funny.

Yet today producers plead with him to make picture after picture, at five grand per week—because he has a unique comedy style that provokes unique mirth. What is the answer?

"I don't know where it came from," he says, with plaintive embarrassment. "It just grew—like a fungus."

Or like the strange notion that he is an Englishman. That's what comes of morning-coat-and-striped-trouser roles and occasional picture trips to England. He has a drastic confession to make. He was born in Brooklyn, New York. You know, the town with the droll baseball team.

"My father was foreman of the composing room and proofroom of the *New York Times*. He worked nights. That meant that we four kids—my two brothers, my sister, and I—had to be fairly quiet around the house in the daytime, while he was sleeping. But he wasn't sleeping all the time. He was writing short stories, sending them off, and collecting rejection slips. Some of the stories weren't so bad, either. I still have a few of them.

"I rather liked the smell of printer's ink, myself. I used to think vaguely that maybe I would go into the newspaper business, too, have skittles and ale on my nights off, and write short stories in my spare time—if I could keep the kids quiet. But I never knew exactly what I did want to become. The idea of acting never entered my cranium.

"I went to grade school in Brooklyn. Then after a while we went down to Baltimore, where my father worked on the *Sun*. I started high school there, and completed it by degrees in Brooklyn, New York and New Jersey. I decided then that it was about time I started battling the world. I went to work—for the telephone company. I addressed envelopes; I carried letters around to various offices in a pouch; I did this chore and that errand; I was the General Inconvenience Department. I've forgotten how many weeks I lasted; not many. Then I decided to hang up my gloves and put off the battle. I decided to go to college."

HE enrolled in Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, signing up for the arts course. Two other boys also signed. One day, Polly discovered—to its chagrin—that it was giving an arts course for only three students, and discontinued it. Eddie then went out to Oberlin, Ohio, to Oberlin College, and stayed three years. He is appalled now by the lack of imagination he displayed then. He majored in mathematics and physics.

The next year, he found himself at Columbia University in New York, commuting daily from home to classrooms, going to Teachers' College. Just why he should be going to Teachers' College, he didn't know. Except that his family thought that he could probably support himself sooner

as a teacher than as anything else. Personally, he had his doubts . . . But that was the turning point.

"There was a tavern—let's call it a tavern, anyway—not too far from the campus, where the boys used to congregate over mugs of beer and bowls of pretzels, and tell lusty stories. One day I was there with Roy and Kenneth Webb, who were campus big-shots. They had written the Varsity Show. I told one story that was kind of funny, and they said: 'Why don't you try out for the Show?' I was terribly, terribly coy; I had to be teased; and then, when I did try out, I hardly breathed for days afterward. Until I got the news that I had a part—a comedy part, in which I had to sing. My singing was an affair for the Board of Health; it still is; there isn't a note in me. 'But,' I thought, 'if they can stand it, I can.' I sang.

"In spite of that, the show was quite a hit. We played for a week at the Waldorf-Astoria, then went 'on tour.' Among other places, to Northampton, to play for the edification of the Smith College girls. And that tour gave me ideas.

"I wasn't crazy about school, and I loathed the thought of becoming a teacher. Now, perhaps, I could escape that dank, depressing fate. Perhaps I could become an actor. I went to see an agent, and talked fast. He finally got rid of me by landing me in the chorus of a Staten Island stock company that was putting on Gilbert and Sullivan operas. And again I sang. The wonder is that I'm still here, to tell the story."

As soon as the fates and his finances would permit, he fled to the theatre's best training school—dramatic stock. He worked in stock for years—in Philadelphia, Portland (Maine), Pittsburgh, Albany, Elmira, Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, Portland (Oregon), his home-town of Brooklyn (which was only a score of miles from Broadway). And even Brooklyn thought that he earned his seventy-five dollars-a week—as a *leading man*.

He had heard of the movies; he had even known people who had left the stage to do soundless, voiceless acting on the screen; and he knew that movies were made somewhere in California. But he wasn't interested. The reason why he headed West in 1920 was to become leading man of Los Angeles' Majestic Theatre Stock Company—at the incredible wage of two hundred dollars a week. First thing he knew, Broadway would be paging him, maybe paying him five hundred dollars a week!

But California got him. He became etherized by the climate, the outdoor life, the carefree camaraderie. What completed his conversion was the discovery that he could make the equivalent of a Broadway salary, just by doing a little pantomiming on the side for the movies.

His first picture was *Too Much Business*, made for Vitagraph—in a hurry, at small expense. The date was 1921. His latest is *Lost Horizon*, made for Columbia—in five months, at a cost of two million dollars. In his first picture, he was starred, at a salary of two hundred dollars a week. In his latest, he is featured, at a salary of five thousand. And plays a character that was written into the script, though not in the original novel—just so that Frank Capra could have him in the cast.

Between those two pictures, he has made



Everybody's happy now! Pat O'Brien pounds the keys while host Jimmy Gleason, with Jack Oakie, Frank McHugh and Lynn Overmann try out their imitations of the Yacht Club Boys. The occasion was a stag party at Jimmie Gleason's

hundreds—yes, hundreds—of others. Oft in the stilly night on his San Fernando Valley Estate, he muses over the ability of American audiences to “take it.” Or, rather, take him.

IN other days, it was the strange perseverance of producers about which he used to muse. He had a lot of fun, in silent days, making such pictures as *Ruggles of Red Gap* and *Beggar on Horseback*. But while the critics approved them, the public shunned them; their producers lost “trillions of dollars.” And still they asked for more Horton. It was uncanny, so uncanny that in 1928 he decided that maybe he had better get reacquainted with the stage—just in case.

So, with his brother, Winter Davis Horton, as manager and partner, he produced a series of plays in Los Angeles. And what a hunch was that! Not only did they have to hang out a Standing Room Only sign at every performance, but—the talkies burst upon Hollywood. And Hollywood, perhaps to its consternation, discovered that it couldn't get along without the Horton named Edward Everett. He was one member of the old “big, happy family” who knew stage technique. He appeared in the second talkie ever made—*The Terror*.

It isn't true that he has appeared in half of the talkies made since then; it just seems that way. But he has been busy enough to need a manager to keep the screen offers straight. That's where his brother, “W. D.,” fits in. W. D. sorts out the offers (all for five thousand a week) and fits the parts. All that Eddie has to worry about is how to pay his income tax.

“I've never had a long-term contract with any studio since talkies came in; only contracts to do a certain number of pictures,” he explains. “I don't say that proudly. I think that my work is such that if I'm right for a part, that's that. If I were under contract and they were trying to use me, even if I didn't fit a part, it might not be so good for them. And it might be pretty dreadful for me.”

The reason why he has to worry about how to pay his income tax is that he has an expensive hobby. His estate at Encino, nine miles from Hollywood in the San Fernando Valley. Namely, “Belleigh Acres.”

He first became a landowner eleven

years ago—unintentionally. As unintentionally as he became a comedian. His brother George wanted two acres of a certain hilly plot, but the owner wouldn't sell less than four; so Eddie bought the other two.

WITH his *Lost Horizon* earnings, he is building a poolside bath-house in the style of an old New England meeting-house, with a sandy beach in front; not to mention a basement playroom panelled in redwood and clear pine. Last year, he had forty-eight men working on the place; this year, only a few less. If he keeps on, Southern California's unemployment problem will be solved. “They tell me I'll have the place finished in three more years.”

Practically every stick of furniture in the house is a genuine antique. “Lord Baltimore, so the legend goes, tucked himself into this four-poster bed. These hand-carved chairs were made by Duncan Phyfe himself. This old Chippendale desk came from County Surrey. This big mirror once hung in the house in New Orleans where French colonists were going to establish Napoleon, if they could spirit him away from St. Helena. I followed this eight-legged table around from auction to auction for nine years. The original bid was fifteen hundred; I finally got it for two hundred and fifty . . . and was lucky. Usually, they see me coming, and balloon the prices.”

His mother shares his home with him. (His father died in 1915.) “I'm still a bachelor, but I don't know how eligible. I don't think anybody is interested.”

HE doesn't talk, off-screen, with that querulous tremolo. He doesn't have that pursed-lip smile. Neither does he dress like a masculine hot-house flower; he usually wears baggy slacks and sport coats faintly reminiscent (in design) of horse blankets. Only on the screen does he live in a state of constant confusion, pop-eyed bewilderment, indignation, jitters; off-screen, he is the most easygoing person in Hollywood.

He celebrated the finish of *Lost Horizon* by growing a mustache. “They tell me that it will never do, that I shall have to part with it. It makes me look too intelligent . . . Ah, me, the sacrifices that I must make for my art!”

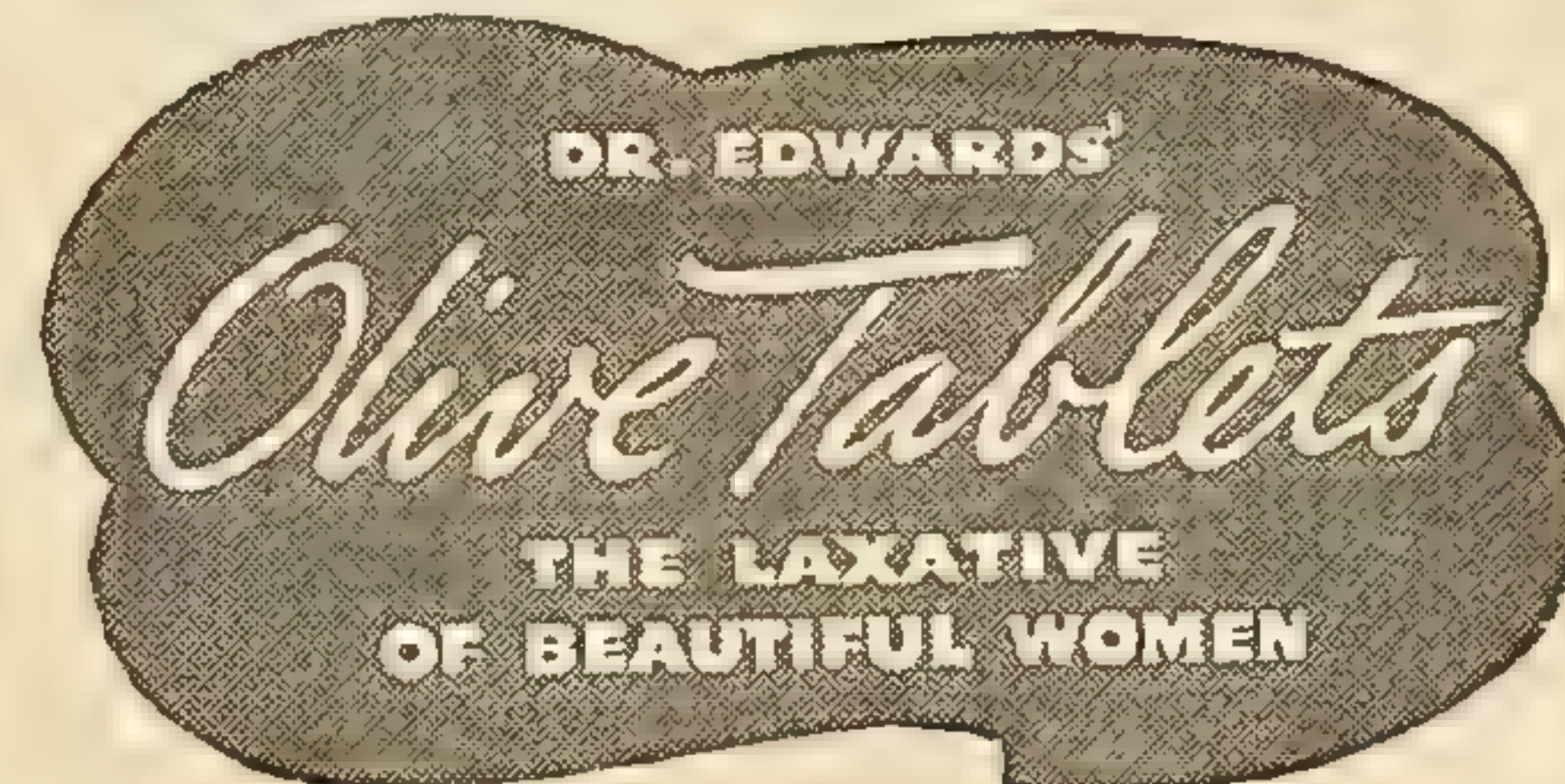


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Should Movie Stars Broadcast?

[Continued from page 39]

SO HOLLYWOOD is on the spot, with the producers not knowing which way to turn. On one side the exhibitors, who buy what Hollywood has to sell, insist the stars get off the air. On the other side, the stars, who make Hollywood's product saleable, refuse to give up the easy money and popularity that go with a broadcast.

And then there is still another thorn in the producers' pants: increased cost of picture production due to their stars going on the air. Sometimes these costs are enormous—as in the instance of the making of *Shipmates*. During the shooting of the prize sequence of the entire picture, Dick Powell was compelled to rush off the parade ground at Annapolis Naval Academy, catch a cab to the airport and fly to New York to make his broadcast.

Dick's hasty departure left twelve hundred cadets, their officers and bands and a large force of extras, as well as the camera and labor crews, unable to go on with the shooting. As a result that entire sequence had to be dropped at an estimated loss of fifty thousand dollars to the studio.

Emmanuel Cohen's battle against radio at Paramount is history now. He claimed the studio's losses due to delayed production while stars went to radio rehearsals and radio broadcasts were enormous. With Bing Crosby, Carl Brisson, Burns and Allen, Lanny Ross, Joe Penner, Ruggles and Boland, Gladys Swarthout, and a half dozen others all going on the air, and all requiring time for rehearsals, air script conferences and what not, the studio might as well give up trying to make pictures. He pointed out that in one production they would sometimes have as many as five players who were going on the air at different times, with the result it would more than double the length of the time required to complete the shooting.

And, just to show how far the "time off for radio" idea can be carried, producers point to Fox studio's agreement with Alice Faye, i.e. that she must be permitted to leave production whenever Rudy Vallee was on the air, so that she could listen. A fact, not a gag!

And what going on the air has done to stars' salaries has given the studios a severe headache. Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland went on the air in a Mr. and Mrs. skit, and before radio stopped making this couple offers for a regular program of this feature Paramount discovered their picture salaries must be almost doubled to keep them from deserting the films.

Mae West could not make Paramount jump through exactly as she wished until radio began bidding for her services. She was offered \$7,500 each for a series of broadcasts—and \$10,000 bonus for signing the contract. She demanded ten thousand a broadcast.

Meanwhile she decided to talk salary with the producers of her pictures. Her contract was torn up and rewritten at a new figure by Paramount.

Old Gold then offered her \$200,000 for twenty-six broadcasts, with bonuses. Mae had another talk with her picture studio and came out with a contract that said she must have a salary as a writer as well as a salary as an actress on all her pictures.

Mae never did get a dollar from radio, but her broadcast offers, and her own shrewdness, did manage to just about treble her picture earnings.

Fox managed to keep Shirley Temple

off the air, but as a direct result of radio offers the little star's picture salary also was multiplied by three. These are the charges against radio. What is the defense?

Eddie Cantor, Hollywood's all-around star, and the one person who should know all sides of this controversy, is pointedly frank.

"Don't blame radio if your movie stars are sour," he says. "And don't let anybody tell you that broadcasting hurts a star, or a star's pictures. At least not if it is correctly done. I've already produced figures to prove broadcasting never cut down my picture grosses.

"Instead of cutting a star's popularity, radio increases it. Look at the case of Dick Powell, for example.

"Right now there seems to be much to say about the screen stars broadcasting. Complaint No. 1 comes from the film exhibitor, who claims that not only is this practice depleting the contents of his pocketbook, but he is fearful that if this opposition continues, in a short while he won't have pants in which to keep a pocketbook.

"Complaint No. 2 comes from the studios. They admit that they are gaining some free advertising for their stars and their pictures through the radio, but not nearly enough to make up for the way it interferes with their production schedules and increasing their production costs. Not only do the stars need time for broadcasting, but they must have time for rehearsing—and that means taking them away from pictures sometimes at the most inopportune moments.

"But, to my mind, the most important—and the most justified—complaint comes from the public. Picture stars aren't good enough on the air. In fact, sometimes it seems they can't be bad enough. And their fans resent this.

"Yet, as things are done now, how can it be otherwise? You know, they don't make a radio appearance like they make a picture. They should, but they don't. Somehow, most of them can't seem to realize they're not singing in the back yard, so to speak. They don't take radio seriously enough. They look at it merely as a sideline—a way to pick up easy money.

"If they would realize that the instant they open their mouths in front of a microphone on a national hook-up that twenty to forty million people may be listening in, they would do things differently. They know this is a fact, but it doesn't sink in. They don't seem to realize that you can't recall a word that's been spoken over the air, and that you can't pull it back for editing, cutting and retaking.

"When these stars make a picture they are carefully selected for the part. Then they study the characterization. The shots are made over and over again, and the best selected. Then the picture is edited, cut and previewed. Perhaps retakes are made.

"But on the air, once you utter a word—that's the end.

"So the exhibitors' complaint is justified in so far as some stars do poor work on the air. And they do hurt themselves, and cut the attendance both to their current and future pictures.

"The remedy is not to take them off the air, however. It is to put them on the air as they should be put on. Prepared and ready. Eliminate slipshod methods and put as much effort on a five minute broadcast

as you do on a movie sequence. Then you will see how much good being on the radio can do a star.

"There should be a committee appointed to supervise the putting of motion picture stars on the air. A committee of four or five thoroughly experienced radio men.

"Then, when they looked over a script they might say: 'Here, drop this paragraph. It will win the ill-will of three million people in the south.' Or: 'You can't broadcast this sequence. It doesn't lend itself to radio treatment, and would require a great deal of explanatory matter to make the setting clear to the listeners.' Or: 'Here, if they won't let you sing in pictures we certainly won't let you ruin yourself by singing on the air.'

"We owe that sort of treatment and broadcasting alike to pictures and radio and to our sponsors and our fans.

"Now as to the matter of good radio programs keeping the fans away from movie theatres. So what? You can't stop progress. Radio is here and exhibitors can't keep the stars off the air. Besides, the exhibitors had better be getting on the bandwagon themselves, preparing for the rapidly approaching day of television—just as many of the radio and movie stars are doing.

"Radio and motion pictures must be wedded for television. Hollywood is the logical place for that wedding, and what we are going through now is the natural and legitimate courtship. These little dramatic sketches and excerpts from pictures are really the forerunners of the beginning of practical television.

"So, definitely and positively, movie stars will not get off the air. Suppose the sponsors of the radio programs should suddenly announce that they would not longer permit their stars to appear in pictures because that competition hurt radio?

"They won't, however, and as soon as movie stars have the sort of protection they should have on radio programs, the motion picture exhibitors will be glad they are on the air."

MEANWHILE Hollywood continues to seethe, and many producers are attempting to straddle the fence, hoping for things to blow over. Samuel Goldwyn, however, is not one of those who is dodging the issue. He says, frankly, that he doesn't think anyone has a right to order stars off the air. If America's movie fans want to hear their favorite stars on the

air, they are entitled to do so.

"If the motion picture exhibitors blame anybody," says Mr. Goldwyn, "it shouldn't be radio. Instead, they should blame the Hollywood motion picture producers. It isn't radio that is cutting box office receipts, it's poor pictures. If radio didn't keep fans away from second-rate pictures something else would.

"Our problem isn't to attempt to weaken radio broadcasts by denying them our stars—but to strengthen our pictures to meet their competition. And when we do this, then this fight between radio and pictures will be a good thing for us.

"If our stars are not as good on the air as they might be—then we will show the public how much better they are in pictures than they ever can be on radio. When we do that, radio will be feeding us patrons.

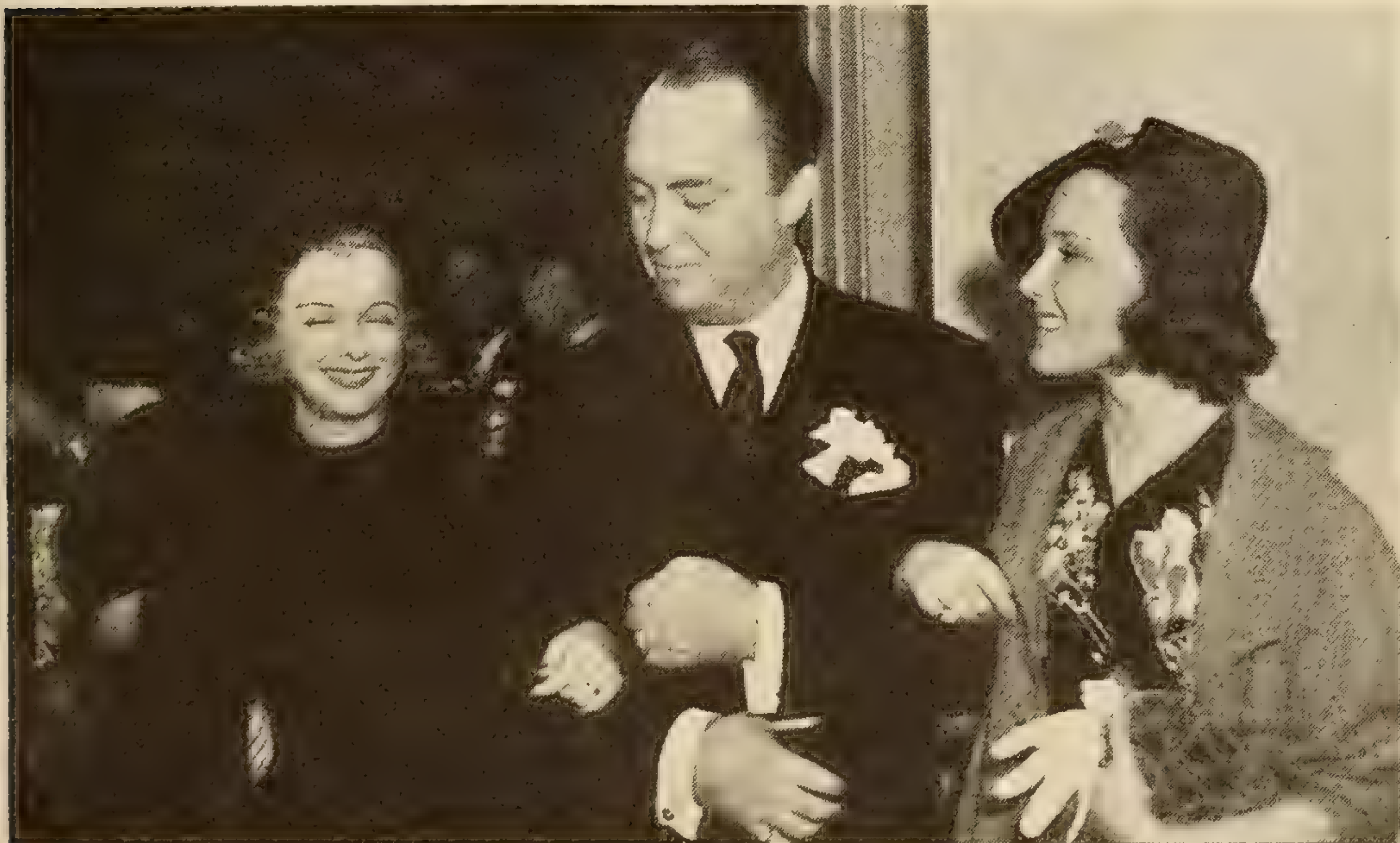
"However, there is plenty of room for both radio and pictures—and I believe it is to our mutual advantage to have our stars as good on the air as expert direction and production can make them."

So, in spite of all the headlines you may read to the contrary, you will probably continue to hear your favorite movie star on the radio and to see your favorite radio star in pictures.

And how well you would realize this truth if you had shared the sight this writer witnessed at the Lux Theatre of the Air in Hollywood. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone were broadcasting "Chained," and anyone personally acquainted with Joan would know that she was having one of the biggest thrills of her life. As she leaned forward in her chair to put everything she had into the lines she was reading into the microphone, pride, excitement and happiness shone in her eyes.

Joan's mother was out in front in the audience, and told us that this was the proudest moment of her life, because she knew Joan felt this was giving her a chance to do what she had always wanted to do. The money radio was paying Joan and Franchot for this appearance carried small weight beside Joan's faith that this was the first definite step toward television and the future American stage.

With the foremost stars in pictures regarding radio in this light, it seems that the exhibitors' drive to put motion picture players off the air may start a real fight in Hollywood.



—Photo by Charles Rhodes

Joan Bennett and her husband, Gene Markey, and Mary Brian leaving the church after the Ann Sothorn-Roger Pryor wedding

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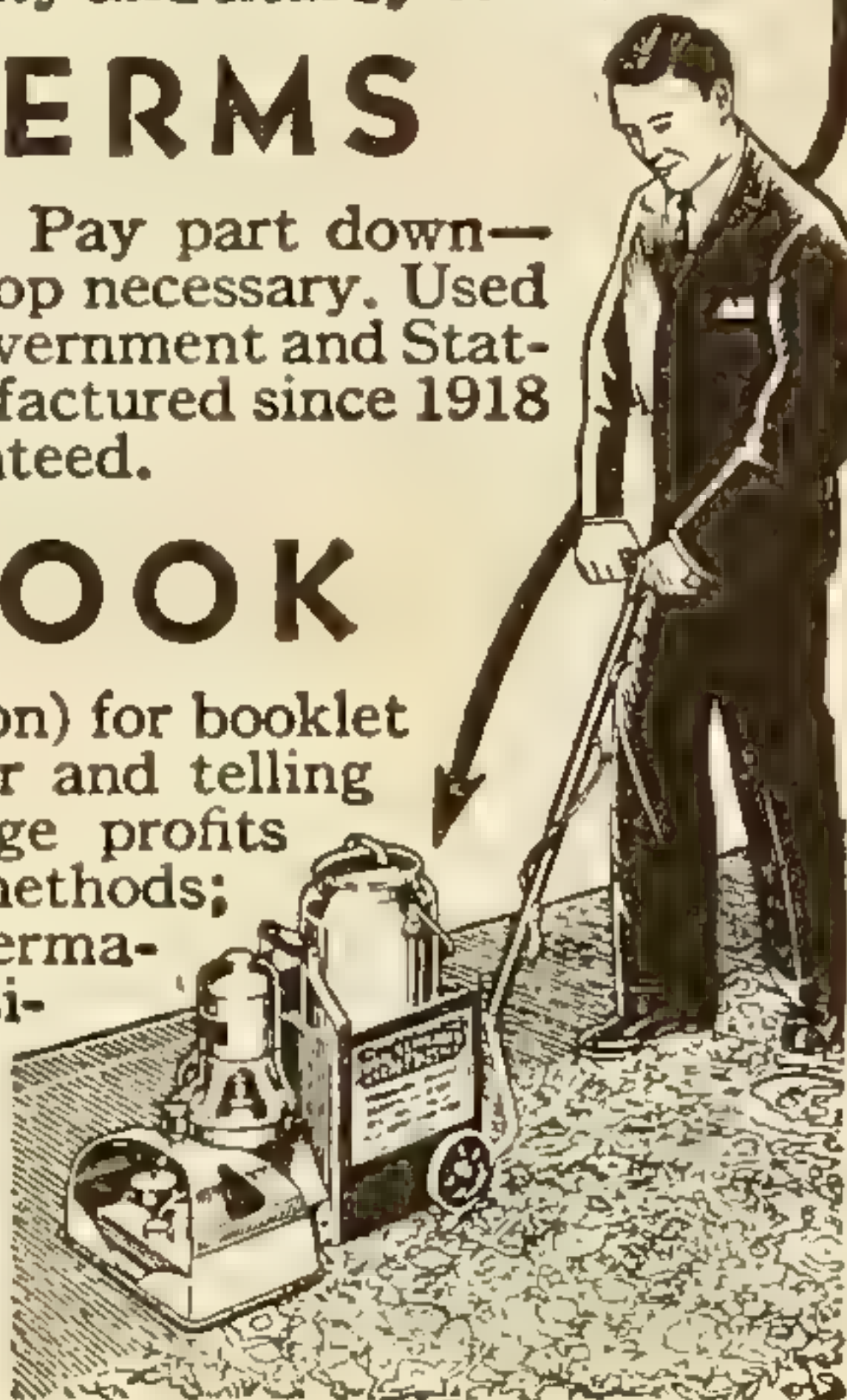
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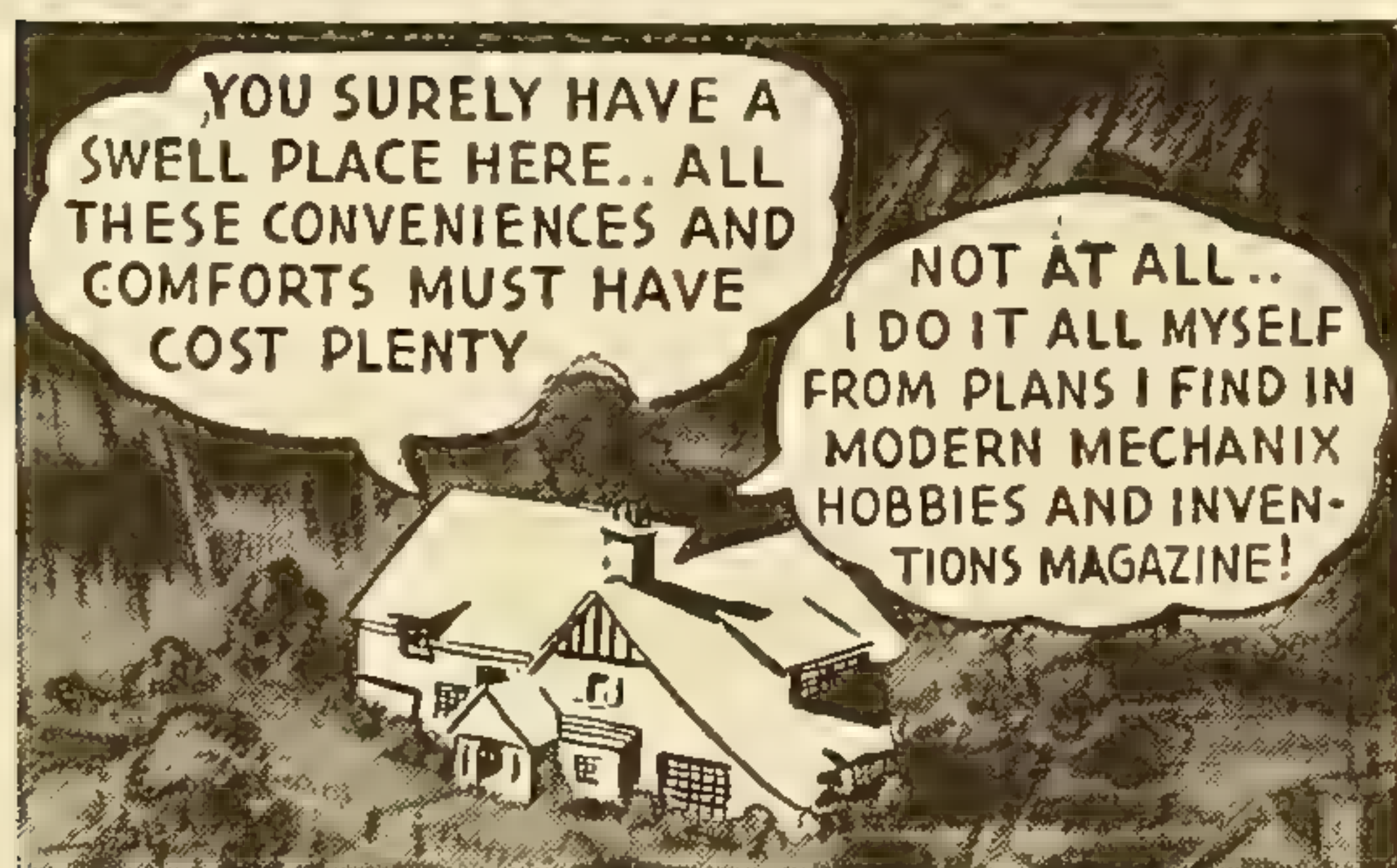


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"I'm Testing"

[Continued from page 49]

selecting the would-be motion picture actors and actresses.

"I should like to say this to all who read and may run (to Hollywood)—when you have a screen test made, whoever you may be, you may have the satisfaction of knowing that *we want you to succeed*. Or we wouldn't be making the test at all. Too expensive. M-G-M spent in excess of \$50,000 last year in making tests. Therefore, when we make a test we pray that we'll have something as well as you.

"But the test itself is, actually, the last step in the process. It isn't as simple as just dropping in, stepping before the camera and going to it. First of all I talk to the screen applicant at some length. I listen to the timbre of her voice, her diction, watch the play of her hands, the expression in her eyes. Long experience has taught me to gauge, with fair success, the emotional depth, the comedy possibilities, the general potentiality of the applicant.

"Then, if I am interested or even if I am doubtful, I have the girl come back again. I have her read a scene aloud to me. I can pretty well tell whether she has been lying to me or not when I hear her read a scene. If I am planning to proceed with a test I may have her rehearse the scene very thoroughly with me, or with an established actor and give two or three days to it sometimes. Then I can judge her diction more accurately. For more and more diction is assuming importance over features, figure, physical beauty.

"We try, always, to find a scene for the test which best fits the *You* we have endeavored to discover. The scene may be taken from a stage play, a current motion picture, a play you have done in High School. But whatever the scene it is selected in the hope of its fitting you.

"Then I may ask the casting director, possibly a producer or two, to come in and hear you read the scene. This is called an Audition. And if, then, the applicant still seems to have possibilities, if the other opinions check with mine, we go ahead with the scene, the talking test. And we go to the same detailed pains for making a test as we do for making a scene in a working production.

"The girl is sent to the make-up department. Make-up experts experiment with her until they find the make-up which seems to suit her best. Then she is sent to the hairdresser and various coiffures are tried. Then to the wardrobe department where costumes suitable to the part she is to play are tried on, fitted, made right in every particular. Next the set is made ready.

"WHEN, at last, the test scene is actually shooting we shoot it several times as in the making of a picture. If a line is muffed, if the sound man is dissatisfied we make it over and then over again and no expense spared.

"We also provide a complete cast to work with the testee. If the scene calls for a cast of four, eight, ten, that number of persons is on the set. On many occasions the stars themselves offer their services, come down after their own working hours and feed lines to the testee. Garbo spent one whole evening making a test with a man who was trying out for a part in *The Painted Veil*. Gable came down for two nights running to make a test with a young amateur making her first test.

"And even when all is done we do not expect perfection from the newcomer. It is said that tests are not fair, that the amateur is nervous, realizes that she is facing an ultimatum one way or the other and cannot do her best. We do not expect her to do her best. And it is fair, the test, because *everyone has to do the same thing*."

"Isn't it true," I asked, "that some of the young players who have themselves passed tests and even been given contracts are used as stooges to test with other newcomers and are lost in the process. I remember Muriel Evans telling me that she had a contract with M-G-M, hoped to get somewhere and the only 'where' she got was to feed lines to testees. Maureen O'Sullivan went through a spell of doing the same thing—and she was terrified for fear she'd be lost, not even on the cutting room floor, but in the tests where only the back of her head would be seen."

"Yes," said Mr. Bucquet, "occasionally something of the sort does happen. But only occasionally and not for long, as a rule. It's the fortunes of war, any kind of war. On the other hand, stooging for a test sometimes works in reverse, too. There is the famous case of Karen Morley. She was sitting in the casting office one day hoping for extra work. Bob Montgomery happened in. He wanted someone to make a test with him, to read him Garbo's lines while he made *his* test for a part in *Inspiration*. It was only a voice test. He chose Karen because she happened to be handy. She read the lines. The producers heard the voice on the sound track. They asked immediately whose voice that was—who was the girl—where was she? They finally located her and liked her so much that she not only got the part of *Liane* in *Inspiration* but also a long term contract with M-G-M."

Hal Mohr, Academy prize winner for camera work last year (and husband of Evelyn Venable) told me: "I've made hundreds of tests and I know that sheer fright makes the people being tested act stupid—and look stupid. They aren't sufficiently prepared, perhaps, for all that is before them. Nor are the players the only ones who commit blunders, act stupid. I made the very first tests of Garbo. They were just photographic tests—we didn't get as far as the scene tests because *I didn't believe that she had camera possibilities!* I'd like to absolve my screen soul a little by saying that it wasn't entirely my fault. Garbo was badly made up. At that time we tried to make every player look alike. We made every one up in the deluded hope that they would look uniformly 'pretty.' You may imagine that there wasn't much left of the Garbo we know today after we got through with this treatment.

"I also made the first test Al Jolson ever made—for *The Jazz Singer*—the father of the talkies. Al was so nervous that I thought he'd collapse. I had to stop shooting every few minutes and talk to him. It took days and days to get stuff on Al which vaguely resembled the Al you know on the screen today.

"Gary Cooper is the only ranking star in Hollywood, so far as I know, who never made a contract test at all. He was given the first camera-less test on record. He had been doing extra work. He was suggested, by Bob McIntyre, for the part of Abe Lee in *The Winning of Barbara Worth*, starring Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. He was ushered into an office



—Photo by Emmett Schoenbaum

Here's the world record breaking shampoo. It took twelve hours for this scene of Ann Sothorn shampooing Gene Raymond's hair for RKO-Radio's *The Smartest Girl In Town*. Director Joseph Santley watches the proceedings

filled with producers, executives, directors. And finding himself, without warning, in this embarrassing position, he flashed his embarrassed, engaging smile around the room and, without uttering one word was dismissed.

"Well, gentlemen?" came the question. The answer was unanimous and half an hour later a rough young star-in-the-making was being groomed for bigger parts."

YES, some screamingly funny things happen in the test department, some dramatic, some tragic.

When Fred Stone made his first test the hour struck and there was no one available to feed his lines to him. He suggested that he bring his wife's colored maid with him. He did. When they arrived and were given the scripts to read for the audition it was explained to the lady of color that Mr. Stone would read his lines and that she would follow him and read hers. Fred began. There was silence. And Belinda (?) said suddenly, "But I don't understand, Mistah Stone, suh, who is yo in the play—is yo *Medium Shot*?"

When Ruth Chatterton, trail-blazing Broadway star of the talkies, was in Hollywood a few years before she made her first talking picture she was visiting Norma Talmadge one day on the United Artists lot. Norma persuaded Ruth to make up and take a test "just for fun." Ruth had never given the movies a thought—for herself. But she daubed on some make-up and they shot a test "just for fun." Some months later, back in New York, Ruth received a wire from the studio. It ran "Have seen your test. Stop. Very much interested in offering you contract. Stop. If you will have your nose operated on."

When Andrea Leeds, pretty young U.C.L.A. graduate who is playing an important part in Sam Goldwyn's *Come And Get It* was asked to make some tests with three young men who were being tested to see which should play the part opposite her, she had no idea what was in store for her. She little dreamed that come night-fall she would emerge the most thoroughly kissed young woman in the sovereign state o' California. But she did. Andrea was kissed exactly *four hundred and sixty-seven times* in that one day by the cameraman's count. The lovely kisser's kissers were, in order, Francis X. Shields, ranking American tennis star (and I saw a first test of Frank, too, by the way—and I dare to prophesy a runner-up to Bob Taylor e'er long), Bob Lowrey, stage juvenile and John Payne of the New York stage. Shields kissed Miss Leeds from 8 a.m. until noon; Lowrey took up the enviable task at noon and kissed her until 3 p.m. and John Payne followed suit and kept going until 6 p.m. Now there's a tasty bit of testing for you. Further proving my point that anything can, and does happen under the casual slogan of "I'm testing."

And now I must tell the most beautiful test story of all . . . and then no more.

Fred Astaire made his first contract test. It is the custom with some of the studios to append a ten or twenty word commentary to the player's test—a sort of resumé of the testee's personality. Appended to Fred Astaire's first test was this incredible classic: "Not particularly good looking, thinning hair, mediocre personality—*can also dance*."

"Can also dance . . ." those three words should be included in any and all anthologies of immortal Boobiana.

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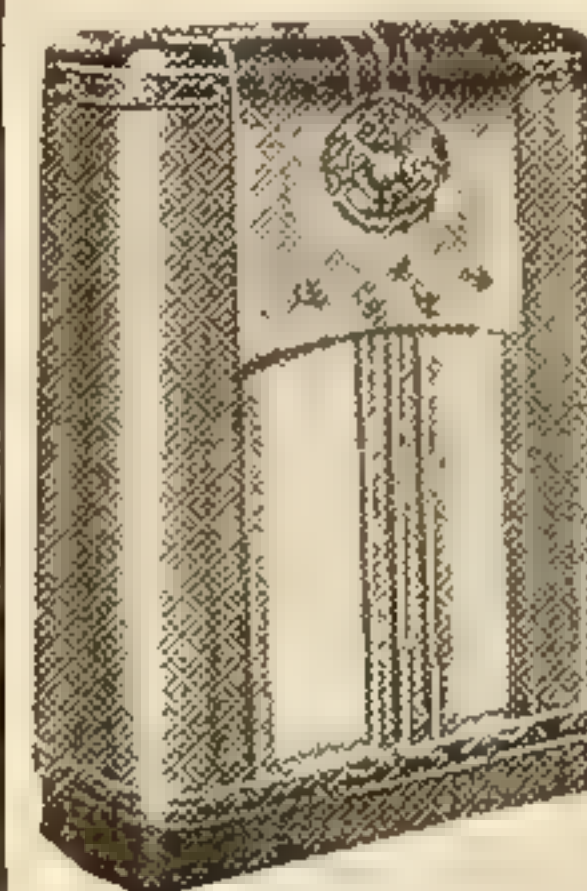
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He's a Fool for Cupid

[Continued from page 40]

the last two bits in his pocket (if he ever gets that low AGAIN), and who'll fight for his friends with every ounce of himself, mentally and physically.

And they know the Cary Grant who's a fool for Cupid, who falls in and out of love like a tumblebug, who idealizes all women and yet treats THE woman of his moment with a casual off-handedness that sometimes amuses them, more often burns them up.

There, you see, are at least five different Cary Grants. He's not just a Jekyll-Hyde sort of guy; he's the whole darned Jekyll and Hyde families! But through whatever character he's in at the moment, there's one dominant trait that's always part of him. That is his complete, utter, un-Hollywoodian lack of self-importance. Cary Grant is the actor with the smallest bump of ego in Hollywood. It was knocked out of him, long ago.

I'm going to tell you about it. I'm going to tell you a lot of odd facts, amusing stories, about the Cary Grant of today, and of yesterday. Most of them you've never heard before, I think. Because Cary doesn't talk about himself, and the kind of friends he has don't talk about him, either.

About that lack of self-importance. It died long before Cary—by the way, his real name is Archie Leach, imagine!—came to Hollywood. It died when, to keep a roof over his head and some food in his middle, he had to take a job walking on stilts in a clown suit at Coney Island. By the time a lot of kids from the Bronx had asked him, ten thousand times a day: How's d' weather up d'ere, mister?" he didn't feel so big any more. And any trace of self-inflation that was left fled when he and Orry-Kelly, now big-shot designer in Hollywood, shared a dinky room together in New York, broke as a kid's toy the day after Christmas—and hand-painted neckties to peddle so they wouldn't starve or be kicked into the street.

It was just about that time that Cary stood before a cracked mirror and told himself:

"I'm going to get some place. I've got to get some place. I'm going to work at it until I show 'em I can!" He did it. But he has never convinced himself that he amounted to much—even though he has convinced some of the hardest-boiled producers and directors in Hollywood.

They say he takes his work seriously. Well, you understand the reason, don't you? But at the same time, he never is satisfied with his work. The very first job he ever got in Hollywood was a role in *This Is the Night*. He saw the preview. He writhed. He went straight home before the picture was over, threw his personal belongings into some ancient luggage, drove his rattly car around front, and was throwing the stuff in it, ready for a helter-skelter flight back east, when some friends came by to congratulate him on his work.

"You were swell," they yelled at him.

"I was lousy. I'm going away," he yelled back.

It took a solid hour of arguing before he decided to stay. It wasn't because he was convinced that he was good. He merely said to himself that he was still lousy in his own eyes, but if others thought he was all right, why, what the deuce...

EVEN today, he's a nuisance to his directors. After every good take of any of his scenes, the director has to argue him into letting it stand. Cary insists it was bad, and wants to do it over. If the directors didn't talk him out of it, Cary'd be doing the same scene over all day long!

He can't ever forget what a stage director in New York told him, when he along with Allan Jones, was working in bit parts for the Shuberts. "You," said the stage manager, "are a handsome young mug and you wear clothes awful nice. But you're a helluva actor!"

Ever since then he hasn't liked directors too much. That's why they have such a hard time convincing him they're right when they tell him he's done a scene well. That's why he always goes to the electricians and grips, and gets their okeh before he'll believe the director! Sometimes it burns directors up!

In his determination to be a good actor, he retires into a thespian-monastic life when "in production." He cuts out all dates, regardless of how the girl feels about it. He even turns thumbs down on luncheon dates, either social or for interviews. Instead, he hurries into his dressing room, eats a specially prepared light meal, and studies his lines and reads them out loud, with gestures, preparing for the afternoon's takes. After the day's shooting, he hurries home, takes a plunge in the surf (he lives at the beach, you know), gobbles some dinner, and locks himself into his study with the script. He studies it for hours. Then bed—and next morning, he's on the set and *knows his lines*. That's more than a lot of other actors do.

On the set, too, you'll find a facet of that other side of his—that strange utter-giving-of-himself that he bestows on a very few persons. You see, Cary has had too many hard knocks to trust himself to people deeply, any more. He's afraid to make close friends. But once in a while, somebody breaks through, and then Cary goes head-over-heels. That's the way it is with a young fellow with a smashed hand, a young fellow named Mal Merrihugh. Not long ago, Mal was a star pitcher for the Kansas City Blues. Then he smashed the hand—and poof went his baseball stardom, his livelihood, his hopes. Cary met him. Mal somehow clicked with Cary. And now—well, they officially register Mal as Cary's stand-in. But I'll be triple-darned if it isn't the other way around. Actually, Cary is stand-in for his own stand-in! It's like this: Cary always manages to wangle a part for Mal, in his pictures. And Cary stands in for Mal when Mal is preparing for the take. More than that, half the time when Mal is supposed to be standing in for Cary, he's really out somewhere—Cary's told him to go take a rest for himself, or something like that. And when they need Cary's stand-in, for those long, hot, tedious minutes of focusing and light-setting, it's Cary himself who, uncomplainingly, stands in the glare and waits, while Mal's taking it easy somewhere!

Cary's one sport that he likes best is swimming—with its variations. Right now, he's learning aquaplaning. Johnny Weismueller is teaching him in Santa Monica yacht harbor—and all the pretty screen stars who live along the yacht harbor strand, there, look out of their seaward windows at the two lithe brown lads and sigh and sigh and sigh!

Next Month

Be sure to read the amazing story of the five million dollar battle over Gary Cooper

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of Movie Classic published monthly at Mount Morris, Ill., for Oct. 1, 1936.
State of Connecticut
County of Fairfield

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. M. Cotton, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Movie Classic and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publishers, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Motion Picture Publication, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, E. J. Smithson, Hollywood, Calif.; Managing Editor, H. H. Beall, Hollywood, Calif.; Business Manager, W. M. Cotton, Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Motion Picture Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; C-A Publishing Co., New York City; Fawcett Publ., Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point, Minn.; Frances Fawcett, Breezy Point, Minn.; Roger Fawcett, New York City; W. H. Fawcett, Jr., Chicago, Ill.; Gordon Fawcett, Hollywood, Calif.; R. K. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; Marion Fawcett Bagg, Tulsa, Okla.; Roscoe Fawcett Estate, Minneapolis, Minn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is.....(This information is required from daily publications only.)

W. M. COTTON, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1936.

HELEN M. LANO, Notary Public
(My commission expires Feb. 1, 1941)

AS a party hound, Cary's not so hot. He gives very few parties of his own, and then there are only a few in—the few close friends he allows himself to have. It's on these occasions that the playboy Cary comes, now and then, to life. Out of a gloomy reverie in a corner, he'll suddenly bound like a football. Wham wham wham, on the piano. Rat-a-tap-tap-tap with a clogstep on the hardwood floor. Talk goes zipping around the room with the speed and sting of a flight of wild bees. And then, all of a sudden, the mood'll climb on Cary's back, and he returns to his corner and his morose quietude.

He does like girls. But he admits he's sort of scared of them. He wouldn't admit, for the world, that he falls in and out of love easily—but those who know him insist he does. Right now, it's plainly Mary Brian. Sometimes, though, Betty Furness, even with those trick hats, takes Mary's place in the night-club scene.

Once he talked about himself and love. "I'm an awful poor Romeo," he said. "When I go courting, it's a pretty sad performance. I guess I'm too deadly intense, and I can't express, in words, the deep feelings I'm trying to convey. So I'm just a muddle-tongued boob."

THE gal of his moment has to learn to take Cary as he is. He's casual. Appointments mean nothing to him—he invariably arrives late, no matter what the date is. He's always got an excuse. Sometimes it's good. Sometimes it's fair. Sometimes it's just awful. But she has to take it if she likes Cary. And she'd better not look for orchids or corsages when he's taking her out. He never thinks to send one, so she'd better order her own. He acts on the spur of the moment, rather than down the conventionally prescribed channels. And he's absent-minded as all get-out.

Yet he idealizes, worships women. He endows all women with those story-book attributes they're supposed to have. He doesn't believe they can be loud, vulgar. He thinks they are invariably understanding, tolerant, companionable, fine.

It was when he was still married to Virginia that Cary expressed his philosophy of marriage: "Marriage should not destroy the individuality of either party," he said. "I mean what I say—whatever Virginia wants to do, she may." She did. Yet, if he marries again, Cary will again insist on that same marital philosophy.

There's plenty more to tell about him. But the space isn't here. Some people say Cary's colorless. That's twaddle. You could talk and write about Cary for page after page, he's so full of color and complexities. His modesty—the day a befuddled errand boy at Paramount tongue-tangled an introduction of him as George Brent. To which Cary, with a bashful grin, apologized to the visitor, and said: "I'm sorry to disappoint you. I'd like to be George Brent, but I'm only Cary Grant."

Cary was born in Bristol, and his dad and family are still there. He wraps up the American funny papers every Sunday and sends them to his kid brother, over there. They don't have such things in England, my word!! But in Cary, the only British traits that remain are that stand-offishness he sometimes manifests, and his inward squeamishness about seeing himself in print. Beyond that, he's become completely Americanized.

And the first thing he said, when he returned from his last visit to his folks in England, was:

"Thank Heaven, I can have a hot dog and a hamburger again!"

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I Want to Meet That Man

[Continued from page 47]

and with each other.

One day I have been down town shopping and arrive home with a few things. He starts looking over my purchases with a critical eye and says, "How much money did you spend today?"

"Oh, about ten dollars," I reply.

"Look, do you really need all these things?"

"Yes," I say definitely.

"Well, honestly Jo, I don't see how we can ever save any money. You never seem to think of tomorrow."

TOMORROW comes. He goes down town to get some socks and ties. Two hours later a car swoops up the driveway, a door slams, the hat sails across the room (he's expert at ringing it on the wall fixtures). The master is home. The house is alive again. He's beaming. I ask, "Did you find the socks and ties you wanted?"

"Socks and ties? Did I go after socks and ties?" he inquires vaguely. "Oh yes, so I did."

"No, I didn't find any but isn't this sweater something? And look at this honey of a tennis racket I picked up for a song. Beauty, huh? Oh, by the way—here's a little gift for you."

I read a sentimental verse in his handwriting—and I open my package to find a lovely dinner ring, a bottle of my favorite perfume and a negligee! Life is such fun—even with the tomorrows.

Another day. "Don, we need a new stove."

"A new stove! Now, the old one's all right, Jo. We can't afford a new stove. Oh well, I suppose we might as well look at 'em. Come on."

Downtown we go. At the store he says, "Let's look at dishes, too." We do. He likes two very lovely sets but I can't make up my mind which I want. While I'm deciding he guesses he'll look at the stoves. He's gone. I decide on my dishes. He's back and has a package under his arm. "Hurry," he says, "let's pick out a stove. We're on our way home." But I'm curious about the package.

"Well, open it," he beams, "it's just a little present for you." I do. It's an ermine coat, unbelievably lovely. Don't you think that selecting a stove with Donald Woods is a marvelous experience?

One day he's up in the clouds. He's just heard he's going to do a part in a picture that he likes. He comes in dancing, showers me with flowers and says, "Pack your bags! We're leaving. I've chartered a plane, and we're going to Caliente for the week-end."

Weakly, I protest. "But we're having friends in for dinner."

"Tell 'em they're having dinner with us in Mexico!"

I do. They do!

Another day he's in the depths. Everything seems to have gone wrong all in one day. We go out to a party. Even that doesn't cheer him up. It's very late when we get home. He's lying in bed, the light on, and restless. "What's the matter, Don?" I ask.

"Oh, nothing."

"Can't you forget today?"

"I guess not. Just feeling low."

Half an hour goes by. I suggest he turn out the light. He does, but says he knows he won't go to sleep. Silence reigns—for moments. Then suddenly, out of the darkness, "Say, Jo, wouldn't you like some

LOOKING for a WIFE!



He's rich.

He's handsome.

He's famous. . . . But still, Nino Martini, singing star of *The Gay Desperado*, has never found love! Read his own frank admission of frustration in the December issue of

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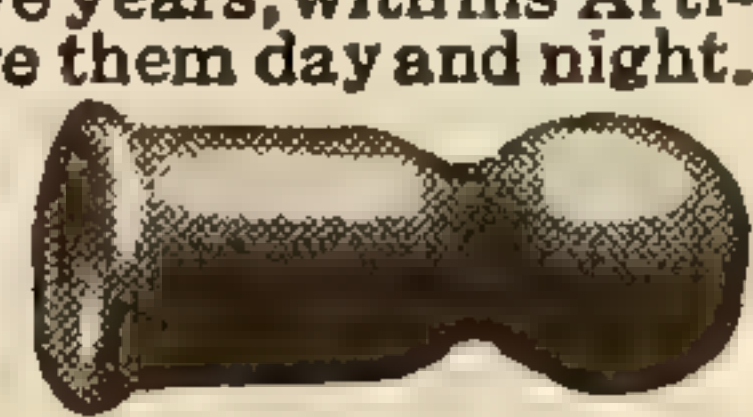
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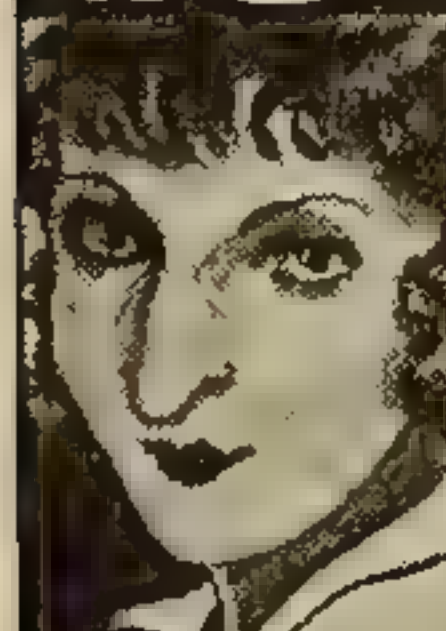



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little thin hotcakes and coffee?" I would. We don our party clothes again and are off for the Brown Derby at two in the morning for hotcakes. All's right with the world, again. He's unpredictable.

BUT he enjoys life, likes good literature, and other kinds too. Just try and pry him away from a detective story! He enjoys listening for hours to symphonies but his feet begin to tap when he hears popular music. He can act, play the piano, sing, ride, swim, play tennis, football, box, dance and is grand company—but he's not perfect. Oh, no! He can't cook, is a bad fisherman, scares me to death when he drives, and likes blondes. If I lose him at a party I know where I'll find him—chatting gaily with the most beautiful blonde in the room. I decided once to do something about it. I had my hair very definitely blondined. When he came home one night from work, I was sitting in the parlor, luxuriously blond and clad in my very best lounging pyjamas.

He took one look, and then, "My word—you look terrible!" I dyed my hair red the next day, and since then it's grown back to its own natural color, which happens to be red. And now Don has a marked partiality for brunettes!

Apart from his work, his hobby is electricity. He can spend an entire morning puttering around the house with electric cords, lamps, lanterns and light bulbs in general. As a result, the Woods have lights hanging from the most amazing places, at inconceivable distances from the floor sockets. An electric iron, waffle iron, toaster, anything of the sort going on the "blink" gives him instantaneous joy. Immediately he's busy with wires and bolts.

Once before we were married, I was ill. It was during summer vacation. We were both going to University in the winter and Don was looking for some summer work to carry him through the year. One evening he came to see me, looking very tired but bringing with him six perfect American Beauty roses. They shall always be the most beautiful bouquet I have ever received. I didn't know until several weeks later that in order to bring me those flowers he had gone without dinner and walked from Hollywood to Beverly Hills (a distance of ten miles), where I was staying with friends.

And now that I've told my story—I think I'm just courting trouble. I'll still keep my fingers crossed but would appreciate any suggestions on other methods of holding a real person, a grand actor, and my husband—Donald Woods.

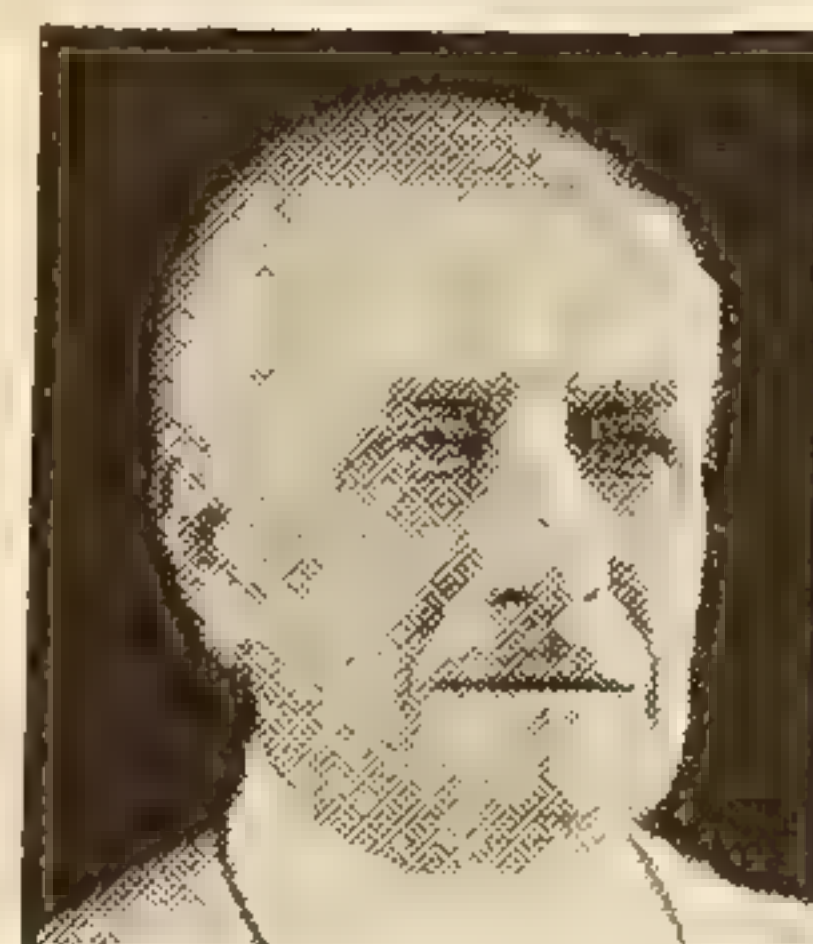


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The Plainsman

[Continued from page 50]

Thus the redskins were able to make war on the white men for 20 years.

DeMille decided to make this the main-spring of his entire plot, since it was as a result of it that Custer was slain and Wild Bill Hickok and Buffalo Bill Cody performed some of their most noted exploits.

Several historical misconceptions were cleared up during the research on the picture, the most interesting fact being that Horace Greeley did not say "go West, young man." This historical advice was given by Editor Soule of the Terre Haute (Ind.) Express. Another disputed question was the status of Sitting Bull. He was not an Indian Chief, as many suppose, but a medicine man and as such, the shrewd genius behind the activities of the Indians. "Rain-in-the-Face" was the chief of the tribe and Sitting Bull tried to stop the Custer Massacre because he realized what would happen.

The usual DeMille method of casting from visualizations was followed in selecting the players for this picture. Gary Cooper matches Wild Bill Hickok in physical proportions and soft-spoken manner. Jean Arthur was chosen for the rôle of Calamity Jane after Mr. DeMille had considered every actress in Hollywood and literally thousands of girls from all over the country who submitted their photographs.

THE unique quality of Calamity Jane's character made the rôle especially difficult to cast. Calamity was a born siren, the loveliest woman in the West, without any trace of sophistication. She was entirely untutored and unspoiled, and as good with a bullwhip as she was with her eyes. Miss Arthur was the only actress that impressed Mr. DeMille with having the right combination of innocence, native sophistication, breeziness and charm to bring the character of Calamity to the screen.

James Ellison portrays the rôle of Buffalo Bill and Helen Burgess that of Louisa Cody. This is Miss Burgess' first appearance on the screen. She was tested and cast in the rôle after Mr. DeMille had seen her in the studio restaurant and was convinced that she was exactly as he had visualized Louisa Cody.

A second company of 100 technicians was dispatched to the Tongue River country near Lane Deer, Montana, to film the Custer Massacre and the battle of Beecher's Island. Two thousand five hundred Cheyenne and Sioux Indians and several picked squads of the 115th Cavalry, Wyoming National Guard, were engaged for battle scenes for the picture.

Each fifty Indians was assigned an interpreter, with each interpreter responsible to Chief Thunder Bird, technical director of the film.

A NEW experiment in direction was tried in the filming of the Montana scenes for *The Plainsman*.

Using a 10-foot model of an island, Mr. DeMille started directing from Hollywood by remote control every camera set-up and scene being accomplished by telephone and chart. The model was a duplicate of an island in the Tongue River, to which the second company was dispatched. At one end of the model was a circular barricade of boxes, trees and covered wagons, where movable clay figures of pioneers and U. S. cavalrymen figuratively are besieged by

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Cheyennes. Assisted by photographs of the actual island and surrounding territory, DeMille figured out camera angles and action which he indicated in red pencil on black and white maps of the island.

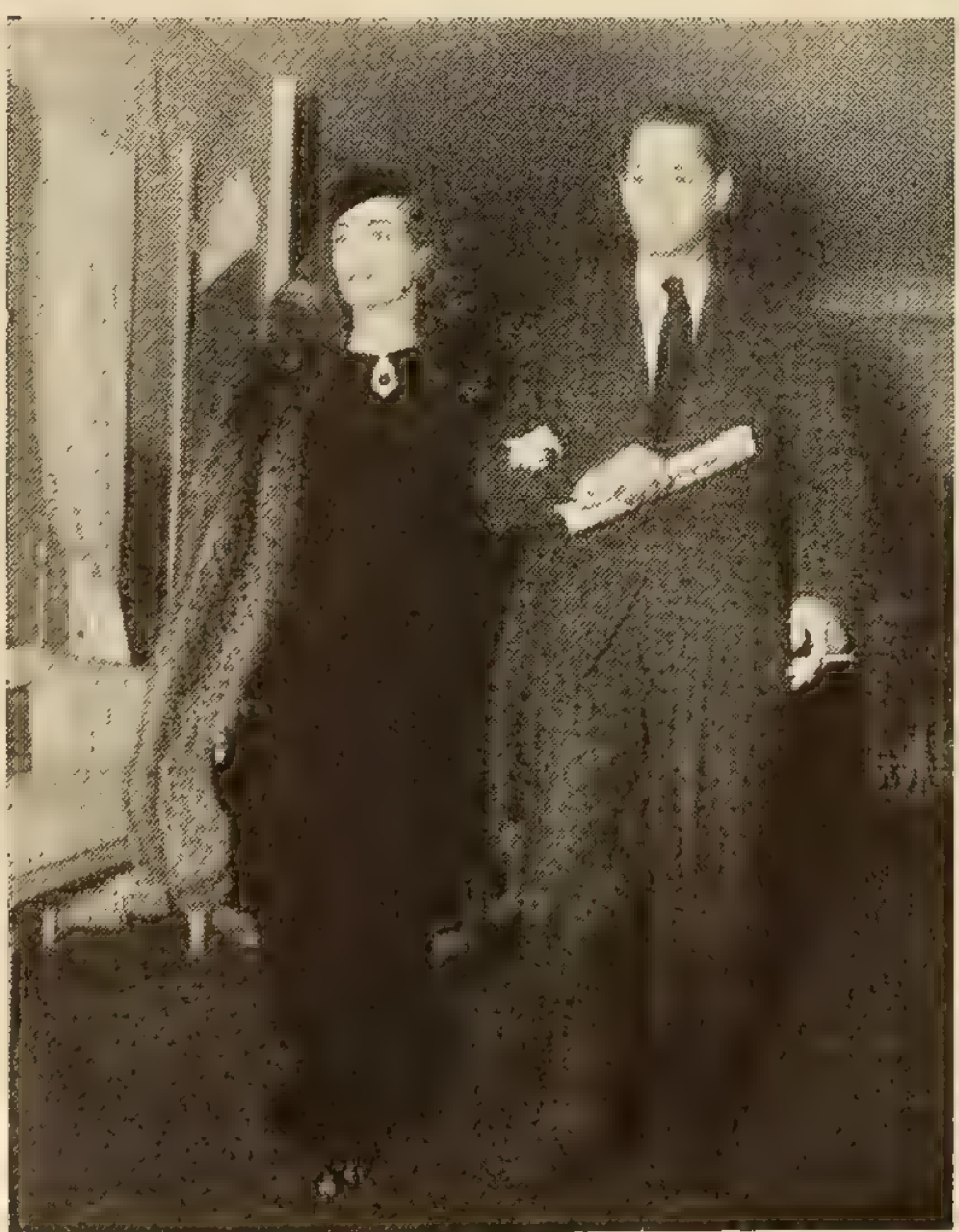
In Hollywood five acres of sets, some of them with a history dating back to pre-sound days, were demolished to make way for the elaborate sets for *The Plainsman*. A street in Deadwood City was constructed where the gates of Jerusalem have stood for more than a year. On the site of the walled city of Acre was duplicated the docks of Leavenworth as they were just after the war with the states. And a section of Windsor Castle gave way to the river boats and docks of St. Louis.

There will be a bathroom but no bathtub in *The Plainsman*, because the bathtubs of that period would be unrecognizable to the theatre-goers today. However, a character famous in a previous DeMille bathtub scene is cast in the picture. He is Satan, the little bird who performed his ablutions in *Madame Satan*. Satan has been in retirement at the DeMille home since he forsook his screen career but he seemed quite enthusiastic about the prospect of a comeback.

The property department at the studio had a rather difficult time in obtaining 400 buffalo hides. These had to be secured a few at a time from more than a hundred sources including taxidermists, museums and buffalo parks.

More than 5,000 individual costumes were provided by the studio wardrobe department and were tailored from sketches by the company designers. They range from army uniforms to frontier homespun, and from "city duds" of the '60's to Indian warbonnets. Twenty-five wardrobe workers were required on the big sets to dress the principals and extras and keep the costumes from being lost or seriously damaged.

The Plainsman is an effort on the part of Mr. DeMille to portray the West as it really existed because he feels that of all the period of American history most familiar to the public, the West has been most mistreated as to purpose. He is trying to illustrate that the rough-riding, gun-toting, rough men were striving toward a definite goal against terrific odds to build an empire that is a credit to their courage.



—Photo by Charles Rhodes

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone step out for dinner on the cook's night off

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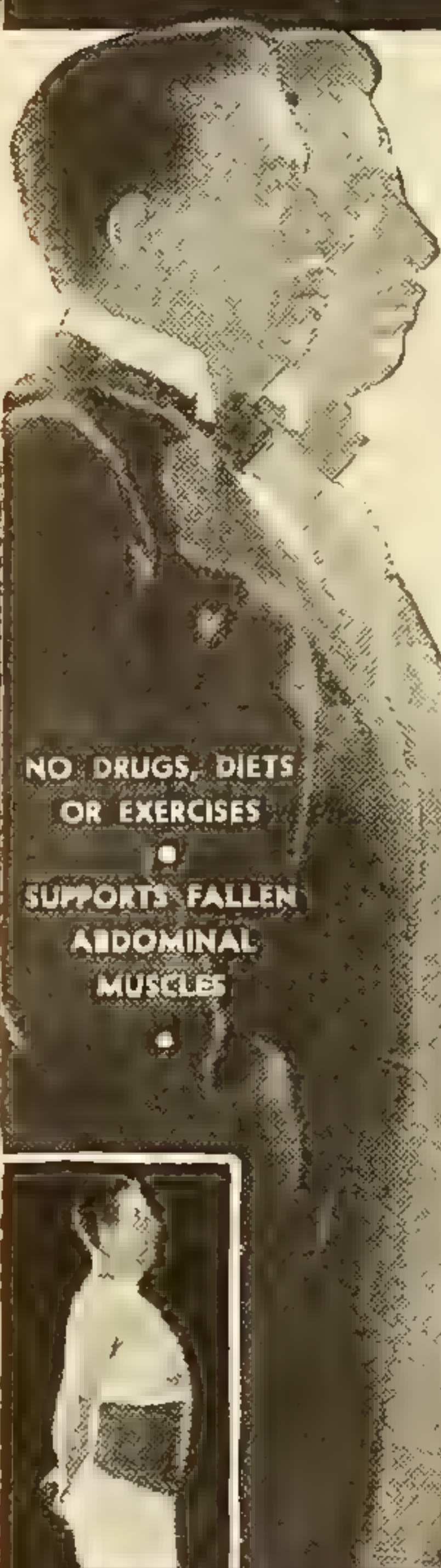
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What Two Stars Owe the Quints

[Continued from page 33]

entire company is as fine-drawn as a fiddle string. The scenes are in the nursery this morning. The babies in their long nighties play peek-a-boo with Dorothy and Jean. In hospital gowns and masks, every man in the crew works as precisely as a bit of machinery. Not one lost movement—with a concentration almost painful. When it is all over—when the Quints are being dressed for their daily showing to the thousands of visitors who come here daily as to a Shrine—when cameras and lights have been lifted out of the windows, and the nursery is again minus the paraphernalia of picture-making, they all let-down. Their foreheads are beaded with perspiration. Their lips white with effort.)

"Aside from the new success the babies have made possible for me," Jean continues, drawing slowly on his pipe, "they color every day of my life. I receive letters from mothers who ask advice about their children. Hundreds of letters have come to me in the past six months solely concerned with the Quints. "What do they eat? What are they really like? Are they truly beautiful? At a conservative estimate, I have had three thousand requests for those little pebbles from the Nursery Acres which are supposed to bring good fortune to childless couples."

DOROTHY PETERSON'S story parallels Jean's. In 1930 she made her first picture—*Mother's Cry*. A great actress, producers agreed. A skillful, a confident actress. But in the next five years Dorothy had few rôles which either tested or were worthy of her talents.

Then her assignment as "Nurse Kennedy" came!

Suddenly on the screen was a new Dorothy Peterson—with a clear-cut charm, with that arresting, straightforward, delightful sincerity so few actresses possess. A girl with a great gift for comedy, an ability to handle dramatic situations deftly. With an unusual beauty—and features as nicely defined as a cameo.

And so Dorothy Peterson too, like Hersholt, found herself a player of importance. Producers who five years ago nodded their heads sagely and predicted brilliant things for this girl but did nothing about it, came forward with the inevitable avalanche of "I-told-you-so's."

Dorothy, as a person, has an absorbing interest in the Quints and their future—in their development and their growth. Cecile has been her shadow since shooting began on this present location trip. For minutes on end she sits with this baby in her lap, slowly repeating one French word after another—while Cecile struggles to imitate her.

"I'd like to spend at least six months with the Quints—not making pictures—but watching them, taking care of them, seeing them thrive. I can't think of a more fascinating occupation."

Dorothy is a girl not given to easy words, nor a quick display of enthusiasm. In her very quietness, one senses not only her deep devotion to Yvonne, Marie, Cecile, Annette and Emelie individually, but the realization of the miracle they represent! Miracle babies they are! And a miracle they have accomplished!

For consider the cases of Dorothy Peterson and Jean Hersholt—and the effect the Quints have had on their careers—and on their hearts!

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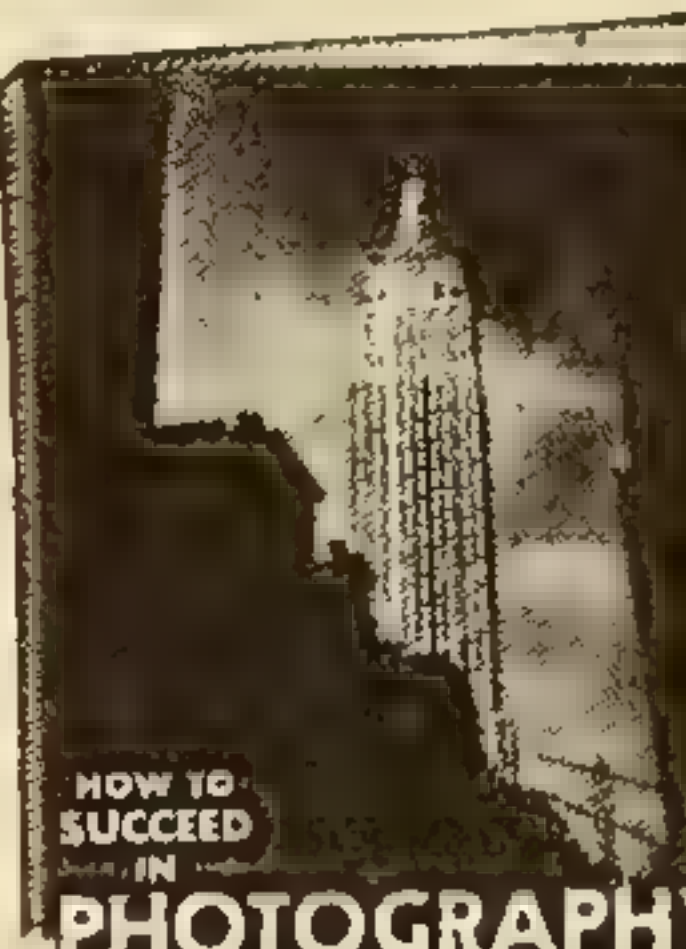


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Hollywood and Young Girls

[Continued from page 55]

there, so I approached two other famous mothers, Mrs. Ann Beresford and Mrs. Fred Stone, to enlighten it further.

MRS. BERESFORD is Anita Louise's mother. Though young, petite and almost as lovely as her beautiful daughter, she is one of the cleverest women in Hollywood and has been an important factor in Anita's climb to stardom.

There was no mistaking the sincere ring of her voice as she said, "If any place in the world can be said to be safe for young girls—that place is Hollywood! The world notices its frailties and weaknesses because Hollywood, in the final analysis, is a small town. Its people are famous, and everything they do is news to the outer world."

"Any girl trained to recognize the real values of life should be self reliant anywhere. And I am proud to feel that Anita is properly equipped to face life on a solid footing in every respect. In moral fibre. In business acumen. Even in the management of a home—for that is important, too."

I know something of the training Anita's mother has given her. I know how she worked hard to provide her with lessons in dancing, in music, in languages, in needlework. I know something of the character training instilled in her, too. How Mrs. Beresford denied herself the personal satisfaction of smoking because she didn't want cigarettes to become attractive to Anita.

Hollywood's "flaming youth" hasn't even a spark of vice, in Mrs. Beresford's opinion.

"Any one believing that Hollywood boys and girls are a rowdy, drinking crowd is doing them a grave injustice," she told me with conviction.

"I don't hesitate to say that Anita's friends—among whom are Tommy Beck, Patricia Ellis, Paula Stone, James Bush, the Durkin sisters, Alma Lloyd—are as clean-minded and clean-living a group as you will find anywhere. And far less sophisticated. They have wholesome fun and jolly times like any group of nice young people."

"This generation of young film players is a wise group on the whole. They're in this business as a business, treating it in that light. Many of them are shouldering the burden of parents or younger brothers and sisters to support. They have to behave. Besides, profiting by the sad experiences of previous generations of actors and actresses whose credo was that of 'Today we live, for tomorrow we die,' the present generation would consider it stupid to rush into fire and get their fingers burned."

WHEN Anita's mother spoke of the fun and jolly times that the film younger set has, I knew to what she was referring. For Anne Shirley's roller-skating parties at the Rollerdom in Culver City are famous. As are Alma Lloyd's crawfish hunts at her family's ranch, where the film cuties and their boy friends indulge in such "wild" pastimes as wading in the creek for crawfish, hunting for elusive mushrooms, playing tennis and pingpong and posing for group pictures! Then there was Tom Brown's birthday party, where everybody sat on the floor and played "Guggenheim" and "Monopoly"; Paula Stone's buffet supper, highlighted by running off early films of the era when heroines were ver-ry good, and villains wicked indeed, and—but why go on, for the Hollywood younger

set's "wild parties" are indisputably tame.

Mrs. Fred Stone was just what I had pictured the wife and mother of the famous "Stepping Stones" to be. Among the first to meet her on her arrival in Hollywood, I was immediately attracted by her charm, poise and intelligence.

"So they say Hollywood is wicked!" mused Allene Crater Stone, erstwhile stage actress who is now contented and happy to sit back and watch her husband carry over the Stone fame from Broadway to Hollywood, aided and abetted by daughters Dorothy, Paula and Carol.

"No thinking person can honestly regard Hollywood as 'wicked,'" she added. "Yes, it is a little different from other cities, in my estimation. It has a more wholesome atmosphere, more poetic surroundings. It has days of sunshine—which mean hours that can be devoted to healthy sports. Yes, Hollywood is truly different! Observing my daughters and their friends, I find that the young people in pictures work hard and play just as hard as they work."

"In every city, country—in every walk of life, there are people who, through a mistaken sense of true values, seek excitement in dissipation. But that is not restricted to Hollywood in any sense."

I pointed to the fact that she had remained in New York with the "baby" of the family, Carol, who is just eighteen, while the rest of the Stones were in Hollywood. Was it because she felt Carol needed a chaperone while on the stage?

"No young girl in any city should be without an older companion," was her quiet reply. "I do not chaperone my girls in the old-fashioned sense of the word. But there are times 'when a fella needs a friend'—and that friend should be close at hand to comfort, advise and admonish, as occasion demands. I am proud that my daughters have sought my advice when they felt the need of talking over their problems with an older person, and I have always striven to be on hand when they asked my counsel."

It was "on advice of counsel" that Carol resigned from a New York play, which, shall I say, was a bit off-color? But the Stones, mere and pere, have no objections to Carol renewing her film career. You will recall that she made one picture, *Freckles* and as soon as her present stage engagement is completed, she plans to return to Hollywood for another fling at the flickers.

All of which should make those self-appointed moralists out to "reform" Hollywood seek more fertile fields of sin and iniquity. Myself, I'm going to bring up all my daughters in Hollywood!

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Hollywood Homecoming

by Harry Hammond Beall

Managing Editor MOVIE CLASSIC



TWENTY years ago when motion picture theatres were neat, but not gaudy nickelodeons, this writer deserted the arduous avocation of writing pieces about them for Los Angeles newspaper consumption to become publicity director for the then up-and-coming Universal studios. The theatres, gargantuan with their 400 seats, offering colored slides for "ulcerated" songs accompanied by inspiring music from a peripatetic piano player and super-features of one and two reels from such packing houses of canned drama as Vitagraph, Selig, Biograph, Kalem, Essanay, Lubin, were indeed in their infancy, while the studios, desecrating the orange and olive groves of the Los Angeles suburb known as Hollywood, were squalling brats in swaddling clothes.

The new job of "publicity director", about which neither studios nor persons engaged for the job knew a great deal, seemed a fulfillment of the dire prophecy that "I would come to no good end" made by a fellow-townsmen of my native village of Gallipolis, Ohio, one O. O. McIntyre. "Odd", as he was known in Gallipolis in the days when he chronicled the "up and down river" items in the leading daily, (or was it weekly?) of the quaint little French city, had once caught me carrying matches, and even smoking cornsilk cigarettes behind his Aunt Kate's house. It was to my cousin Harry Maddy that this prototype of the "old meanie" of today confided this curse.

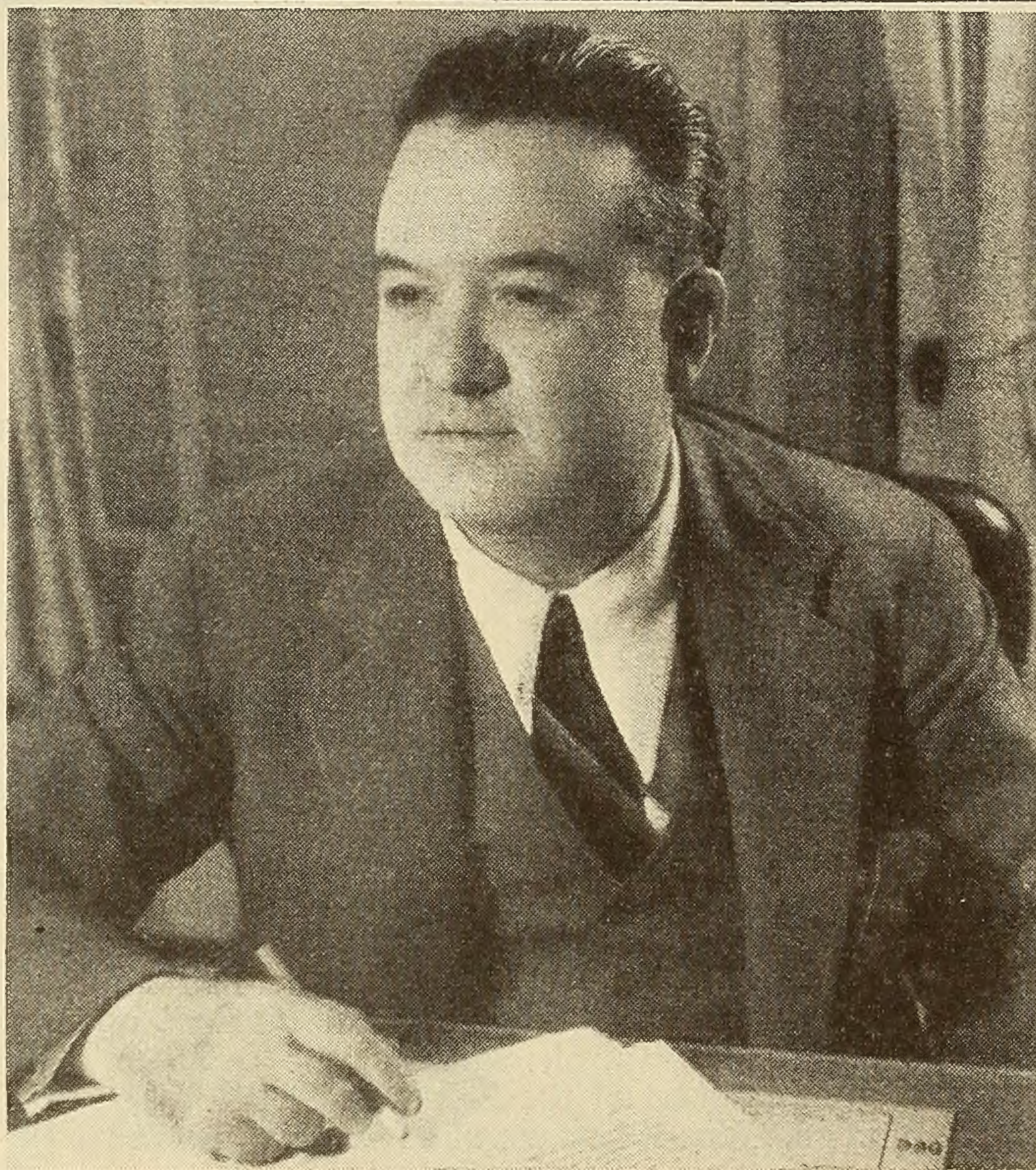
It seems that I had been drafted for the new job because the studio bosses had discovered my predecessor sneaking time off from his duties of showing a delegation of the members of the Turnverein from Laupheim, Germany, around the lot and explaining what it was all about to visiting clothing salesmen from Oshkosh to write articles glorifying Universal stars and productions.

What a double decade of progress has been made since I, as a rosy-cheeked, idealistic youth of high enthusiasm and boundless energy, daily rode my high-wheeled bicycle over the historic Cahuenga Pass cowpath that is now the world-famous Cahuenga Boulevard, over which today stream endlessly the sleek motors of directors, stars, and other studio employees on their way between their sylvan, rural retreats in the San Fernando Valley and the Hollywood studios.

TWENTY years ago Hollywood was just a romantic name, also imported from Ohio, designating a vast expanse of orchard and prairie sleeping in the shadow of the sunbaked hills.

It had been founded by tireless prohibitionists who introduced local option to California, and had been annexed to Los Angeles because that was the only method of procuring a water supply. At its outset, paradoxically enough, the town was cradled in austerity and reeked with propriety.

Today the name and fame of Hollywood rings round the



world. The U. S. Postal Guide lists no such postoffice as Hollywood, nor does Hollywood have a railroad station, an airport or a harbor. Its limits are known to very few of its residents and thousands of Los Angeles folks receive their mail addressed to Hollywood, but only through courtesy and efficiency of the postal department.

Los Angeles looks on Hollywood as one of its first-string suburbs, but to the rest of the world Los Angeles is a suburb of Hollywood.

Hollywood fashions influence the clothing of the entire civilized world. Greta Garbo once wore an Empress Eugenie hat and overnight millinery manufacturers all over the globe sweated their employees night and day to turn out Eugenie hats to meet the demand.

Hollywood has combed the world for exceptional skill in every craft, for exceptional talent in every art, gathering within her glamorous portals the cream of writers, painters, musicians, designers in metal, cloth and every other known material.

Hollywood has set styles all over the world in plumbing, motor cars and even speech and manners.

HOLLYWOOD has raided the New York stage for the best of its players, its directors, its most beautiful and accomplished stars, its designers and craftsmen and technicians, while the best of European talent has also been imported.

Naturally the population of this fabled community has increased apace.

Twenty years ago the district recognized as Hollywood had less than 35,000 inhabitants. Today the population is estimated at 165,000, while the glamour and the lure of Hollywood has been recognized as an important factor in the increase of the population of Los Angeles, which has grown from less than 500,000 to 1,300,000 in the last twenty years.

The payroll of motion picture production has averaged \$150,000,000 a year for the past five years.

Not so many years ago, feeling that Hollywood had surely reached its peak, and that instead of being in its infancy it was really due for senile dementia, I reconditioned my fountain pen, made a down payment on a dozen pencils, and listened to the siren lure of other publicity pastures.

My Odessey took me from Skagway to Ensenada, from Washington, D. C., to Manila, through Philippine Independence campaigns, stimulating world tours for steamship lines, battling for repeal of prohibition, enticing the countryside to county fairs, state fairs, orange shows and community pageants, and what have you?

But now I've gone Hollywood all over again, and am I happy?

I'm back with my people again, and say, folks: They're *regular* folks!

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